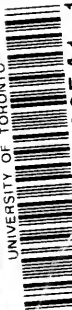


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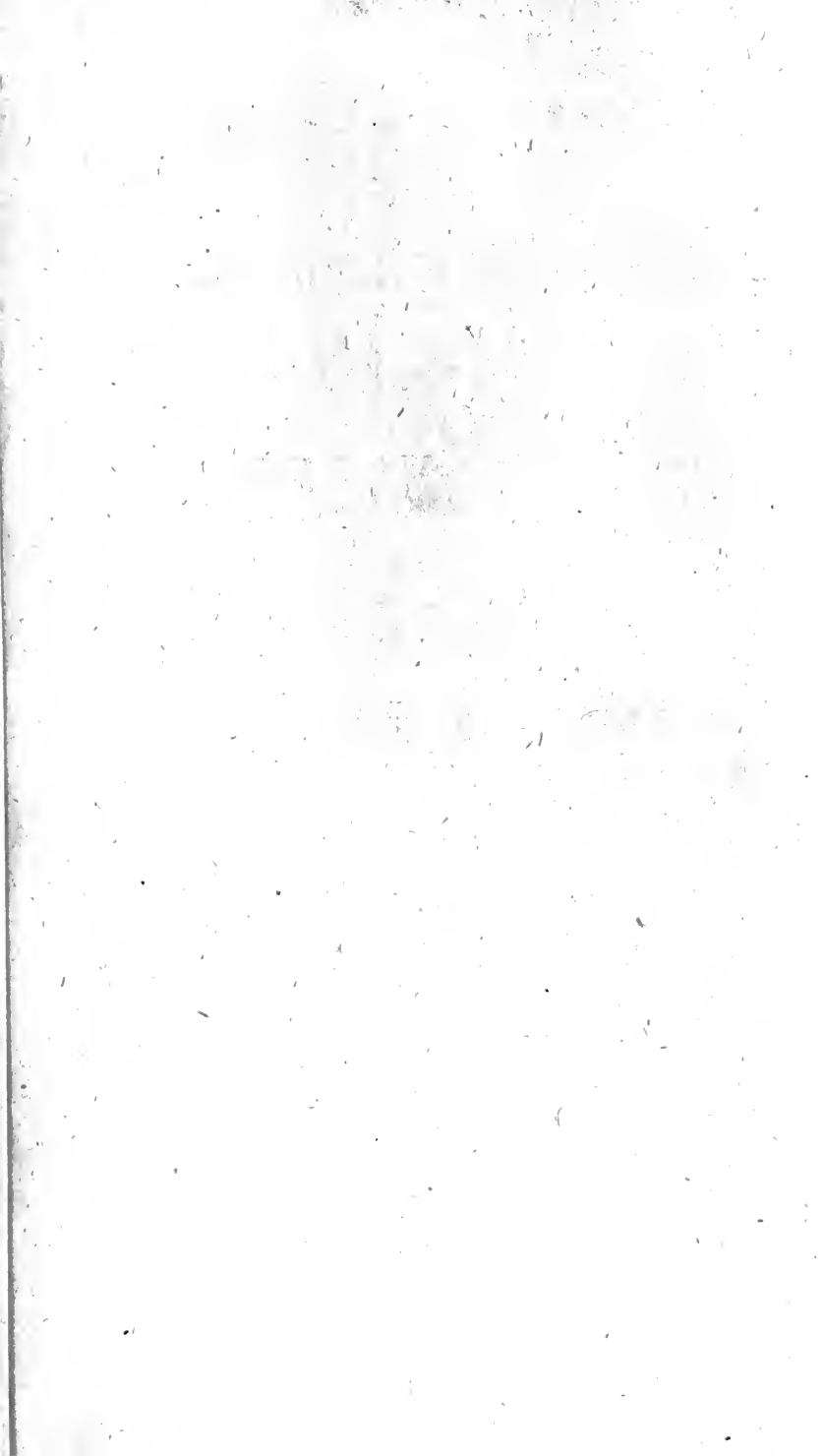
T H E

DRAMATICK WORKS

O F

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

V O L. VI.





BEAUMONT, FRANCIS

THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

*BEAUMONT and FLETCHER;*

Collated with all the Former Editions,

*AND CORRECTED;*

*With Notes, Critical and Explanatory,*

BY VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

*And Adorned with Fifty-four Original Engravings.*

IN TEN VOLUMES.

---

VOLUME THE SIXTH;

CONTAINING,

*CAPTAIN;*

*PROPHETESS;*

*QUEEN OF CORINTH;*

*TRAGEDY OF BONDUCA;*

*KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.*

---

LONDON,

*Printed by T. Sherlock, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;*

For T. EVANS, and P. ELMSLEY, in the Strand;

J. RIDLEY, St. James's Street; J. WILLIAMS, No. 39,

Fleet-Street; and W. Fox, Holborn.

---

MDCCLXXVIII.



P R O L O G U E.

**T**O please you with this play, we fear, will be  
(So does the Author too) a mystery  
Somewhat above our art; for all mens' eyes,  
Ears, faiths, and judgments, are not of one size.  
For, to say truth, and not to flatter ye,  
This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,  
Nor History, nor any thing that may  
(Yet in a week) be made a perfect play :  
Yet those that love to laugh, and those that think  
Twelve-pence goes further this way than in drink,  
Or damsels, if they mark the matter thro',  
May stumble on a foolish toy, or two,  
Will make 'em shew their teeth. Pray, for my sake,  
(That likely am your first man) do not take  
A distaste before you feel it; for ye may  
When this is his'd to ashes, have a play,  
And here, to out-his this: Be patient then.  
My honour done, you're welcome, gentlemen!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Julio, *a noble gentleman, in love with Lelia.*

Angelo, *friend to Julio.*

Lodovico, } *two cowardly gulls.*

Piso,

Frederick, *brother to Frank.*

Jacomo, *an angry Captain, a woman-hater.*

Fabritio, *a merry soldier, friend to Jacomo.*

Father to *Lelia, an old poor gentleman.*

Hof.

Vintner.

Drawers.

*Servants.*

W O M E N.

Frank, *passionately in love with Jacomo.*

Clora, *sister to Fabritio, a witty companion to Frank.*

Lelia, *a cunning wanton widow.*

Waiting-woman.

*Maid-servants.*

SCENE, VENICE.

THE



THE CAPTAIN



*Good Frederick, let me go; I would fain try  
If that thing do not counterfeit.*

Act V.

T H E

C A P T A I N.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Enter Lodovico and Pifo.*

*Lodovico.* **T**HE truth is, Pifo, fo she be a woman,  
And rich and wholefome, let her be  
of what

Condition and complexion it please,  
She shall please me, I'm fure: Those men are fools  
That make their eyes their choofers, not their needs.

*Pifo.* Methinks, I would have her honest too, and  
handsome.

*Lod.* Yes, if I could have both; but since they are  
Wishes fo near impossibilities,  
Let me have that that may be.

*Pifo.* If it were fo,  
I hope your conscience would not be fo nice  
To start at such a blessing.

*Lod.* No, believe me,  
I do not think I should.

*Pifo.* But thou wouldst be,  
I do not doubt, upon the least suspicion,  
Unmercifully jealous.

*Lod.* No, I should not;  
For I believe those mad that seek vexations:  
A wife, tho' she be honest, is a trouble.  
Had I a wife as fair as Helen was,

That drew so many cuckolds to her cause,  
These eyes should see another in my saddle  
Ere I believe my beast would carry double.

*Piso.* So should not I, by'r lady! and I think  
My patience (by your leave) as good as yours.  
Report would stir me mainly, I am sure on't.

*Lod.* Report? you are unwise; report is nothing;  
For if there were a truth in what men talk,  
(I mean of this kind) this part of the world  
I'm sure would be no more call'd Christendom.

*Piso.* What then?

*Lod.* Why, Cuckoldom; for we should lose  
Our old faiths clean, and hold their new opinions:  
If talk could make me sweat, before I would marry  
I'd tie a surer knot, and hang myself.

I tell thee, there was never woman yet,  
(Nor never hope there shall be) tho' a saint,  
But she has been a subject to mens' tongues,  
And in the worst sense: And that desperate husband,  
That dares give up his peace, and follow rumours<sup>1</sup>,  
(Which he shall find too busy, if he seek 'em)  
Beside the forcing of himself an ass,  
He dies in chains, eating himself with anger.

*Piso.* Having these antidotes against opinion,  
I would marry any one; an arrant whore.

*Lod.* Thou dost not feel the nature of this physic;  
Which I prescribe not to beget diseases,  
But, where they are, to stop them.

*Piso.* I conceive you:

What think'st thou, thy way, of the widow Lelia?

*Lod.* Faith, thou hast found out one, I must confess,  
Would stagger my best patience: From that woman,  
As I would bless myself from plagues and surfeits,  
From men of war at sea, from storms, and quicksands,  
From hearing treason and concealing it,  
From daring of a madman, or a drunkard,

<sup>1</sup> *Follow* humours.] The variation in the text was made in 1750. The whole conversation is on the subject of *report*, for which *rumour* is synonymous, and consequently genuine.



From herefy, ill wine, and ftumbling poft-horfe,  
So would I pray each morning, and each night,  
(And if I faid each hour, I fhould not lie)  
To be deliver'd of all thefe in one,  
The woman thou haft named.

*Pifo.* Thou haft fet her in a pretty Litany:

*Enter Julio, Angelo, and Father.*

*Ang.* Pray take my counfel.

*Jul.* When I am myfelf,  
I'll hear you any way; love me tho' thus,  
As thou art honeft, which I dare not be,  
Left I defpife myfelf. Farewell! [Exit.

*Pifo.* Do you hear, my friend? Sir! are you not a  
fetter

For the fair widow here, of famous memory?

*Father.* Ha! am I taken for a bawd? Oh, God!  
To mine own child too? Mifery, I thank thee,  
That keep'ft me from their knowledge.—Sir, believeme,  
I underftand you not.

*Lod.* You love plain-dealing:  
Are you not parcel bawd? Confefs your function;  
It may be, we would ufe it.

*Father.* Were ſhe worfe,  
(As I fear ſtrangely ſhe is ill enough)  
I would not hear this tamely.

*Pifo.* Here's a ſhilling,  
To ſtrike good luck withal.

*Father.* Here's a ſword, Sir,  
To ſtrike a knave withal: Thou lieſt, and baſely,  
Be what thou wilt!

*Ang.* Why, how now, gentlemen?

*Father.* You are many: I ſhall meet you, Sir, again,  
And make you underftand, you've wrong'd a woman  
Compar'd with whom thy mother was a finner.  
Farewell! [Exit.

*Pifo.* He has amaz'd me.

*Ang.* With a blow?  
By'r lady, 'twas a ſound one! Are ye good

At taking knocks? I shall know ye hereafter.  
 You were to blame to tempt a man so far,  
 Before you knew him certain. H'has not hurt ye?

*Piso.* No, I think.

*Lod.* We were to blame indeed to go so far;  
 For men may be mistaken: If h'had swing'd us,  
 H'had serv'd us right. Beshrew my heart, I think,  
 We've done the gentlewoman as much wrong too;  
 For hang me if I know her,  
 In my particular.

*Piso.* Nor I. This 'tis to credit  
 Mens' idle tongues: I warrant they have said  
 As much by our two mothers.

*Lod.* Like enough.

*Ang.* I see a beating now and then does more  
 Move and stir up a man's contrition  
 Than a sharp sermon; here *probatum est*.

*Enter Frederick and Servant.*

*Serv.* What shall I tell your sister?

*Fred.* Tell her this;

'Till she be better conversation'd,  
 And leave her walking by herself, and whining  
 To her old melancholy lute, I'll keep  
 As far from her as th' gallows. [*Exit Servant.*

*Ang.* Who's that? Frederick?

*Fred.* Yes, marry is't. Oh, Angelo, how dost thou?

*Ang.* Save you, Sir! How does my mistress?

*Fred.* She is in love, I think; but not with you,  
 I can assure you. Saw you Fabritio?

*Ang.* Is he come over?

*Fred.* Yes, a week ago:  
 Shall we dine?

*Ang.* I cannot.

*Fred.* Prithce do.

*Ang.* Believe me, I have business.

*Fred.* Have you too, gentlemen?

*Piso.* No, Sir.

*Fred.* Why then, let's dine together.

*Lod.*

*Lod.* With all my heart.

*Fred.* Go then. Farewell, good Angelo.  
Commend me to your friend.

*Ang.* I will.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter Frank and Clora.*

*Clora.* Do not dissemble, Frank; mine eyes are  
quicker

Than such observers, that do ground their faith  
Upon one smile or tear: You are much alter'd,  
And are as empty of those excellencies  
That were companions to you, (I mean mirth,  
And free disposal of your blood and spirit)  
As you were born a mourner.

*Frank.* How, I prithee?

For I perceive no such change in myself.

*Clora.* Come, come, this is not wise, nor provident,  
To halt before a cripple. If you love,  
Be liberal to your friend, and let her know it:  
I see the way you run, and know how tedious  
'Twill prove without a true companion.

*Frank.* Sure thou wouldst have me love.

*Clora.* Yes, marry would I;  
I should not please you else.

*Frank.* And who, for God's sake?

For I assure myself, I know not yet:  
And prithee, Clora, since thou'lt have it so  
That I must love, and do I know not what,  
Let him be held a pretty handsome fellow,  
And young; and if he be a little valiant,  
'Twill be the better; and a little wife,  
And, faith, a little honest.

*Clora.* Well, I'll found you yet, for all your craft.

*Frank.* Heigh-ho! I'll love no more.

*Clora.* Than one; and him  
You shall love Frank.

*Frank.* Which him? Thou art so wise,

People

People will take thee shortly for a witch.

But, prithee tell me, Clora, if I were

So mad as thou wouldst make me, what kind of man

Wouldst thou imagine him?

*Clora.* Faith, some pretty fellow,  
With a clean strength, that cracks a cudgel well,  
And dances at a wake, and plays at nine-holes.

*Frank.* Oh, God!

What pretty commendations thou hast giv'n him!

Faith, if I were in love (as, I thank God,

I do not think I am) this short epistle

Before my love, would make me burn the legend.

*Clora.* You are too wild: I mean, some gentleman.

*Frank.* So do not I, till I can know 'em wiser.  
Some gentleman? No, Clora, till some gentleman  
Keep some land, and fewer whores, believe me,  
I'll keep no love for him: I do not long  
To go a-foot yet, and solicit causes.

*Clora.* What think you then of an adventurer?  
I mean some wealthy merchant.

*Frank.* Let him venture  
In some decay'd crare of his own<sup>2</sup>: He shall not  
Rig me out, that's the short on't. Out upon't!  
What young thing of my years would endure

<sup>2</sup> *In some decayed crare of his own.*] Thus rightly reads the copy of 1647. The editor of 1679 has corrupted the passage, though at the same time I own he has well explain'd it; for thus he reads,

*In some decayed crare or carrack:*

*Crare* here signifies just what *carrack* does, being the name of a trading vessel then, though I believe at this time 'tis entirely disused.

Mr. Warburton I hope will pardon me, if after him I endeavour to correct a passage in *Cymbeline* from this line in our authors, *activ.* scene ii.

*Bel.* Oh, melancholy!

*Who ever yet could——find*

*The ooze to shew what coast thy sluggish care*

*Might easiest harbour in.*

'This reading our great critic judiciously rejects, and gives the passage thus,

——— *thy sluggish carrack,*

Which certainly continues and compleats the metaphor; but we may yet come much nearer the traces of the letters, by reading thus,

——— *what*

To have her husband in another country,  
 Within a month after she is married,  
 Chopping for rotten raisins, and lie pining  
 At home, under the mercy of his foreman? No;  
 Tho' they be wealthy, and indifferent wife,  
 I do not see that I am bound to love 'em.

*Clora.* I see you are hard to please; yet I will please you.

*Frank.* Faith, not so hard neither, if consider'd  
 What woman may deserve as she is worthy.  
 But why do we bestow our time so idly?  
 Prithee, let's entertain some other talk;  
 This is as sickly to me as faint weather.

*Clora.* Now I believe I shall content you, Frank:  
 What think you of a courtier?

*Frank.* Faith, so ill,

That, if I should be full, and speak but truth,  
 'Twould shew as if I wanted charity,  
 Prithee, good wench, let me not rail upon 'em;  
 Yet I have an excellent stomach, and must do it:  
 I have no mercy of these infidels,  
 Since I am put in mind on't; good, bear with me.

*Clora.* Can no man fit you? I will find him out.

*Frank.* This summer-fruit, that you call Courtier,  
 While you continue cold and frosty to him,  
 Hangs fast, and may be found<sup>3</sup>; but when you fling  
 Too full a heat of your affections  
 Upon his root, and make him ripe too soon,  
 You'll find him rotten in the handling:  
 His oaths and affections are all one  
 With his apparel, things to set him off;

— *what coast thy sluggish crare*

*Might easiest harbour in.*

*Sympson.*

Mr. Sympson is wrong in his assertion about the lection of the second folio, for that exhibits

*Some decayed WARE, or carrack, &c.*

Common sense and the first folio both authorize *crare*.—Mr. Steevens adopts Sympson's variation in *Cymbeline*; and adds, 'A *crare*, says the author of *The Revival*, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*.'

<sup>3</sup> *Hangs fast and may be found.*] Corrected in 1750.

He has as many mistresses as faiths,  
 And all Apocrypha<sup>4</sup>; his true belief  
 Is only in a private surgeon:  
 And, for my single self, I'd sooner venture  
 A new conversion of the Indies<sup>5</sup>,  
 Than to make courtiers able men, or honest.

*Clora.* I do believe you love no courtier;  
 And, by my troth, to guess you into love  
 With any I can think of, is beyond  
 Either your will, or my imagination:  
 And yet I'm sure you're caught, and I will know him.  
 There's none left now worthy the thinking of,  
 Unless it be a soldier; and, I'm sure,  
 I would ever bless myself from such a fellow.

*Frank.* Why, prithee?

*Clora.* Out upon 'em, firelocks!  
 They're nothing in the world but buff and scarlet,  
 Tough unhewn pieces, to hack swords upon;  
 I had as lieve be courted by a cannon,  
 As one of those.

*Frank.* Thou art too malicious;  
 Upon my faith, methinks they're worthy men.

*Clora.* Say you so? I'll pull you on a little further.—  
 What worth can be in those men, whose profession  
 Is nothing in the world but drink and *damn me*?  
 Out of whose violence they are possess'd  
 With legions of unwholesome whores and quarrels?  
 I am of that opinion, and will die in't,  
 There is no understanding, nor can be,  
 In a fous'd soldier.

*Frank.* Now 'tis ignorance,  
 I easily perceive, that thus provokes thee,

<sup>4</sup> *All Apocrypha.*] Mr. Symphon (and he acknowledges the variation!) reads, *apocryphal*. But *apocrypha* conveys the same sense as the adjective, and is rather a more elegant reading.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *I'd sooner VENTURE*

*A new CONVERSION of the Indies.*] Mr. Symphon, thinking that to *venture a conversion* is not a clear expression, proposes reading *Indians for Indies*. The text certainly is best.

And not the love of truth. I'll lay my life,  
If God had made thee man, th'hadst been a coward.

*Clora.* If to be valiant, be to be a soldier,  
'll tell you true, I had rather be a coward;  
I am sure with less sin.

*Frank.* This heresy  
Must be look'd-to in time; for if it spread,  
It will grow too pestilent. Were I a scholar,  
I would so hamper thee for thy opinion,  
That, ere I left, I would write thee out of credit  
With all the world, and make thee not believ'd  
Ev'n in indifferent things; that I would leave thee  
A reprobate, out of the state of honour.  
By all good things, thou hast flung aspersions  
So like a fool (for I am angry with thee)  
Upon a sort of men, that, let me tell thee,  
Thy mother's mother would have been a saint  
Had she conceiv'd a soldier! They are people  
(I may commend 'em, while I speak but truth)  
Of all the old world, only left to keep  
Man as he was, valiant and virtuous.  
They are the model of those men, whose honours  
We heave our hands at when we hear recited.

*Clora.* They are,  
And I have all I fought for: 'Tis a soldier  
You love (hide it no longer); you've betray'd your-  
self!

Come, I have found your way of commendations,  
And what I said was but to pull it from you.

*Frank.* 'Twas pretty! Are you grown so cunning,  
Clora?

I grant I love a soldier; but what soldier  
Will be a new task to you? But all this,  
I do imagine, was but laid to draw me  
Out of my melancholy.

*Clora.* I will have the man,  
Ere I forsake you.

*Frank.* I must to my chamber.

*Clora.* May not I go along?

*Frank.*

*Frank.* Yes; but, good wench,  
Move me no more with these fond questions;  
They work like rhubarb with me.

*Clora.* Well, I will not.

[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Lelia and her Waiting-Woman.*

*Lelia.* How now! who was that you stay'd to speak  
withal?

*Woman.* The old man, forsooth.

*Lelia.* What old man?

*Woman.* The poor old man,

That uses to come hither; he that you call father.

*Lelia.* Have you dispatch'd him?

*Woman.* No; he would fain speak with you.

*Lelia.* Wilt thou ne'er learn more manners, than  
to draw in

Such needy rascals to disquiet me?

Go, answer him, I will not be at leisure.

*Woman.* He will needs speak with you; and, good  
old man!

He weeps so, that, by my troth, I have not

The heart to deny him. Pray let him speak with you.

*Lelia.* Lord!

How tender-stomach'd you are grown of late!

You are not in love with him, are you? If you be,

Strike up the match; you shall have three pounds

And a pair of blankets! Will you go answer him?

*Woman.* Pray let him speak with you; he'll not away  
else.

*Lelia.* Well, let him in then, if there be no remedy:  
I thank God, I am able to abuse him; [*Exit Woman.*]  
I shall ne'er come clear else of him.

*Re-enter Woman, with Father.*

Now, Sir; what is your business? Pray be short;  
For I have other matters, of more moment,

To



To call me from you.

*Father.* If you but look upon me like a daughter,  
And keep that love about you that makes good  
A father's hope, you'll quickly find my business,  
And what I would say to you, and, before  
I ask, will be a giver: Say that sleep,  
(I mean that love) or be but numb'd within you,  
The nature of my want is such a searcher,  
And of so mighty power, that, where he finds  
This dead forgetfulness, it works so strongly,  
That if the least heat of a child's affection  
Remain unperish'd, like another nature,  
It makes all new again! Pray do not scorn me,  
Nor seem to make yourself a greater business  
Than my relieving.

*Lelia.* If you were not old,  
I should laugh at you! What a vengeance ails you,  
To be so childish to imagine me  
A founder of old fellows<sup>6</sup>?—Make him drink, wench;  
And if there be any cold meat in the buttery,  
Give him some broken bread, and that, and rid him.

*Father.* Is this a child's love? or a recompense  
Fit for a father's care? Oh, Lelia,  
Had I been thus unkind, thou hadst not been;  
Or, like me, miserable! But 'tis impossible  
Nature should die so utterly within thee,  
And lose her promises: Thou art one of those  
She set her stamp more excellently on,  
Than common people, as foretelling thee  
A general example of her goodness.  
Or, say she could lie, yet Religion  
(For love to parents is religious)  
Would lead thee right again: Look well upon me;  
I am the root that gave thee nourishment,  
And made thee spring fair; do not let me perish,

---

<sup>6</sup> *A founder of old fellows?*] Mr. Symphon proposes reading *fondler* for *founder*; but the latter word is certainly right, and very good sense, alluding to charitable foundations. See note 67 on Wit without Money.

Now I am old and sapless.

*Lelia.* As I live,

I like you far worse now you grow thus holy !

I grant you are my father ; am I therefore  
Bound to consume myself, and be a beggar  
Still in relieving you ? I do not feel

Any such mad compassion yet within me.

*Father.* I gave up all my state, to make your's thus !

*Lelia.* 'Twas as you ought to do ; and now you cry  
for't,

As children do for babies, back again.

*Father.* How wouldst thou have me live ?

*Lelia.* I would not have you ;

Nor know no reason fathers should desire  
To live, and be a trouble, when their children<sup>7</sup>  
Are able to inherit ; let them die ;

'Tis fit, and look'd for, that they should do so.

*Father.* Is this your comfort ?

*Lelia.* All that I feel yet.

*Father.* I will not curse thee !

*Lelia.* If you do, I care not.

*Father.* Pray you give me leave to weep.

*Lelia.* Why, pray take leave,  
If it be for your ease.

*Father.* Thy mother died  
(Sweet peace be with her !) in a happy time.

*Lelia.* She did, Sir, as she ought to do ; 'would you  
Would take the pains to follow ! What should you,  
Or any old man do, wearing away  
In this world with diseases, and desire  
Only to live to make their children scourge-sticks,  
And hoard up mill-money ? Methinks, a marble  
Lies quieter upon an old man's head  
Than a cold fit o' th' palsy.

*Father.* Oh, good God !

To what an impudence, thou wretched woman,  
Hast thou begot thyself again ! Well, Justice

<sup>7</sup> *When children.]* I have inserted *their* for the sake both of the  
measure and the sense.

Will punish disobedience.

*Lelia.* You mistake, Sir;

'Twill punish beggars. Fy for shame! go work,  
Or serve; you're grave enough to be a porter  
In some good man of worship's house, and give  
Sententious answers to the comers-in;  
(A pretty place!) or be of some good concert,  
You had a pleasant touch o' th' cittern once,  
If idleness have not bereft you of it:

Be any thing but old and beggarly,  
Two sins that ever do out-grow compassion.

If I might see you offer at a course  
That were a likely one, and shew'd some profit,  
I would not stick for ten groats, or a noble.

*Father.* Did I beget this woman?

*Lelia.* Nay, I know not;

And, till I know, I will not thank you for't:  
However, he that got me had the pleasure,  
And that, methinks, is a reward sufficient.

*Father.* I am so strangely stricken with amazement,  
I know not where I am, nor what I am.

*Lelia.* You'd best take fresh air somewhere else;  
'twill bring you

Out of your trance the sooner.

*Father.* Is all this

As you mean, *Lelia*?

*Lelia.* Yes, believe me, is it;

For yet I cannot think you are so foolish,  
As to imagine you are young enough  
To be my heir, or I so old to make  
A nurse at these years for you, and attend  
While you sup up my state in penny pots  
Of malmsey. When I'm excellent at caudles,  
And cullices, and have enough spare gold  
To boil away, you shall be welcome to me;  
'Till when, I'd have you be as merry, Sir,  
As you can make yourself with that you have,  
And leave to trouble me with these relations,  
Of what you have been to me, or you are;

For as I hear them, so I lose them. This,  
For aught I know yet, is my resolution.

*Father.* Well, God be with thee! for I fear thy end  
Will be a strange example. [Exit.

*Lelia.* Fare you well, Sir!

Now would some poor tender-hearted fool have wept,  
Relented, and have been undone: Such children  
(I thank my understanding) I hate truly;  
For, by my troth, I had rather see their tears  
Than feel their pities! My desires and ends  
Are all the kindred that I have, and friends.

*Enter Woman.*

Is he departed?

*Woman.* Yes; but here's another.

*Lelia.* Not of his tribe, I hope: Bring me no more,  
I would wish you, such as he is. If thou seest  
They look like men of worth, and state, and carry  
Ballast of both sides, like tall gentlemen,  
Admit 'em; but no snakes to poison us  
With poverty. Wench, you must learn a wise rule;  
Look not upon the youths of men, and making,  
How they descend in blood, nor let their tongues,  
(Tho' they strike suddenly, and sweet as music)  
Corrupt thy fancy: See, and say them fair too,  
But ever keep thyself without their distance,  
Unless the love thou swallow'st be a pill  
Gilded, to hide the bitterness it brings;  
Then fall on without fear, wench; yet so wisely  
That one encounter cloy him not; nor promise  
His love hath made thee more his, than his monies:  
Learn this, and thrive; then let thine honour ever  
(For that's the last rule) be so stood upon,  
That men may fairly see  
'Tis want of means, not virtue, makes thee fall;  
And if you weep, 'twill be a great deal better,  
And draw on more compassion, which includes  
A greater tenderness of love and bounty:  
This is enough at once; digest it well.

Go, let him in, wench, if he promise profit,  
Not else.—Oh, you are welcome, my fair servant!

*Enter Julio.*

Upon my troth, I have been longing for you.

*Woman.* This, by her rule, should be a liberal man:  
I see, the best on's may learn ev'ry day. [Exit.

*Lelia.* There's none come with you?

*Julio.* No.

*Lelia.* You do the wiser;

For some that have been here (I name no man),  
Out of their malice, more than truth, have done me  
Some few ill offices.

*Julio.* How, sweet?

*Lelia.* Nay, nothing;

Only have talk'd a little wildly of me,  
As their unruly youth directed 'em;  
Which, tho' they bite me not, I would have wish'd  
Had lit upon some other that deserv'd 'em.

*Julio.* Tho' she deserve this of the loofest tongue,  
(Which makes my sin the more) I must not see it;  
Such is my misery [*aside*].—I would I knew him!

*Lelia.* No, no; let him go;

He is not worth your anger.—I must chide you  
For being such a stranger to your mistress;  
Why would you be so, servant?

*Julio.* I should chide,

If chiding would work any thing upon you,  
For being such a stranger to your servant;  
I mean, to his desires: When, my dear mistress,  
Shall I be made a happy man?

*Lelia.* Fy, servant!

What do you mean? Unhand me; or, by Heav'n,  
I shall be very angry! This is rudeness.

*Julio.* 'Twas but a kiss or two, that thus offends you.

*Lelia.* 'Twas more, I think, than you have warrant  
for.

*Julio.* I'm sorry I deserv'd no more.

*Lelia.* You may;

But not this rough way, servant: We are tender,  
And ought in all to be respected so.

If I had been your horse, or whore, you might  
Back me with this intemperance! I thought  
You had lov'd as worthy men, whose fair affections  
Seek pleasures warranted, not pull'd by violence.  
Do so no more.

*Julio.* I hope you are not angry?

*Lelia.* I should be with another man, I'm sure,  
That durst appear but half thus violent.

*Julio.* I did not mean to ravish you.

*Lelia.* You could not.

*Julio.* You are so willing?

*Lelia.* How!

*Julio.* Methinks this shadow,  
If you had so much shame as fits a woman,  
(At least, of your way, mistress) long ere this  
Had been laid off to me that understand you.

*Lelia.* That understand me? Sir, you understand,  
Nor shall, no more of me than Modesty  
Will, without fear, deliver to a stranger?  
You understand I'm honest; else, I tell you,  
(Tho' you were better far than Julio)  
You and your understanding are two fools.

But, were we faints, thus we are still rewarded:  
I see that woman had a pretty catch on't,  
That had made you the master of a kindness,  
She durst not answer openly. Oh, me!  
How easily we women may be cozen'd!

I took this Julio, as I have a faith,  
(This young dissembler, with the sober vizard)  
For the most modest-temper'd gentleman,  
The coolest, quietest, and best companion,  
For such an one I could have wish'd a woman——

*Julio.* You've wish'd me ill enough o' conscience;  
Make me no worse, for shame! I see, the more  
I work by way of service to obtain you,  
You work the more upon me. Tell me truly  
(While I am able to believe a woman,

For, if you use me thus, that faith will perish)  
 What is your end? and whither you will pull me?  
 Tell me; but tell me that I may not start at,  
 And have a cause to curse you.

*Lelia.* Bless me, goodness!

To curse me, did you say, Sir? Let it be  
 For too much loving you then; such a curse  
 Kill me withal, and I shall be a martyr.  
 You've found a new way to reward my doting,  
 And, I confess, a fit one for my folly;  
 For you yourself, if you have good within you,  
 And dare be master of it, know how dearly  
 This heart hath held you ever. Oh, good God,  
 That I had never seen that false man's eyes,  
 That dares reward me thus with fears<sup>s</sup> and curses!  
 Nor never heard the sweetness of that tongue,  
 That will, when this is known, yet cozen women!  
 Curse me, good Julio, curse me bitterly;  
 (I do deserve it for my confidence)  
 And I beseech thee, if thou hast a goodness  
 Of power yet in thee to confirm thy wishes,  
 Curse me to earth! for what should I do here,  
 Like a decaying flower, still withering  
 Under his bitter words, whose kindly heat  
 Should give my poor heart life? No; curse me, Julio!  
 Thou canst not do me such a benefit  
 As that, and well done, that the Heav'ns may hear it.

*Julio.* Oh, fair tears! were you but as chaste as subtle,  
 Like bones of saints, you would work miracles.  
 What were these women to a man that knew not  
 The thousand, thousand ways of their deceiving?  
 What riches had he found? Oh, he would think  
 Himself still dreaming of a blessedness,  
 That, like continual spring, should flourish ever:  
 For if she were as good as she is seeming,  
 Or, like an eagle, could renew her virtues,  
 Nature had made another world of sweetness.—  
 Be not so griev'd, sweet mistress; what I said,

<sup>s</sup> *Fears.*] i. e. Actions that shock, or terrify me.

You do, or should know, was but passion:  
Pray wipe your eyes, and kiss me. Take these trifles,  
And wear them for me, which are only rich  
When you will put them on. Indeed, I love you:  
Beswore my sick heart, if I grieve not for you!

*Lelia.* Will you dissemble still? I am a fool,  
And you may easily rule me. If you flatter,  
The sin will be your own.

*Julio.* You know I do not.

*Lelia.* And shall I be so childish once again,  
After my late experience of your spite,  
To credit you? You do not know how deep  
(Or, if you did, you would be kinder to me)  
This bitterness of yours has struck my heart.

*Julio.* I pray, no more.

*Lelia.* Thus you would do, I warrant,  
If I were married to you.

*Julio.* Married to me?  
Is that your end?

*Lelia.* Yes; is not that the best end,  
And, as all hold, the noblest way of love?  
Why do you look so strange, Sir? Do not you  
Desire it should be so?

*Julio.* Stay!

*Lelia.* Answer me.

*Julio.* Farewell!

[*Exit.*

*Lelia.* Ay! are you there? are all these tears lost then?  
Am I so overtaken by a fool,  
In my best days and tricks? My wise fellow,  
I'll make you smart for't, as I am a woman!  
And, if thou be'st not timber, yet I'll warm thee.  
And is he gone?

*Enter Woman.*

*Woman.* Yes.

*Lelia.* He's not so lightly struck,  
To be recover'd with a base repentance;  
I should be sorry then. Fortune, I prithee  
Give me this man but once more in my arms,  
And, if I lose him, women have no charms!

[*Exeunt.*  
A C T



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Jacomo and Fabritio.*

*Jac.* SIGNIOR, what think you of this found of wars?

*Fab.* As only of a found: They that intend To do are like deep waters, that run quietly, Leaving no trace<sup>9</sup> of what they were behind 'em. This rumour is too common, and too loud, To carry truth.

*Jac.* Shall we ne'er live to see Men look like men again, upon a march? This cold dull rusty peace makes us appear Like empty pictures, only the faint shadows Of what we should be. 'Would to God my mother Had given but half her will to my begetting, And made me woman, to sit still and sing, Or be sick when I list, or any thing That is too idle for a man to think of! Would I had been a whore! 't had been a course Certain, and (of my conscience) of more gain Than two commands, as I would handle it. 'Faith, I could wish I had been any thing, (Rather than what I am, a soldier) A carrier, or a cobbler, when I knew What 'twas to wear a sword first! for their trades Are, and shall be, a constant way of life, While men send cheeses up, or wear out buskins.

*Fab.* Thou art a little too impatient, And mak'st thy anger a far more vexation

<sup>9</sup> *Leaving no face.*] Mr. Seward substitutes *noise* for *face*; as the latter word does not agree, says he, with the former or subsequent metaphors. Mr. Sympson thinks 'that neither *face* or *noise* are at all proper in this place.' We think *trace* a much better word than either of the others, if not the original.

Than the not having wars. I am a soldier,  
Which is my whole inheritance, yet I,  
Tho' I could wish a breach with all the world,  
If not dishonourable, I am not so malicious  
To curse the fair peace of my mother-country.  
But thou want'st money, and the first supply  
Will bury these thoughts in thee.

*Jac.* 'Pox o' peace!

It fills the kingdom full of holidays,  
And only feeds the wants of whores and pipers,  
And makes the idle drunken rogues get spinsters.  
'Tis true, I may want money, and no little,  
And almost cloaths too; of which if I'd both  
In full abundance, yet against all peace  
(That brings up mischiefs thicker than a shower)  
I would speak louder than a lawyer.  
By Heav'n, it is the surfeit of all youth,  
That makes the toughness and the strength of nations  
Melt into women; it is an ease that  
Broods thieves and bastards only.

*Fab.* This is more

(Tho' it be true) than we ought to lay open,  
And seasons only of an indiscretion.  
Believe me, Captain; such distemper'd spirits,  
Once out of motion, tho' they be proof-valiant,  
If they appear thus violent and fiery,  
Breed but their own disgraces, and are nearer  
Doubt and suspect in princes, than rewards.

*Jac.* 'Tis well they can be near 'em any way.  
But call you those true spirits ill-affected,  
That, whilst the wars were, serv'd like walls and ribs  
To girdle in the kingdom, and now, fall'n  
Thro' a faint peace into affliction,  
Speak but their miseries? Come, come, Fabritio,  
You may pretend what patience you please,  
And seem to yoke your wants like passions<sup>10</sup>;

<sup>10</sup> To yoke your wants like passions.] Mr. Seward, considering want as 'one of our passions,' objects to this reading, and proposes to substitute, wants AND passions. Mr. Sympson would read,

But, while I know thou art a soldier,  
 And a deferver, and no other harvest  
 But what thy sword reaps for thee to come in,  
 You shall be pleas'd to give me leave to tell you,  
 You wish a devil of this musty peace :  
 To which prayer, as one that's bound in conscience,  
 And all " that love our trade, I cry, Amen !

*Fab.* Prithee no more ; we shall live well enough :  
 There's ways enough besides the wars, to men  
 That are not logs, and lie still for the hands  
 Of others to remove 'em.

*Jac.* You may thrive, Sir ;  
 Thou'rt young and handsome yet, and well enough  
 To please a widow ; thou canst sing, and tell  
 These foolish love-tales, and indite a little,  
 And, if need be, compile a pretty matter,  
 And dedicate it to the Honourable ;  
 Which may awaken his compassion,  
 To make you clerk o' th' kitchen, and at length  
 Come to be married to my lady's woman,  
 After she's crack'd i' th' ring<sup>12</sup>.

*Fab.* 'Tis very well, Sir.

*Jac.* But what dost thou think shalt become of me,  
 With all my imperfections ? Let me die,  
 If I think I shall ever reach above  
 A forlorn tapster, or some frothy fellow,  
 That stinks of stale beer !

---

— to CLOAK your wants like passions.

To yoke your wants like passions may, for aught we see, be the right reading ; and the whole passage signifies, that ' Fabritio might indeed pretend to patience, and endeavour to curb his necessities and his appetites, yet he was in reality an enemy to peace.'

<sup>11</sup> And all that love, &c.] Seward reads, WITH all, &c. and says, ' the old text is scarcely grammar. The grammar is not more licentious than that of many other passages, and the meaning is obvious.

<sup>12</sup> After she's crack'd i' th' ring.] This phrase occurs in Hamlet, act ii. scene ii. ' Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.' And again, as Mr. Steevens observes, in Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady ; ' Light gold, and crack'd within the ring.' See also vol. ii. p. 297, of this Work.

R.  
*Fab.*

*Fab.* Captain Jacomo,  
Why should you think so hardly of your virtues ?

*Jac.* What virtues ? By this light, I have no virtue  
But down-right buffeting ! What can my face,  
(That is no better than a ragged map now,  
Of where I've march'd and travell'd) profit me ?  
Unless it be for ladies to abuse,  
And say 'twas spoil'd for want of a *bongrace*  
When I was young, and now 'twill make a true  
Prognostication of what man must be ?  
Tell me of a fellow that can mend noses ? and complain,  
So tall a soldier should want teeth to his stomach ?  
And how it was great pity, that it was,  
That he that made my body was so busied  
He could not stay to make my legs too, but was driv'n  
To clap a pair of cat-sticks to my knees,  
For which I am indebted to two school-boys ?  
This must follow necessary.

*Fab.* There's no such matter.

*Jac.* Then for my morals, and those hidden pieces  
That art bestows upon me, they are such,  
That, when they come to light, I'm sure will shame me ;  
For I can neither write, nor read, nor speak,  
That any man shall hope to profit by me ;  
And for my languages, they are so many,  
That, put them all together, they will scarce  
Serve to beg single beer in. The plain truth is,  
I love a soldier, and can lead him on,  
And if he fight well, I dare make him drunk :  
This is my virtue, and if this will do,  
I'll scramble yet amongst 'em.

*Fab.* 'Tis your way  
To be thus pleasant still ; but fear not, man,  
For tho' the wars fail, we shall screw ourselves  
Into some course of life yet.

*Jac.* Good Fabritio,  
Have a quick eye upon me, for I fear  
This peace will make me something that I love not ;  
For, by my troth, tho' I am plain and dudgeon,  
I would

I would not be an afs; and to fell parcels,  
I can as soon be hang'd. Prithee bestow me,  
And speak some little good, tho' I deserve not.

*Enter Father.*

*Fab.* Come, we'll consider more. Stay! this  
Should be another windfall of the wars.

*Jac.* He looks indeed like an old tatter'd colours,  
That every wind would borrow from the staff:  
These are the hopes we have for all our hurts.  
They have not cast his tongue too?

*Father.* They that say  
Hope never leaves a wretched man that seeks her,  
I think are either patient fools, or liars;  
I'm sure I find it so! for I am master'd  
With such a misery and grief together,  
That that stay'd anchor men lay hold upon  
In all their needs, is to me lead that bows,  
Or breaks, with every strong sea of my sorrows.  
I could now question Heaven (were it well  
To look into their justice) why those faults,  
Those heavy sins others provoke 'em with,  
Should be rewarded on the heads of us  
That hold the least alliance to their vices:  
But this would be too curious; for I see  
Our suffering, not disputing, is the end  
Reveal'd to us of all these miseries.

*Jac.* Twenty such holy hermits in a camp  
Would make 'em all Carthusians: I'll be hang'd  
If he know what a whore is, or a health,  
Or have a nature liable to learn,  
Or so much honest nurture to be drunk.  
I do not think he has the spleen to swear  
A greater oath than sempsters utter socks with<sup>13</sup>.  
Spur him a question.

<sup>13</sup> UTTER socks.] i. e. Sell them. So in Shakespeare's *Romeo*,

'Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law

'Is death to any he that utters them.'

Every *sale*, which tends to render things common, is metaphorically considered as a kind of publication.

*Father.*

*Father.* They are strangers both  
To me, as I to them, I hope. I would not have  
Me and my shame together known by any :  
I'll rather lie myself unto another.

*Fab.* I need not ask you, Sir, your country ;  
I hear you speak this tongue: Pray what more are you?  
Or have you been? if it be not offensive  
To urge you so far. Misery in your years  
Gives every thing a tongue to question it.

*Father.* Sir, tho' I could be pleas'd to make my ills  
Only mine own, for grieving other men,  
Yet, to so fair and courteous a demander,  
That promises compassion, at worst pity<sup>13</sup>,  
I will relate a little of my story.  
I am a gentleman, however thus  
Poor and unhappy; which, believe me, Sir,  
Was not born with me; for I well have tried  
Both the extremes of fortune, and have found  
Both dangerous. My younger years provok'd me,  
(Feeling in what an ease I slept at home,  
Which to all stirring spirits is a sickness)  
To see far countries, and observe their customs:  
I did so, and I travell'd till that course  
Stor'd me with language, and some few slight manners,  
Scarce worth my money; when an itch possess'd me  
Of making arms my active end of travel.

*Fab.* But did you so?

*Father.* I did; and twenty winters  
I wore the Christian cause upon my sword,  
Against his enemies<sup>14</sup>. At Buda siege,  
Full many a cold night have I lodg'd in armour,  
When all was frozen in me but mine honour;  
And many a day, when both the sun and cannon

<sup>13</sup> *That promises compassion, at worst pity.*] The Poets seem to use *compassion* in the sense of *relief* added to pity; *pity* as simple *commiseration*.

<sup>14</sup> *Against his enemies.*] Mr. Seward would have us read *its* for *his*, as necessary to the grammar of the passage: I see no reason for this, because it is usual in the Saxon writers, and those who succeeded 'em; Spenser particularly abounds in it; our Authors too, as the learned reader will observe, have it more than once in their plays; and even Milton himself has approv'd the practice.

Strove who should most destroy us, have I stood  
 Mail'd up in steel, when my tough sinews shrunk,  
 And this parch'd body ready to consume  
 As soon to ashes, as the pike I bore.  
 Want has been to me as another nature;  
 Which makes me with this patience still profess it.  
 And if a soldier may, without vainglory,  
 Tell what h'has done, believe me, gentlemen,  
 I could turn over annals of my dangers!  
 With this poor weakness have I man'd a breach,  
 And made it firm with so much blood, that all  
 I had to bring me off alive was anger.  
 Thrice was I made a slave, and thrice redeem'd  
 At price of all I had; the miseries  
 Of which times, if I had a heart to tell,  
 Would make ye weep like children; but I'll spare ye.

*Fac.* Fabritio, we two have been soldiers  
 Above these fourteen years, yet, o' my conscience,  
 All we have seen, compar'd to his experience,  
 Has been but cudgel-play, or cock-fighting<sup>15</sup>!  
 By all the faith I have in arms, I reverence  
 The very poverty of this brave fellow;  
 Which were enough itself, and his<sup>16</sup>, to strengthen  
 The weakest town against half Christendom.  
 I was never so ashamed of service  
 In all my life before, now I consider  
 What I have done; and yet the rogues would swear  
 I was a valiant fellow: I do find  
 The greatest danger I have brought my life thro',  
 Now I have heard this worthy, was no more

<sup>15</sup> Or cock-fighting.] What *cock-fighting* has to do with gentleman of the sword, wou'd perhaps puzzle a grand council of war to explain. But *mock fighting*, as I read, carries on the sense of the authors, and makes it consistent; cudgels being properly to be look'd upon as no more than the *tela lusoria* of the ancients. *Symphon.*

*Cock-fighting* is much the best reading, and quite in Jacomo's character.

<sup>16</sup> And *bis*.] The Editors of 1750 object to this reading, conjecture various others, and at last exhibit *as bis*. The line is, to be sure, rather hard; but as it may be understood, cannot warrantably be altered.

Than stealing of a May-pole, or, at worst,  
Fighting at single billet with a bargeman.

*Fab.* I do believe him, Jacomo.

*Jac.* Believe him?

I have no faith within me, if I do not.

*Father.* I see they are soldiers,

And, if we may judge by affections,

Brave and deserving men. How they are stirr'd

But with a mere relation of what may be!

Since I have won belief, and am not known,

Forgive me, Honour! I'll make use of thee.

*Fab.* Sir, 'would I were a man or great or able,

To look with liberal eyes upon your virtue.

*Jac.* Let's give him all we have, and leave off prating.

Here, soldier; there's even five months' pay; be merry,

And get thee handsome cloaths.

*Fab.* What mean you, Jacomo?

*Jac.* You are a fool!

The very story's worth a hundred pounds.

Give him more money.

*Father.* Gentlemen, I know not

How I am able to deserve this blessing;

But if I live to see fair days again,

Something I'll do in honour of your goodness,

That shall shew thankfulness, if not desert.

*Fab.* If you please, Sir, till we procure you place,

To eat with us, or wear such honest garments

As our poor means can reach to, you shall be

A welcome man: To say more, were to feed you

Only with words. We honour what you've been,

For we are soldiers, tho' not near the worth

You spake of lately.

*Father.* I do guess ye so;

And knew, unless ye were a soldier,

Ye could not find the way to know my wants.

*Jac.* But methinks all this while you are too  
temperate:

Do you not tell men sometimes of their dullness,

When you are grip'd, as now you are, with need?

I do;



I do; and let them know those silks they wear,  
 The war weaves for 'em; and the bread they eat  
 We sow, and reap again, to feed their hunger.  
 I tell them boldly, they are masters of  
 Nothing but what we fight for; their fair women  
 Lie playing in their arms, whilst we, like Lares,  
 Defend their pleasures. I am angry too,  
 And often rail at these forgetful great men  
 That suffer us to sue, for what we ought  
 To have flung on us, ere we ask.

*Father.* I have  
 Too often told my griefs that way, when all  
 I reap'd was rudeness of behaviour:  
 In their opinions, men of war that thrive,  
 Must thank 'em when they rail, and wait to live.

*Fab.* Come, Sir; I see your wants need more relieving,  
 Than looking what they are: Pray go with us.

*Father.* I thank you, gentlemen! Since you are  
 pleas'd  
 To do a benefit, I dare not cross it:  
 And what my service or endeavours may  
 Stand you in stead, you shall command; not pray.

*Jac.* So you shall us.  
 I'll to the taylor's with you bodily. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*Enter Frederick, Lodovico, and Piso.*

*Lod.* Well, if this be true, I'll believe a woman  
 When I have nothing else to do.

*Piso.* 'Tis certain, if there be a way of truth  
 In blushes, smiles, and commendations;  
 For, by this light, I've heard her praise yon fellow  
 In such a pitch, as if sh' had studied  
 To crowd the worths of all men into him:  
 And I imagine these are seldom us'd  
 Without their special ends, and by a maid  
 Of her desires and youth.

*Fred.*

*Fred.* It may be so.

She's free, as you, or I am, and may have,  
By that prerogative, a liberal choice  
In the bestowing of her love.

*Lod.* Bestowing?

If it be so, she has bestow'd herself  
Upon a trim youth! Piso, what do you call him?

*Piso.* Why, captain Jacomo.

*Lod.* Oh, captain Jack-boy;  
That is the gentleman.

*Fred.* I think he be  
A gentleman at worst.

*Lod.* So think I too;  
'Would he would mend, Sir!

*Fred.* And a tall one too!

*Lod.* Yes, of his teeth; for of my faith I think  
They're sharper than his sword, and dare do more,  
If the *beuffe* meet him fairly<sup>17</sup>.

*Fred.* Very well!

*Piso.* Now do I wonder what she means to do  
When she has married him.

*Lod.* Why, well enough;  
Trail his pike under him, and be a gentlewoman  
Of the brave Captain's company.

*Fred.* Do you hear me?  
This woman is my sister, gentlemen.

*Lod.* I'm glad she's none of mine. But, Frederick,  
Thou art not such a fool sure to be angry,  
Unless it be with her: We are thy friends, man.

*Fred.* I think ye are.

*Lod.* Yes, faith! and do but tell thee  
How she will utterly o'erthrow her credit,  
If she continue gracing of this pot-gun.

*Piso.* I think she was bewitch'd, or mad, or blind;  
She would ne'er have taken such a scare-crow else  
Into protection. O' my life, he looks  
Of a more rusty, swarth complexion,

<sup>17</sup> *If the beuffe meet him fairly.*] First folio. The two following editions say, *buff*. Seward, *beef*.

Than an old arming doublet!

*Lod.* I would fend

His face to th' cutlers then, and have it fanguin'd;  
'Twill look a great deal sweeter. Then his nose  
I would have shorter; and my reason is,  
His face will be ill-mounted else.

*Piso.* For his body,

I will not be my own judge, lest I seem  
A railer; but let others look upon't,  
And if they find it any other thing  
Than a trunk-cellar, to fend wines down in,  
Or a long walking bottle, I'll be hang'd for't.  
His hide (for sure he is a beast) is ranker  
Than the Muscovy-leather, and grain'd like it;  
And, by all likelihoods, he was begotten  
Between a stubborn pair of winter boots;  
His body goes with straps, he is so churlish.

*Lod.* He's poor and beggarly, besides all this,

And of a nature far incapable  
Of any benefit; for his manners cannot  
Shew him a way to thank a man that does one,  
He's so uncivil. You may do a part  
Worthy a brother, to persuade your sister  
From her undoing: If she prove so foolish  
To marry this cast captain, look to find her,  
Within a month, where you, or any good man,  
Would blush to know her; selling cheese and prunes<sup>18</sup>,  
And retail'd bottle-ale. I grieve to think,  
Because I lov'd her, what a march this Captain  
Will set her into.

*Fred.* You are both, believe me,

Two arrant knaves; and, were it not for taking  
So just an execution from his hands  
You have belied thus, I would swaddle ye<sup>19</sup>,  
'Till I could draw off both your skins like scabbards.

<sup>18</sup> Prunes.] See note 66 on the Mad Lover.

<sup>19</sup> Swaddle ye.] He means *beat*. So *Hudibras*, b. i. c. i. 23, 24.

'Great on the bench, great in the saddle,

'That cou'd as well bind o'er as swaddle.'

*Symphon.*

That man that you have wrong'd thus, tho' to me  
 He be a stranger, yet I know so worthy,  
 However low in fortune, that his worst parts,  
 The very wearing of his cloaths, would make  
 Two better gentlemen than you dare be;  
 For there is virtue in his outward things.

*Lod.* Belike you love him then?

*Fred.* Yes, marry do I.

*Lod.* And will be angry for him?

*Fred.* If you talk;

Or pull your face into a stich again<sup>20</sup>,  
 As I love truth, I shall be very angry!  
 Do not I know thee (tho' thou hast some land,  
 To set thee out thus among gentlemen)  
 To be a prating and vain-glorious ass?  
 I do not wrong thee now, for I speak truth.  
 Do not I know th' hast been a cudgel'd coward,  
 That has no cure for shame but cloth of silver?  
 And think'st the wearing of a gaudy suit  
 Hides all disgraces?

*Lod.* I understand you not; you hurt not me,  
 Your anger flies so wide.

*Piso.* Signior Frederick,  
 You much mistake this gentleman.

*Fred.* No, Sir.

*Piso.* If you would please to be less angry,  
 I'd tell you how——

*Fred.* You had better study, Sir,  
 How to excuse yourself, if you be able;  
 Or I shall tell you once again——

*Piso.* Not me, Sir;

<sup>20</sup> *A stich again.*] 'Tis plain by *stich* here we must understand *smile*, but how it is to be made out, perhaps may not be so easy to every capacity: I have not altered the text, though I suspect it is corrupted, and as such propose a conjecture which may stand or fall according to its worth.

*Or draw your face into a smirk again.*

*Smirk* comes from the A. S. *Smercian*, *subridere*, *arridere*, to smile.

*Sympson.*

*Stich* alludes to the face being, in laughter, contracted, or in a manner convulsed.

For, I protest, what I have said was only  
To make you understand your sister's danger.

*Lod.* He might, if it pleas'd him, conceive it so.

*Fred.* I might, if it pleas'd me, stand still and hear  
My sister made a May-game, might I not?  
And give allowance to your liberal jests  
Upon his person, whose least anger would  
Consume a legion of such wretched people;  
That have no more to justify their actions  
But their tongues' ends? that dare lie every way,  
As a mill grinds? From this hour, I renounce  
All part of fellowship that may hereafter  
Make me take knowledge of you, but for knaves;  
And take heed, as ye love whole skins and coxcombs,  
How, and to whom, ye prate thus. For this time,  
I care not if I spare ye: Do not shake;  
I will not beat ye, tho' ye do deserve it  
Richly.

*Lod.* This is a strange course, Frederick!  
But sure you do not, or you would not, know us.  
Beat us?

*Piso.* 'Tis somewhat low, Sir, to a gentleman.

*Fred.* I'll speak but few words, but I'll make 'em  
truths:

Get you gone both, and quickly, without murmuring,  
Or looking big; and yet, before you go,  
I will have this confess'd, and seriously.  
That you two are two rascals.

*Lod.* How!

*Fred.* Two rascals.

Come, speak it from your hearts; or, by this light,  
My sword shall fly among ye! Answer me,  
And to the point, directly.

*Piso.* You shall have

Your will for this time, since we see you're grown  
So far untemperate: Let it be so, Sir,  
In your opinion.

*Fred.* Do not mince the matter,  
But speak the words plain. And you, Lodovick,

That stand so tally<sup>21</sup> on your reputation,  
You shall be he shall speak it.

*Lod.* This is pretty!

*Fred.* Let me not stay upon't!

*Lod.* Well, we are rascals;  
Yes, Pifo, we are rascals.

*Fred.* Get ye gone now! [*Exeunt Lod. and Pifo.*]  
Not a word more! you're rascals!

*Enter Fabritio and Jacomo.*

*Fab.* That should be Frederick.

*Jac.* 'Tis he. Frederick!

*Fred.* Who's that?

*Jac.* A friend, Sir.

*Fred.* It is so, by th' voice.

I've fought you, gentlemen; and, since I've found you  
So near our house, I'll force ye stay a while:  
I pray let it be so.

*Fab.* It is too late;  
We'll come and dine tomorrow with your sister,  
And do our services.

*Jac.* Who were those with you?

*Fab.* We met two came from hence.

*Fred.* Two idle fellows,  
That you shall beat hereafter; and I'll tell you,  
Some fitter time, a cause sufficient for it.

*Fab.* But, Frederick, tell me truly; do you think  
She can affect my friend?

*Fred.* No certainer<sup>22</sup>  
Than when I speak of him, or any other,  
She entertains it with as much desire  
As others do their recreations.

*Fab.* Let not him have this light by any means:

<sup>21</sup> So tally.] From *tall*, i. e. *brave*, &c.

<sup>22</sup> No certainer

*Than when I speak of him, or any other.*] This line may easily be misunderstood for want of attending to the construction, as well as one in Jonson's *Sejanus*,

' Mean time give order that his books be burnt

' To th' Ædiles.'

*Symphon.*

He will but think he's mock'd; and so grow angry,  
 Ev'n to a quarrel; he's so much distrustful  
 Of all that take occasion to commend him,  
 Women especially; for which he shuns  
 All conversation with 'em, and believes  
 He can be but a mirth to all their sex.—  
 Whence is this musick?

*Fred.* From my sister's chamber.

*Fab.* The touch is excellent; let's be attentive.

*Jac.* Hark! are the waits abroad?

*Fab.* Be softer, prithee;

'Tis private musick.

*Jac.* What a din it makes?

I'd rather hear a Jew's trump than these lutes;  
 They cry like school-boys.

*Fab.* Prithee, Jacomo!

*Jac.* Well, I will hear, or sleep, I care not whether.

*Enter, at the window, Frank and Clora.*

## THE SONG.

1. Tell me, dearest, what is love?

2. 'Tis a lightning from above;

'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,

'Tis a boy they call Desire.

*Both.* 'Tis a grave,

Gapes to have

Those poor fools that long to prove.

1. Tell me more, are women true?

2. Yes, some are, and some as you.

Some are willing, some are strange,

Since you men first taught to change.

*Both.* And till troth

Be in both,

All shall love, to love anew.

1. Tell me more yet, can they grieve?

2. Yes, and sicken sore, but live:

And be wise, and delay,  
When you men are as wise as they.

*Both.* Then I see,  
Faith will be,  
Never 'till they both believe.

*Frank.* Clora! come hither! who are these below there?

*Clora.* Where?

*Frank.* There.

*Clora.* Ha! I should know their shapes,  
Tho' it be darkish. There are both our brothers:  
What should they make thus late here?

*Frank.* What's the other?

*Clora.* What t'other?

*Frank.* He that lies along there.

*Clora.* Oh, I see him,  
As if he had a branch of some great pedigree  
Grew out on's belly.

*Frank.* Yes.

*Clora.* That should be,  
If I have any knowledge in proportion——

*Fab.* They see us.

*Fred.* 'Tis no matter.

*Fab.* What a log's this,  
To sleep such musick out?

*Fred.* No more; let's hear 'em.

*Clora.*<sup>23</sup> The Captain Jacomo; those are his legs,  
Upon my conscience.

*Frank.* By my faith, and neat ones!

*Clora.* You mean, the boots; I think they're neat  
by nature<sup>24</sup>.

*Frank.* As thou art knayish. 'Would I saw his face!

*Clora.* 'Twould scare you in the dark.

*Frank.* A worse than that  
Has never scar'd you, Clora, to my knowledge.

*Clora.* 'Tis true, for I have never seen a worse;

<sup>23</sup> *Clora.* *If I have any knowledge in proportion——*] The repetition of this line seems to be a mistake of the press or transcriber; we have therefore omitted it.

<sup>24</sup> *Neat by nature.*] A pun upon NEAT's leather.



Nor, while I say my prayers heartily,  
I hope I shall not.

*Frank.* Well, I am no tell-tale:  
But is it not great pity, tell me, Clora,  
That such a brave deserving gentleman  
As every one delivers this to be,  
Should have no more respect and worth flung on him  
By able men? Were I one of these great ones,  
Such virtue should not sleep thus.

*Clora.* Were he greater,  
He would sleep more, I think. I'll waken him.

*Frank.* Away, you fool!

*Clora.* Is he not dead already,  
And they two taking order about his blacks?  
Methinks they're very busy.  
A fine clean corse he is! I'd have him buried  
Ev'n as he lies, cross-leg'd, like one o'th' Templers,  
(If his Westphalia gammons will hold crossing)  
And on his breast a buckler, with a pike in't<sup>25</sup>,  
In which I would have some learned cutler  
Compile an epitaph; and at his feet  
A musquet, with this word<sup>26</sup> upon a label,  
(Which from the cock's mouth thus should be  
deliver'd)

'I have discharg'd the office of a soldier.'

*Frank.* Well, if thy father were a soldier,  
Thus thou wouldst use him.

*Clora.* Such a soldier  
I would indeed.

*Fab.* If he hear this, not all  
The power of man could keep him from the windows,  
'Till they were down, and all the doors broke open.  
For God's sake, make her cooler; I dare not venture

<sup>25</sup> *Pike in't.*] The pike and sword in funerals are laid upon the shield, perhaps therefore the original might be *on't*; unless the term *in't* be us'd in heraldry. *Seward.*

*In't*, we apprehend, means *stuck in it*; and the whole design makes a ludicrous picture.

<sup>26</sup> *Word* here means *sentence*. So Spenser in his *Fairy Queen*,  
more than once. *Symfson.*

To bring him else: I know he'll go to buffets  
 Within five words with her, if she holds this spirit.  
 Let's waken him, and away; we shall hear worse else.

*Frank.* Well, if I be not even with thee, Clora,  
 Let me be hang'd, for this! I know thou dost it  
 Only to anger me, and purge thy wit,  
 Which would break out else.

*Clora.* I have found ye; I'll  
 Be no more cross. Bid 'em good night.

*Frank.* No, no;  
 They shall not know we've seen 'em. Shut the window.  
 [*Exeunt Frank and Clora.*]

*Fab.* Will you get up, Sir?

*Jac.* Have you paid the fidlers?

*Fab.* You are not left to do it. Fy upon thee!  
 Hast thou forsworn manners?

*Jac.* Yes; unless they  
 Would let me eat my meat without long graces,  
 Or drink without a preface to the pledger<sup>27</sup>,  
 Of 'Will it please you?' 'Shall I be so bold, Sir?'  
 'Let me remember your good bedfellow!'  
 And lie, and kiss my hand unto my mistress  
 As often as an ape does for an apple.  
 These are mere schisms in soldiers; where's my friend?)  
 These are to us as bitter as purgations;  
 We love that general freedom we are bred to;  
 Hang these faint fooleries! they smell of peace.  
 Do they not, friend?

*Fab.* Faith, Sir, to me they are  
 As things indifferent; yet I use 'em not,  
 Or, if I did, they would not prick my conscience.

*Fred.* Come, shall we go? 'Tis late.

*Jac.* Yes, any whither:  
 But no more musick; it has made me dull.

*Fab.* Faith, any thing but drinking disturbs thee,  
 Jacomo.  
 We'll ev'n to bed.

<sup>27</sup> ——— to the pledger;  
 Oit will it please, &c.] Corrected in 1750.

*Jac.* Content.

*Fab.* Thou'lt dream of wenches.

*Jac.* I never think of any, (I thank God)  
But when I'm drunk ; and then, 'tis but to cast  
A cheap way how they may be all destroy'd,  
Like vermin. Let's away ; I'm very sleepy.

*Fab.* Ay, thou art ever so, or angry. Come. [*Exe.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Julio and Angelo.*

*Julio.* I WILL but see her once more, Angelo,  
That I may hate her more, and then I am  
Myself again.

*Ang.* I would not have thee tempt lust ;  
'Tis a way dangerous, and will deceive thee,  
Hadst thou the constancy of all men in thee.

*Julio.* Having her sins before me, I dare see her,  
Were she as catching as the plague, and deadly,  
And tell her she is fouler than all those,  
And far more pestilent, if not repentant ;  
And, like a strong man, chide her well, and leave her.

*Ang.* 'Tis easily said. Of what complexion is she ?

*Julio.* Make but a curious frame unto thyself,  
As thou wouldst shape an angel in thy thought ;  
Such as the poets, when their fancies sweat,  
Imagine Juno is, or fair-ey'd Pallas ;  
And one more excellent than all those figures  
Shalt thou find her. She's brown, but of a sweetness,  
(If such a poor word may express her beauty)  
Believe me, Angelo, would do more mischief  
With a forc'd smile, than twenty thousand Cupids,  
With their love-quivers full of ladies' eyes,  
And twice as many flames, could fling upon us.

*Ang.* Of what age is she ?

*Julio.* As a rose at fairest,

Neither

Neither a bud, nor blown; but such a one,  
 Were there a Hercules to get again  
 With all his glory, or one more than he,  
 The god would chuse out 'mongst a race of women  
 To make a mother of<sup>28</sup>. - She's outwardly  
 All that bewitches sense, all that entices;  
 Nor is it in our virtue to uncharm it.  
 And when she speaks, oh, Angelo, then musick  
 (Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a soul  
 To aged mountains, and made rugged beasts  
 Lay by their rages; and tall trees, that knew  
 No sound but tempests, to bow down their branches,  
 And hear, and wonder; and the sea, whose surges  
 Shook their white heads in Heav'n, to be as midnight  
 Still and attentive) steals into our souls  
 So suddenly, and strangely, that we are  
 From that time no more ours, but what she pleases!

*Ang.* Why look, how far you've thrust yourself again  
 Into your old disease! Are you that man,  
 With such a resolution, that would venture  
 To take your leave of folly, and now melt  
 Ev'n in repeating her?

*Julio.* I had forgot me.

*Ang.* As you will still do.

*Julio.* No; the strongest man  
 May have the grudging of an ague on him;

<sup>28</sup> *The God would chuse, &c.* In Dryden's *All for Love, or the World Well Lost*, act iv. is a beautiful passage, something similar to this of our Authors:

- ' I pity Dolabella; but she's dangerous:
- ' Her eyes have pow'r, beyond Thesalian charms,
- ' To draw the moon from Heav'n; for eloquence,
- ' The sea green Syrens taught her voice their flattery;
- ' And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,
- ' Unmark'd of those that hear: Then she's so charming,
- ' Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:
- ' The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;
- ' And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
- ' They bless her wanton eyes: Ev'n I who hate her,
- ' With a malignant joy behold such beauty;
- ' And, while I curse, desire it.

This is no more. Let's go; I'd fain be fit  
To be thy friend again, for now I'm no man's!

*Ang.* Go you: I dare not go, I tell you truly,  
Nor were it wise I should.

*Julio.* Why?

*Ang.* I am well,  
And, if I can, will keep myself so.

*Julio.* Ha?

Thou mak'st me smile, tho' I have little cause,  
To see how prettily thy fear becomes thee:  
Art thou not strong enough to see a woman?

*Ang.* Yes, twenty thousand; but not such a one  
As you have made her: I'll not lie for th' matter;  
I know I'm frail, and may be cozen'd too,  
By such a syren.

*Julio.* Faith, thou shalt go, Angelo!

*Ang.* Faith, but I will not! No; I know how far, Sir,  
I'm able to hold out, and will not venture  
Above my depth. I do not long to have  
My sleep ta'en from me, and go pulingly,  
Like a poor wench had lost her market-money;  
And, when I see good meat, sit still and sigh,  
And call for small beer, and consume my wit  
In making anagrams, and faithful poesies:  
I do not like that itch; I'm sure I had rather  
Have the main pox, and safer.

*Julio.* Thou shalt go;  
I must needs have thee as a witness with me  
Of my repentance. As thou lov'st me, go!

*Ang.* Well, I will go, since you will have it so;  
But if I prove a fool too, look to have me  
Curse you continually, and fearfully.

*Julio.* And if thou see'st me fall again, good Angelo,  
Give me thy counsel quickly, lest I perish.

*Ang.* Pray God, I have enough to save myself!  
For, as I have a soul, I'd rather venture  
Upon a savage island than this woman! [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Father and Servant.*

*Father.* From whom, Sir, comes this bounty? for I think

You are mistaken.

*Serv.* No, Sir; 'tis to you,  
I'm sure; my mistress sent it.

*Father.* Who's your mistress,  
That I may give her thanks?

*Serv.* The virtuous widow.

*Father.* The virtuous widow, Sir? I know none  
such.

Pray what's her name?

*Serv.* Lelia.

*Father.* I knew you err'd;  
'Tis not to me; I warrant you. There, Sir;  
Carry't to those she feeds fat with such favours;  
I am a stranger to her.

*Serv.* Good Sir, take it,  
And, if you will, I'll swear she sent it to you;  
For I am sure mine eye never went off you  
Since you forsook the gentlemen you talk'd with  
Just at her door.

*Father.* Indeed, I talk'd with two,  
Within this half-hour, in the street.

*Serv.* 'Tis you, Sir,  
And none but you, I'm sent to. Wiser men  
Would have been thankful sooner, and receiv'd it;  
'Tis not a fortune every man can brag of,  
And from a woman of her excellence.

*Father.* Well, Sir, I'm catechiz'd. What more  
belongs to't?

*Serv.* This only, Sir; she would entreat you come  
This evening to her without fail.

*Father.* I will.

*Serv.* You guess where.

*Father.* Sir, I have a tongue else. [*Exit Servant.*  
She

She is downright devil; or else my wants  
 And her disobedience have provok'd her  
 To look into her foul self, and be sorry.  
 I wonder how she knew me! I had thought  
 I'd been the same to all I am to them  
 That chang'd me thus: God pardon me for lying!  
 For I have paid it home: Many a good man,  
 That had but found the profit of my way,  
 Would forswear telling true again in haste.

*Enter Lodovico and Piso.*

Here are my praters: Now, if I did well,  
 I should belabour 'em; but I have found  
 A way to quiet 'em, worth a thousand on't.

*Lod.* If we could get a fellow that would do it!

*Father.* What villainy is now in hand?

*Piso.* 'Twill be hard to be done, in my opinion,  
 Unless we light upon an Englishman  
 With seven score surfeits in him.

*Lod.* Are the Englishmen  
 Such stubborn drinkers<sup>29</sup>?

*Piso.* Not a leak at sea  
 Can suck more liquor: You shall have their children  
 Christen'd in mull'd sack, and, at five years old,  
 Able to knock a Dane down. Take an Englishman,  
 And cry 'St. George!' and give him but a rasher,  
 And you shall have him upon even terms  
 Defy a hoghead. Such a one would do it  
 Home, boy, and like a workman.

*Lod.* At what weapon<sup>30</sup>?

*Piso.*

<sup>29</sup> *Such stubborn drinkers.*] This qualification in our countrymen is taken notice of by Iago in act ii. scene iii. of Othello. R.

<sup>30</sup> *Lod. At what weapon?*] I have made a change in the persons of the speakers *Lodovic* and *Piso*, giving to *Lodovic* what was in the other edition spoke by *Piso* and *à contra*; as thinking the speeches something out of character. *Piso's* design seems to be, by the whole tenor of the conversation, to make *Jacomo* soundly drunk: His hope of doing this is built upon one of our countrymen, whom he describes as capable of turning down an hoghead with the shoeing-horn of a rasher.

*Piso.* Sherry sack : I would have him drink stark dead,

If it were possible ; at worst, past portage.

*Lod.* What is the end then ?

*Piso.* Dost thou not perceive it ?

If he be drunk dead, there's a fair end of him.

If not, this is my end, or by enticing,

Or by deceiving, to conduct him where

The fool is that admires him ; and if sober

His nature be so rugged, what will't be

When he is hot with wine ? Come, let's about it :

If this be done but handsomely, I'll pawn

My head sh' hath done with soldiers.

*Lod.* This may do well.

*Father.* Here's a new way to murder men alive !

I'll choak this train.—God save ye, gentlemen !

It is to you—stay !—yes, it is to you.

*Lod.* What's to me ?

*Father.* You're fortunate : I can't stand to tell you more now ;

Meet me here soon, and you'll be made a man. [*Exit.*

*Lod.* What vision's this ?

*Piso.* I know not.

*Lod.* Well, I'll meet it ;

Think you o' th' other, and let me a while

Dream of this fellow.

*Piso.* For the drunkard, Lodovic,

Let me alone.

*Lod.* Come, let's about it then.

[*Exeunt.*

---

rather. But would the poet on this supposition put *At what weapon* into the mouth of *Piso*, make him ask himself a question and let *Lodovic* give the answer ? No surely. *Lod.* has certainly been dropt upon us, who should have interrupted *Piso's* narrative, both as to the means and end of making the Captain drunk. What seems to confirm this, is the speech of *Lodovic* at the close of the scene, where he bids *Piso think of the other, viz.* making *Jacomo* fuddled ; to which *Piso* answers,

*For the drunkard Lodovic*

*Let me alone.*

*Symphon.*

SCENE



## SCENE III.

*Enter Clora and Frank.*

*Clora.* Ha, ha, ha! Pray let me laugh extremely.

*Frank.* Why? prithee why? hast thou such cause?

*Clora.* Yes, faith;

My brother will be here straightway, and——

*Frank.* What?

*Clora.* The other party. Ha, ha, ha!

*Frank.* What party?

Wench, thou art not drunk?

*Clora.* No, faith.

*Frank.* Faith, thou hast been among the bottles,  
*Clora.*

*Clora.* Faith, but I have not, Frank. Prithee be  
handsome!

The Captain comes along too, wench.

*Frank.* Oh, is that it

That tickles ye?

*Clora.* Yes, and shall tickle you too;

You understand me!

*Frank.* By my troth, thou'rt grown

A strange lewd wench! I must e'en leave thy company;  
Thou wilt spoil me else.

*Clora.* Nay, thou art spoil'd to my hand.

Hadst thou been free, as a good wench ought to be,  
When I went first a-birding for thy love,  
And roundly said, that is the man must do it,  
I had done laughing many an hour ago.

*Frank.* And what dost thou see in him, now thou  
know'ft him,

To be thus laugh'd at?

*Clora.* Prithee be not angry,  
And I'll speak freely to thee.

*Frank.* Do; I will not.

*Clora.* Then, as I hope to have a handsome husband,  
This fellow, in mine eye (and, Frank, I'm held  
To have a shrewd guess at a pretty fellow)

Appears

Appears a strange thing.

*Frank.* Why? how strange, for God's sake?  
He is a man, and one that may content  
(For any thing I see) a right good woman:  
And sure I am not blind.

*Clora.* There lies the question;  
For (but you say he is a man, and I  
Will credit you) I should as soon have thought him  
Another of God's creatures: Out upon him!  
His body, that can promise nothing  
But laziness and long strides.

*Frank.* These are your eyes!  
Where were they, Clora, when you fell in love  
With the old footman, for singing of Queen Dido?  
And swore he look'd, in his old velvet trunks,  
And his slic'd Spanish jerkin, like Don John?  
You had a parlous judgment then, my Clora.

*Clora.* Who told you that?

*Frank.* I heard it.

*Clora.* Come, be friends!  
The soldier is a Mars. No more; we're all  
Subject to slide away.

*Frank.* Nay, laugh on still.

*Clora.* No, faith; thou art a good wench, and 'tis  
pity  
Thou shouldst not be well quarried at thy entering,  
Thou art so high-flown for him. Look, who's there!

*Enter Fabritio and Jacomo.*

*Jac.* Prithee, go single; what should I do there?  
Thou know'st I hate these visitations,  
As I hate peace or perry.

*Fab.* Wilt thou never  
Make a right man?

*Jac.* You make a right fool of me,  
To lead me up and down to visit women,  
And be abus'd and laugh'd at. Let me starve  
If I know what to say, unless I ask 'em  
What their shoes cost!

*Fab.*

*Fab.* Fy upon thee, coward!

Canst thou not sing?

*Jac.* Thou know'st I can sing nothing  
But Plumpton-Park.

*Fab.* Thou wilt be bold enough,  
When thou art enter'd once.

*Jac.* I'd rather enter  
A breach: If I miscarry, by this hand,  
I'll have you by th' ears for't!

*Fab.* Save ye, ladies!

*Clora.* Sweet brother, I dare swear you're welcome  
hither;  
So is your friend.

*Fab.* Come, blush not, but salute 'em.

*Frank.* Good Sir, believe your sister; you're most  
welcome!

So is this worthy gentleman, whose virtues  
I shall be proud to be acquainted with.

*Jac.* Sh' has found me out already, and has paid me.  
Shall we be going?

*Fab.* Peace!—Your goodness, lady,  
Will ever be afore us. For myself  
I will not thank you single, lest I leave  
My friend, this gentleman, out of acquaintance.

*Jac.* More of me yet?

*Frank.* 'Would I were able, Sir,  
From either of your worths to merit thanks!

*Clora.* But, brother, is your friend thus sad still?  
Methinks,

'Tis an unseemly nature in a soldier.

*Jac.* What hath she to do with me, or my behaviour?

*Fab.* He does but shew so: Prithee to him, sister!

*Jac.* If I don't break thy head, I am no Christian,  
If I get off once!

*Clora.* Sir, we must entreat you  
To think yourself more welcome, and be merry:

'Tis pity a fair man, of your proportion,  
Should have a soul of sorrow.

*Jac.* Very well!—

Pray, gentlewoman, what would you have me say?

*Clora.* Do not you know, Sir?

*Jac.* Not so well as you,  
That talk continually.

*Frank.* You've hit her, Sir.

*Clora.* I thank him, so he has;  
Fair fall his sweet face for it!

*Jac.* Let my face  
Alone, I'd wish you, lest I take occasion  
To bring a worse in question.

*Clora.* Meaning mine?  
Brother, where was your friend brought up? H'has sure  
Been a great lover in his youth of pottage,  
They lie so dull upon his understanding.

*Fab.* No more of that; thou'lt anger him at heart.

*Clora.* Then let him be more manly; for he looks  
Like a great school-boy, that had been blown up  
Last night at Dust-Point.

*Frank.* You will never leave,  
'Till you be told how rude you are. Fy, Clora!  
Sir, will it please you sit?

*Clora.* And I'll sit by you.

*Jac.* Woman, be quiet, and be rul'd, I'd wish you.

*Clora.* I've done, Sir Captain.

*Fab.* Art thou not asham'd?

*Jac.* You are an afs! I'll tell you more anon;  
Y'had better have been hang'd than brought me hither!

*Fab.* You're grown a sullen fool! Either be handsome,  
Or, by this light, I will have wenches bait thee!  
Go to the gentlewoman, and give her thanks,  
And hold your head up! what?

*Jac.* By this light, I'll brain thee!

*Frank.* Now, o' my faith, this gentleman does nothing  
But it becomes him rarely. Clora, look  
How well this little anger, if it be one,  
Shews in his face.

*Clora.* Yes, it shews very sweetly.

*Frank.* Nay, do not blush, Sir; o' my troth, it does!  
I would be ever angry to be thus.

Fabritio,

Fabritio, o' my conscience, if I ever  
 Do fall in love, (as I will not forswear it,  
 'Till I am something wiser) it must be,  
 I will not say directly with that face ;  
 But certainly such another as that is,  
 And thus dispos'd may chance to hamper me<sup>31</sup>.

*Fab.* Dost thou hear this, and stand still ?

*Jac.* You will prate still !

I would you were not women ; I would take  
 A new course with ye.

*Clora.* Why, Courageous ?

*Jac.* For making me a stone to whet your tongues on.

*Clora.* Prithee, sweet Captain !

*Jac.* Go, go spin, go hang !

*Clora.* Now could I kiss him.

*Jac.* If you long for kicking,

You'd best come kiss me ; do not tho', I'd wish ye.

I'll send my footman to thee ; he shall leap thee,

An thou want'st horsing. I will leave ye, ladies.

*Frank.* Beshrew my heart, you are unmannerly  
 To offer this unto a gentleman

Of his deserts, that comes so worthily

To visit me ! I cannot take it well.

*Jac.* I come to visit you, you foolish woman ?

*Frank.* I thought you did, Sir, and for that I thank  
 you ;

I would be loth to lose those thanks. I know

This is but some odd way you have, and, faith,

It does become you well, to make us merry :

I have heard often of your pleasant vein.

*Fab.* What wouldst thou ask more ?

*Jac.* Pray, thou scurvy fellow !

Thou hast not long to live. Adieu, dear damsels !

You filthy women, farewell, and be sober,

<sup>31</sup> Dispose my chance.] Thus read the old copies, contrary both to sense and grammar : The slight change in two words which I have made, make the whole clear and consistent ; Frank is praising Jacomo's anger, and says naturally enough, *that a face thus dispos'd may chance to captivate her affections.*

Seward.

And keep your chambers!

*Clora.* Farewell, old don Diego!

*Frank.* Away, away!—You must not be so angry,  
To part thus roughly from us: Yet to me  
This does not shew as if 'twere yours; the wars  
May breed men something plain, I know; but not  
Thus rude. Give me your hand, good Sir: I know  
'Tis white, and——

*Jac.* If I were not patient,  
What would become of you two prating housewives?

*Clora.* For any thing I know, we would in to supper,  
And there begin a health of lusty claret,  
To keep care from our hearts; and it should be——

*Fab.* I'faith to whom?—Mark but this, Giacomo.

*Clora.* Ev'n to the handsom'st fellow now alive.

*Fab.* Do you know such a one?

*Frank.* He may be guess'd at,  
Without much travel.

*Fab.* There's another item.

*Clora.* And he should be a soldier.

*Frank.* 'Twould be better.

*Clora.* And yet not you, sweet Captain.

*Frank.* Why not he?

*Jac.* Well! I shall live to see your husbands beat you,  
And hiss 'em on like bandogs.

*Clora.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Jac.* Green sicknesses and serving-man light on ye,  
With greasy codpieces, and woollen stockings!

The devil (if he dare deal with two women)  
Be of your counsels! Farewell, plaisterers! [*Exit.*]

*Clora.* This fellow will be mad at Midsummer,  
Without all doubt.

*Fab.* I think so too.

*Frank.* I'm sorry,  
He's gone in such a rage. But sure this holds him  
Not every day.

*Fab.* Faith, every other day,  
If he come near a woman.

*Clora.* I wonder how his mother could endure

To have him in her belly, he's so boisterous.

*Frank.* He's to be made more tractable, I doubt not.

*Clora.* Yes, if they taw him, as they do whit-leather,  
Upon an iron, or beat him soft like stock-fish. [*Exe.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Lelia and her Waiting-Woman, with a veil.*

*Lelia.* Art sure 'tis he?

*Woman.* Yes, and another with him.

*Lelia.* The more the merrier. Did you give that  
money,

And charg'd it be deliver'd where I shew'd you?

*Woman.* Yes, and what else you bad me.

*Lelia.* That brave fellow,

Tho' he be old, whate'er he be, shews toughness;

And such a one I long for, and must have

At any price; these young soft melting gristles

Are only for my safer ends.

*Woman.* They're here.

*Lelia.* Give me my veil; and bid the boy go sing

That song above, I gave him; the sad song.

Now if I miss him, I am curs'd. Go, wench,

And tell 'em I have utterly forsworn

All company of men; yet make a venture

At last to let 'em in: Thou know'st these things;

Do 'em to th' life.

*Woman.* I warrant you; I'm perfect.

*Lelia.* Some ill woman, for her use, would give

A million for this wench, she is so subtle.

*Enter, to the door, Julio and Angelo.*

*Woman.* Good Sir, desire it not; I dare not do it;

For since your last being here, Sir, believe me,

She has griev'd herself out of all company,

And, sweet soul, almost out of life too.

*Julio.* Prithee,

Let me but speak one word.

*Woman.* You will offend, Sir;

And yet your name is more familiar with her  
Than any thing but sorrow. Good Sir, go.

*Ang.* This little varlet hath her lesson perfect ;  
These are the baits they bob with.

*Jul.* Faith, I will not.

*Woman.* I shall be chidden cruelly for this ;  
But you are such a gentleman——

*Julio.* No more.

*Ang.* There's a new tire, wench. Peace ; thou'rt  
well enough.

*Julio.* What, has she musick ?

*Woman.* Yes ; for God's sake, stay ;  
'Tis all she feeds upon.

*Julio.* Alas, poor soul !

*Ang.* Now will I pray devoutly ; for there's need  
on't.

#### THE SONG.

Away, delights ; go seek some other dwelling,  
For I must die :

Farewell, false love ; thy tongue is ever telling  
Lie after lie.

For ever let me rest now from thy smarts ;  
Alas, for pity go,  
And fire their hearts

That have been hard to thee ; mine was not so.

Never again deluding Love shall know me,  
For I will die ;

And all those griefs that think to over-grow me,  
Shall be as I :

For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,  
Alas, for pity stay,  
And let us die

With thee ; men cannot mock us in the clay <sup>32</sup>.

<sup>32</sup> *Mock us in the day.*] Varied in 1750. In support of the alteration, Seward produces the following passage in Henry V.

'The dead with Charity inclos'd in clay.'

The corruption is very easy ; the *c* and *l* in the manuscript looking like a *d*.



*Julio.* Mistress! not one word, mistress? If I grieve you,

I can depart again.

*Ang.* Let's go then quickly;  
For if she get from under this dark cloud,  
We shall both sweat, I fear, for't.

*Julio.* Do but speak,  
Tho' you turn from me, and speak bitterly,  
And I am gone; for that I think will please you.

*Ang.* Oh, that all women were thus silent ever,  
What fine things were they!

*Julio.* You have look'd on me,  
When, if there be belief in womens' words,  
Spoken in tears, you swore you lov'd to do so.

*Lelia.* Oh, me, my heart!

*Ang.* Now; Julio; play the man,  
Or such another 'oh, me!' will undo thee.  
'Would I had any thing to keep me busy,  
I might not hear her; think but what she is,  
Or I doubt mainly, I shall be i'th' mesh too.

*Julio.* Pray, speak again.

*Lelia.* Where is my woman?

*Woman.* Here.

*Ang.* Mercy upon me! what a face she has!  
'Would it were veil'd again!

*Lelia.* Why did you let  
This flattering man in to me? Did not I  
Charge thee to keep me from his eyes again,  
As carefully as thou wouldst keep thine own?  
Th'hast brought me poison in a shape of Heav'n,  
Whose violence will break the hearts of all,  
Of all weak women, as it hath done mine,  
That are such fools to love, and look upon him.  
Good Sir, be gone; you know not what an ease  
Your absence is.

*Ang.* By Heav'n, she is a wonder!  
I cannot tell what 'tis, but I am qualmish<sup>33</sup>.

<sup>33</sup> *But I am squeamish.*] So first folio. The subsequent editions, *quamish*.

*Julio.* Tho' I desire to be here more than Heav'n,  
As I am now, yet, if my sight offend you,  
So much I love to be commanded by you,  
That I will go. Farewell!

*Lelia.* I should say something  
Ere you depart, and I would have you hear me.  
But why should I speak to a man that hates me,  
And will but laugh at any thing I suffer?

*Julio.* If this be hate——

*Lelia.* Away, away, deceiver!

*Julio.* Now help me, Angelo!

*Ang.* I'm worse than thou art.

*Lelia.* Such tears as those might make another  
woman

Believe thee honest, Julio; almost me,  
That know their ends; for I confess they stir me.

*Ang.* What will become of me? I cannot go now,  
If you would hang me, from her. Oh brave eye!  
Steal me away, for God's sake, Julio.

*Julio.* Alas, poor man! I'm lost again too, strangely.

*Lelia.* No, I will sooner trust a crocodile  
When he sheds tears, (for he kills suddenly,  
And ends our cares at once) or any thing  
That's evil to our natures, than a man:  
I find there is no end of his deceivings,  
Nor no avoiding 'em, if we give way.  
I was requesting you to come no more,  
And mock me with your service; 'tis not well,  
Nor honest, to abuse us so far: You may love too;  
For tho', I must confess, I am unworthy  
Of your love every way, yet I would have you  
Think I am somewhat too good to make sport of.

*Julio.* Will you believe me?

*Lelia.* For your vows and oaths,  
And such deceiving tears as you shed now,  
I will, as you do, study to forget 'em.

*Julio.* Let me be most despis'd of men——

*Lelia.* No more!

There is no new way left, by which your cunning  
Shall

Shall once more hope to catch me. No, thou false man,  
 I will avoid thee, and, for thy sake, all  
 That bear thy stamp, as counterfeit in love!  
 For I am open-ey'd again, and know thee.  
 Go, make some other weep, as I have done,  
 That dare believe thee; go, and swear to her  
 That is a stranger to thy cruelty,  
 And knows not yet what man is, and his lyings,  
 How thou diest daily for her; pour it out  
 In thy best lamentations; put on sorrow,  
 As thou canst, to deceive an angel, Julio,  
 And vow thyself into her heart, that when  
 I shall leave off to curse thee for thy falshood,  
 Still a forsaken woman may be found  
 To call to Heav'n for vengeance!

*Ang.* From this hour,  
 I heartily despise all honest women:  
 (I care not if the world took knowledge on't)  
 I see there's nothing in them, but that folly  
 Of loving one man only. Give me henceforth;  
 (Before the greatest blessing can be thought of,  
 If this be one) a whore; that's all I aim at.

*Julio.* Mistress, the most offending man is heard  
 Before his sentence: Why will you condemn me  
 Ere I produce the truth to witness with me,  
 How innocent I am of all your angers?

*Lelia.* There is no trusting of that tongue; I know't,  
 And how far, if it be believ'd, it kills: No more, Sir!

*Julio.* It never lied to you yet; if it did,  
 'Twas only when it call'd you mild and gentle.

*Lelia.* Good Sir, no more! Make not my under-  
 standing,

(After I've suffer'd thus much evil by you)  
 So poor to think I have not reach'd the end  
 Of all your forc'd affections: Yet, because  
 I once lov'd such a sorrow, too, too dearly,  
 As that would strive to be, I do forgive you,  
 Ev'n heartily as I would be forgiven,  
 For all your wrongs to me (my charity

Yet

Yet loves you so far, tho' again I may not);  
 And wish, when that time<sup>34</sup> comes you will love truly,  
 (If you can ever do so) you may find  
 The worthy fruit of your affections,  
 True love again, not my unhappy harvest;  
 Which, like a fool, I sow'd in such a heart,  
 So dry and stony, that a thousand showers,  
 From these two eyes continually raining,  
 Could never ripen.

*Julio.* You have conquer'd me!  
 I did not think to yield; but make me now  
 Ev'n what you will, my Lelia, so I may  
 Be but so truly happy to enjoy you.

*Lelia.* No, no; those fond imaginations  
 Are dead and buried in me; let 'em rest!

*Julio.* I'll marry you.

*Ang.* The devil thou wilt, Julio?  
 How that word waken'd me! Come hither, friend!  
 Thou art a fool! Look stedfastly upon her:  
 Tho' she be all that I know excellent,  
 As she appears; tho' I could fight for her,  
 And run thro' fire; tho' I am stark mad too,  
 Never to be recover'd; tho' I would  
 Give all I had i' th' world to lie with her,  
 Ev'n to my naked soul (I'm so far gone);  
 Yet, methinks still, we should not dote away  
 That that is something more than ours, our honours.  
 I would not have thee marry her by no means  
 (Yet I should do so): Is she not a whore?

*Julio.* She is; but such a one——

<sup>34</sup> *And wish when that time—*] Mr. Seward suspects something left out here, necessary to complete the sense and grammar, or else this line must be corrupted through the transposition of some particles; and would read thus; "I wish when that time comes, that you love truly, (if you can ever do so) you may find, &c."

*I wish when the time comes, that you love truly,  
 (If you can ever do so) you may find, &c.*

I have not indeed altered the text, though I suspect it strongly to be corrupt, and would propose reading thus,

*And wishes when th' time comes that you love, &c. Symphon.*

We confess ourselves unable to comprehend this note; but do not perceive the least difficulty in the text.

*Ang.* 'Tis true, she's excellent ;  
 And, when I well consider, Julio,  
 I see no reason we should be confin'd  
 In our affections ; when all creatures else  
 Enjoy still where they like.

*Julio.* And so will I then.

*Lelia.* He's fast enough I hope, now, if I hold him.

*Ang.* You must not do so tho', now I consider  
 Better what 'tis.

*Julio.* Do not consider, Angelo ;  
 For I must do it.

*Ang.* No ; I'll kill thee first :  
 I love thee so well, that the worms shall have thee  
 Before this woman, friend.

*Julio.* It was your counsel.

*Ang.* As I was a knave ; not as I lov'd thee.

*Julio.* All this is lost upon me, Angelo ;  
 For I must have her.—I will marry you  
 When you please : Pray look better on me.

*Ang.* Nay then, no more, friend ; farewell, Julio !  
 I have so much discretion left me yet  
 To know, and tell thee, thou art miserable.

*Julio.* Stay ; thou art more than she, and now I  
 find it.

*Lelia.* Is he so ?

*Julio.* Mistress !

*Lelia.* No ; I'll see thee starv'd first ! [Exit.

*Julio.* Friend !

*Ang.* Fly her as I do, Julio ; she's a witch.

*Julio.* Beat me away then ; I shall grow here still else.

*Ang.* That were the way to have me grow there  
 with thee.

Farewell, for ever ! [Exit.

*Julio.* Stay ! I am uncharm'd.

Farewell, thou curst house ! from this hour be  
 More hated of me than a leprosy ! [Exit.

*Enter Lelia.*

*Lelia.* Both gone ? A plague upon 'em both !

Am

Am I deceiv'd again? Oh, I would rail,  
And follow 'em, but I fear the spite of people,  
'Till I have emptied all my gall.

The next I seize upon shall pay their follies  
To the last penny; this will work me worse;  
He that comes next, by Heav'n, shall feel their curse!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*Enter Jacomo at one door, and Fabritio at another.*

*Fab.* Oh, you're a sweet youth, so uncivilly  
To rail, and run away?

*Jac.* Oh! are you there, Sir?  
I'm glad I've found you? You've not now your ladies,  
To shew your wit before.

*Fab.* Thou wou'lt not, wou'lt 'ou?

*Jac.* What a sweet youth I am, as you have made  
me, [Draws.]

You shall know presently.

*Fab.* Put up your sword;  
I've seen it often; 'tis a fox.

*Jac.* It is so;  
And you shall feel it too. Will you dispatch, Sir,  
And leave your mirth out? or I shall take occasion  
To beat you, and disgrace you too.

*Fab.* Well; since  
There is no other way to deal with you,  
(Let's see your sword; I'm sure you scorn all odds)  
I will fight with you.

[*They measure, and Fabritio gets his sword.*]

*Jac.* How now?

*Fab.* Nay, stand out;  
Or, by this light, I'll make you!

*Jac.* This is scurvy,  
And out of fear done.

*Fab.* No, Sir; out of judgment;  
For he that deals with thee (thou'rt grown so boisterous)  
Must

Must have more wits, or more lives than another,  
Or always be in armour, or enchanted,  
Or he is miserable.

*Jac.* Your end of this, Sir?

*Fab.* My end is only mirth, to laugh at thee,  
Which now I'll do in safety: Ha, ha, ha!

*Jac.* 'Sheart! then I'm grown ridiculous!

*Fab.* Thou art;

And wilt be shortly sport for little children,  
If thou continuest this rude stubbornness.

*Jac.* Oh, God, for any thing that had an edge!

*Fab.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Jac.* Fy, what a shame it is,  
To have a lubber shew his teeth!

*Fab.* Ha, ha!

*Jac.* Why dost thou laugh at me, thou wretched  
fellow?

Speak, with a pox! and look you render me  
Just such a reason——

*Fab.* I shall die with laughing!

*Jac.* As no man can find fault with. I shall have  
Another sword, I shall, you fleering puppy!

*Fab.* Does not this testiness shew finely in thee?  
Once more, take heed of children! If they find thee,  
They'll break up school to bear thee company,  
(Thou wilt be such a pastime) and hoot at thee,  
And call thee Bloody-bones, and Spade<sup>35</sup>, and Spit-fire,

<sup>35</sup> *And Spade and Spit-fire.*] If one would compare these Authors with themselves, there seems to be reason to suspect this passage as corrupted: To put in *Spade*, which is a name that carries no terror in it to children, between two which are usually made use of for that purpose, seems to me not a little odd: What I conjecture we should read is this,

*And call thee Bloody-bones, Raw-head, and Spit-fire,*  
So in act iv. scene iii. of this play, *Clara says of Jacomo,*

*Here's Raw-head come again.*

And in the Prophecies, act iv. scene v.

————— *Now I look*

*Like Bloody-bones and Raw-head to fright children. Symphon.*

It is common to this day, among the vulgar, to say, when abused,  
'Call me any thing but *spade*.'

And

And Gaffer Madman, and Go-by-Jeronimo<sup>36</sup>,  
 And Will with a Whisp, and Come-Aloft, and Crack-  
 Rope,  
 And old Saint Dennis with the dudgeon codpiece,  
 And twenty fuch names.

*Jac.* No, I think they will not.

*Fab.* Yes, but they will; and nurfes ftill their chil-  
 dren

Only with thee, and ‘ Here take him, Giacomo!’

*Jac.* God’s precious, that I were but over thee  
 One fteeple height! I’d fall and break thy neck.

*Fab.* This is the reason I laugh at thee, and,  
 While thou art thus, will do. Tell me one thing.

*Jac.* I wonder how thou durft thus question me!  
 Prithee reftore my fword.

*Fab.* Tell me but one thing,  
 And it may be I will. Nay, Sir, keep out.

*Jac.* Well, I will be your fool now; fpeak your mind,  
 Sir.

*Fab.* Art thou not breeding teeth?

*Jac.* How! teeth?

*Fab.* Yes, teeth;

Thou wouldft not be fo froward elfe.

*Jac.* Teeth?

*Fab.* Come; ’twill make thee  
 A little rheumatic, but that’s all one;  
 We’ll have a bib, for fpoiling of thy doublet,  
 And a fring’d muckender hang at thy girdle;  
 I’ll be thy nurfe, and get a coral for thee,  
 And a fine ring of bells.

*Jac.* Faith, this is fomewhat  
 Too-much, Fabritio, to your friend that loves you:  
 Methinks, your goodnefs rather fould invent  
 A way to make my follies lefs, than breed ’em.  
 I fould have been more moderate to you;  
 But I fee you defpife me:

*Fab.* Now I love you.

<sup>36</sup> *Go by, Jeronimo.*] An expreffion in the play of Jeronimo, which  
 was the but of ridicule for almoft every author of the times. R.



There, take your sword; continue so. I dare not  
 Stay now to try your patience; soon I'll meet you:  
 And, as you love your honours, and your state,  
 Redeem yourself well to the gentlewoman.

Farewell, 'till soon!

[Exit.

*Jac.* Well, I shall think of this.

[Exit.

## SCENE VI.

*Enter Host, Pifo, and Boy with a glass of wine.*

*Pifo.* Nothing i' th' world but a dried tongue or two.

*Host.* Taste him, and tell me.

*Pifo.* He's a valiant wine;

This must be he, mine *Host*.

*Host.* This shall be *ipse*.

Oh, he's a devilish biting wine, a tyrant

Where he lays hold, Sir; this is he that scorns

Small beer should quench him, or a foolish caudle

Bring him to bed; no, if he flinch I'll shame him,

And draw him out to mull amongst old midwives.

*Pifo.* There is a foldier, I would have thee batter<sup>37</sup>

Above the rest, because he thinks there's no man

Can give him drink enough.

*Host.* What kind of man?

*Pifo.* That thou mayst know him perfectly, he's one

Of a left-handed making, a lank thing,

As if his belly were ta'en up with straw,

To hunt a match.

*Host.* Has he no beard to shew him?

*Pifo.* Faith, but a little; yet enough to note him,

Which grows in parcels, here and there a remnant:

And that thou mayst not miss him, he is one

That wears his forehead in a velvet scabbard.

*Host.* That note's enough; he's mine; I'll fuddle  
 him,

Or lie i' th' suds. You will be here too?

*Pifo.* Yes.

<sup>37</sup> *Have thee better:*] Amended in 1750.

'Till soon, farewell, and bear up.

*Host.* If I do not,  
Say I am recreant ; I'll get things ready. [ *Exeunt.*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Enter Julio and Angelo.*

*Julio.* 'TIS strange thou shouldst be thus, with thy  
discretion.

*Ang.* I'm sure I am so.

*Julio.* I am well, you see.

*Ang.* Keep yourself warm then, and go home and sleep,  
And pray to God thou mayst continue so.

'Would I had gone to th' devil of an errand,  
When I was made a fool to see her ! Leave me ;  
I am not fit for conversation.

*Julio.* Why, thou art worse than I was.

*Ang.* Therefore leave me ;  
The nature of my sickness is not eas'd  
By company or counsel : I am mad ;  
And, if you follow me with questions,  
Shall shew myself so.

*Julio.* This is more than error.

*Ang.* Pray be content that you have made me thus,  
And do not wonder at me.

*Julio.* Let me know  
But what you mean to do, and I am gone :  
I would be loth to leave you thus else.

*Ang.* Nothing  
That needs your fear ; that is sufficient.  
Farewell, and pray for me.

*Julio.* I would not leave you.

*Ang.* You must and shall.

*Julio.* I will then. 'Would yon woman  
Had been ten fathom under ground, when first  
I saw her eyes !

*Ang.*

*Ang.* Yet she had been dangerous;  
 For some wealthy rock of precious stone,  
 Or mine of gold as tempting, her fair body  
 Might have been turn'd; which once found out by  
 labour,

And brought to use, having her spells within it,  
 Might have corrupted states, and ruin'd kingdoms;  
 Which had been fearful, friend. Go; when I see thee  
 Next, I will be as thou art, or no more.

Pray do not follow me; you'll make me angry.

*Julio.* Heav'n grant you may be right again!

*Ang.* Amen! [Exeunt severally.]

## SCENE II.

*Enter Tavern-Boys, &c.*

*Boy.* Score a gallon of sack, and a pint of olives, to  
 the Unicorn.

*Above within.* Why, drawer!

*Boy.* Anon, anon!

*Another Boy.* Look into the Nag's-head there.

*2 Boy.* Score a quart of claret to the Bar;  
 And a pound of sausages into the Flower-pot.

*Enter First Servant, with wine.*

*1 Serv.* The devil's in their throats. Anon, anon!

*Enter Second Servant.*

*2 Serv.* Mull a pint  
 Of sack there for the women in the Flower-de-luce,  
 And put in ginger enough; they belch like pot-  
 guns:

And, Robin, fetch tobacco for the Peacock;  
 They will not be drunk till midnight else. How now!  
 How does my master?

*2 Boy.* Faith, he lies, drawing on apace.

*1 Boy.* That's an ill sign.

2 *Boy*. And fumbles with the pots too<sup>38</sup>.

1 *Boy*. Then there's no way but one with him.

2 *Boy*. All the rest,

Except the Captain, are in *limbo patrúm*,  
Where they lie sod in sack.

1 *Boy*. Does he bear up still?

2 *Boy*. Afore the wind still, with his lights up bravely:  
All he takes in I think he turns to juleps,  
Or h'has a world of stowage in his belly;  
The rest look all like fire-drakes, and lie scatter'd  
Like rushes round about the room. My master  
Is now the loving'st man, I think, above ground——

1 *Boy*. 'Would he were always drunk then!

*Within*. Drawer!

2 *Boy*. Anon, anon, Sir!

1 *Boy*. And swears I shall be free tomorrow; and  
so weeps,

And calls upon my mistress!

2 *Boy*. Then he's right.

1 *Boy*. And swears the Captain must lie this night  
with her,

(And bad me break it to her with discretion)

That he may leave an issue after him,

Able to entertain a Dutch ambaffador:

And tells him feelingly how sweet she is,

And how he stole her from her friends i'th' country,

And brought her up disguised with the carriers,

And was nine nights bereaving her her maidenhead,

And the tenth got a drawer. Here they come.

*Enter Giacomo, Host, Lodovico, and Pifo.*

*Within*. Drawer!

1 *Boy*. Anon, anon! Speak to the Tiger, Peter.

*Host*. There's my bells, boys, my silver bell.

*Pifo*. 'Would he were hang'd

<sup>38</sup> I wish our poets had been a little less satirical upon their master Shakespear: This expression is a plain sneering parody upon the description of Falstaff's death, in Henry V. act ii. scene iii.

'For after I saw him *fumble* with the sheets, &c.' *Sympson*.

As high as I could ring him!

*Host.* Captain.

*Jac.* Ho, Boy?

*Lod.* Robin, sufficient single beer, as cold  
As crystal; quench, Robin, quench.

*Boy.* I'm gone, Sir.

*Host.* Shall we bear up still? Captain, how I love  
thee!

Sweet Captain, let me kiss thee! By this hand,  
I love thee next to malmsey in a morning,  
Of all things transitory.

*Jac.* I love thee too,  
As far as I can love a fat man.

*Host.* Dost thou, Captain?  
Sweetly? and heartily?

*Jac.* With all my heart, boy.

*Host.* Then, welcome, Death!—Come, close mine  
eyes, sweet Captain;

Thou shalt have all.

*Jac.* What shall your wife have then?

*Host.* Why, she shall have  
(Besides my blessing, and a silver spoon)  
Enough to keep her stirring in the world,  
Three little children; one of them was mine,  
Upon my conscience; th' other two are Pagans<sup>39</sup>!

*Jac.* 'Twere good she had a little foolish money,  
To rub the time away with.

*Host.* Not a rag<sup>40</sup>,  
Not a denier: No; let her spin, a God's name,  
And raise her house again.

*Jac.* Thou shalt not die tho'.  
Boy, see your master safe delivered;  
He's ready to lie in.

<sup>39</sup> *Th' other two are Pagans.*] In the Second part of Henry IV. act ii. scene ii. Prince Henry, enquiring concerning Doll Tear-sheet, says, 'What *Pagan* may that be?' upon which passage Mr. Steevens remarks, that '*Pagan* seems to have been a cant term implying 'irregularity, either of birth or manners;' and to prove it, cites these two lines of our Author.

R.

<sup>40</sup> A cant term this for a *farthing*.

*Sympson.*

*Host.*

*Host.* Good night!

*Jac.* Good morrow!

Drink till the cow come home, 'tis all paid, boys.

*Lod.* A pox of sack!

*Host.* Marry, God bless my butts! Sack is a jewel;  
'Tis comfortable, gentlemen.

*Jac.* More beer, boy;

Very sufficient single beer.

*Boy.* Here, Sir.

How is it, gentlemen?

*Jac.* But e'en so so.

*Host.* Go before finely, Robin, and prepare  
My wife; bid her be right and straight; I come, boy.  
And, firrah, if they quarrel, let 'em use  
Their own discretions, by all means, and stir not;  
And he that's kill'd shall be as sweetly buried.  
Captain, adieu! adieu, sweet bully Captain!  
One kifs before I die, one kifs!

*Jac.* Farewell, boy!

*Host.* All my sweet boys, farewell!

[*Exit.*

*Lod.* Go sleep; you're drunk.

*Jac.* Come, gentlemen; I'll see you at your lodging.  
You look not lustily; a quart more?

*Lod.* No, boy.

*Piso.* Get us a torch.

*Boy.* 'Tis day, Sir.

*Jac.* That's all one.

*Piso.* Are not those the stars, thou scurvy boy?

*Lod.* Is not Charle-wain there? tell me that! there?

*Jac.* Yes;

I've paid 'em truly. Do not vex him, firrah.

*Piso.* Confess it, boy; or, as I live, I'll beat  
Midnight into thy brains.

*Boy.* I do confess it.

*Piso.* Then live; and draw more small beer presently.

*Jac.* Come, boys, let's hug together, and be loving,  
And sing, and do brave things. Cheerly, my hearts!  
A pox o' being sad! Now could I fly,  
And turn the world about upon my finger.

Come,

Come, ye shall love me; I'm an honest fellow:  
Hang care and fortune! we are friends.

*Lod.* No, Captain.

*Jac.* Do not you love me? I love you two dearly.

*Piso.* No, by no means; you are a fighting captain,  
And kill up such poor people as we are by th' dozens.

*Lod.* As they kill flies with fox-tails, Captain.

*Jac.* Well, Sir?

*Lod.* Methinks now, as I stand, the Captain shews  
To be a very merciful young man.

And prithee, *Piso*, let me have thy opinion.

*Piso.* Then he shall have mercy that merciful is,  
Or all the painters are Apocrypha.

*Jac.* I'm glad you have your wits yet. Will ye go?

*Piso.* You had best say we're drunk.

*Jac.* Ye are.

*Lod.* You lie!

*Jac.* Ye're rascals, drunken rascals!

*Piso.* 'Tis sufficient.

*Jac.* And now I'll tell you why, before I beat ye:  
You have been tampering any time these three days,  
Thus to disgrace me.

*Piso.* That's a lie too.

*Jac.* Well, Sir!

Yet, I thank God, I've turn'd your points on you;  
For which I'll spare ye somewhat, half a beating.

*Piso.* I'll make you fart fire, Captain, by this hand,  
An ye provoke—Do not provoke, I'd wish you.

*Jac.* How do you like this? [Beats them.]

*Lod.* Sure I am enchanted.

*Piso.* Stay till I draw——

*Jac.* Dispatch then; I am angry.

*Piso.* And thou shalt see how suddenly I'll kill thee.

*Jac.* Thou dar'st not draw. Ye cold, tame, mangy  
cowards,

Ye drunken rogues, can nothing make ye valiant?  
Not wine, nor beating?

*Lod.* If this way be suffer'd——

'Tis very well!

*Jac.* Go; there's your way; go and sleep!  
I've pity on you; you shall have the rest  
Tomorrow when we meet.

*Piso.* Come, Lodovic:  
He's monstrous drunk now; there's no talking with  
him.

*Jac.* I am so; when I'm sober, I'll do more.  
Boy, where's mine Host? [*Exeunt Lod. and Piso.*]

*Boy.* He's on his bed, asleep, Sir. [*Exit.*]

*Jac.* Let him alone then. Now am I high proof  
For any action; now could I fight bravely,  
And charge into a wildfire; or I could love  
Any man living now, or any woman,  
Or indeed any creature that loves sack,  
Extremely, monstrously: I am so loving,  
Just at this instant, that I might be brought,  
(I feel it) with a little labour, now to talk  
With a justice of peace, that to my Nature  
I hate next an ill sword. I will do  
Some strange brave thing now; and I have it here:  
Pray God the air keep out! I feel it buzzing. [*Exit.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Frederick, Frank, and Clora.*

*Clora.* She loves him too much; that's the plain  
truth, Frederick;  
For which, if I might be believ'd, I think her  
A strange forgetter of herself: There's Julio,  
Or twenty more——

*Fred.* In your eye, I believe you;  
But, credit me, the Captain is a man,  
Lay but his rough affections by, as worthy——

*Clora.* So is a resty jade a horse of service,  
If he would leave his nature. Give me one,  
By your leave, Sir, to make a husband of,  
Not to be wean'd, when I should marry him:  
Methinks, a man is misery enough.

*Fred.*



*Fred.* You are too bitter. I'd not have him worse;  
Yet I shall see you hamper'd one day, lady,  
I do not doubt it, for this heresy.

*Clora.* I'll burn before! Come, prithee leave this  
fadness,  
This walking by thyself to see the devil,  
This mumps, this *lacrimæ*, this love in sippets;  
It fits thee like a French hood.

*Frank.* Does it so?  
I'm sure it fits thee to be ever talking,  
And nothing to the purpose: Take up quickly;  
Thy wit will founder of all four else, wench,  
If thou hold'st this pace; take up, when I bid thee.

*Clora.* Before your brother? fy!

*Fred.* I can endure it.

*Enter Jacomo.*

*Clora.* Here's Raw-head come again. Lord, how he  
looks!

Pray God we 'scape with broken pates!

*Frank.* Were I he,  
Thou shouldst not want thy wish. He has been  
drinking;

Has he not, Frederick?

*Fred.* Yes; but do not find it.

*Clora.* Peace, and let's hear his wisdom.

*Fred.* You will mad him.

*Jac.* I'm somewhat bold, but that's all one.

*Clora.* A short and pithy saying of a foldier.

*Frank.* As I live,  
Thou art a strange mad wench!

*Clora.* To make a parson.

*Jac.* Ladies, I mean to kiss you—

*Clora.* How he wipes  
His mouth, like a young preacher! We shall have it.

*Jac.* In order as you lie before me: First,  
I will begin with you.

*Frank.* With me, Sir?

*Jac.* Yes.

*Frank.* If you will promise me to kiss in ease,  
I care not if I venture.

*Jac.* I'll kiss according to mine own inventions,  
As I shall see cause; sweetly I would wish you.  
I love you.

*Frank.* Do you, Sir?

*Jac.* Yes, indeed do I;  
'Would I could tell you how!

*Frank.* I would you would, Sir!

*Jac.* I would to God I could; but 'tis sufficient,  
I love you with my heart.

*Frank.* Alas, poor heart!

*Jac.* And I am sorry; but we'll talk of that  
Hereafter, if't please God.

*Frank.* E'en when you will, Sir.

*Clora.* He's dismal drunk; would he were muzzled!

*Jac.* You,  
I take it, are the next.

*Frank.* Go to him, fool.

*Clora.* Not I; he'll bite me.

*Jac.* When, wit? when?

*Clora.* Good Captain!

*Jac.* Nay, an you play bo-peep, I'll ha' no mercy,  
But catch as catch may.

*Fred.* Nay, I'll not defend you.

*Clora.* Good Captain, do not hurt me! I am sorry  
That e'er I anger'd you.

*Jac.* I'll tew you for't,  
By this hand, wit, unless you kiss discreetly. [*Kisses her.*]

*Clora.* No more, Sir.

*Jac.* Yes, a little more, sweet wit;  
One taste more o' your office. Go thy ways,  
With thy small kettle-drums; upon my conscience,  
Thou art the best that e'er man laid his leg o'er.

*Clora.* He smells just like a cellar: Fy upon him!

*Jac.* Sweet lady, now to you. [*Going to Frederick.*]

*Clora.* For love's sake, kiss him.

*Fred.* I shall not keep my countenance.

*Frank.* Try, prithee,

*Jac.*

*Jac.* Pray be not coy, sweet woman; for I'll kiss you.

I'm blunt; but you must pardon me.

*Clora.* Oh, God, my sides!

*All.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Jac.* Why ha, ha, ha? why laugh?

Why all this noise, sweet ladies?

*Clora.* Lusty Laurence,

See what a gentlewoman you've saluted:

Pray God, she prove not quick!

*Fred.* Where were thine eyes,

To take me for a woman? ha, ha, ha!

*Jac.* Who art'a? art'a mortal?

*Fred.* I am Frederick.

*Jac.* Then Frederick is an ass, a scurvy Frederick,  
To laugh at me.

*Frank.* Sweet Captain!

*Jac.* Away, woman!

Go stich, and serve God; I despise thee, woman!

And Frederick shall be beaten. 'Sblood, you rogue,

Have you none else to make your puppies of

But me?

*Fred.* I prithee be more patient;

There's no hurt done.

*Jac.* 'Sblood, but there shall be, scab!

*Clora.* Help, help, for love's sake!

*Frank.* Who's within there?

*Fred.* So!

Now you have made a fair hand.

*Jac.* Why?

*Fred.* You've kill'd me.

[*Falls as kill'd.*]

*Clora.* Call in some officers, and stay the Captain!

*Jac.* You shall not need.

*Clora.* This is your drunkenness!

*Frank.* Oh, me! unhappy brother Frederick!

Look but upon me; do not part so from me!

Set him a little higher. He is dead!

*Clora.* Oh, villain, villain!

*Enter*

*Enter Fabritio and Servants.*

*Fab.* How now! what's the matter?

*Frank.* Oh, Sir, my brother! Oh, my dearest brother

*Clora.* This drunken trough has kill'd him.

*Fab.* Kill'd him?

*Clora.* Yes.

For God sake, hang him quickly! he will do  
Ev'ry day such a murder else. There's nothing  
But a strong gallows that can make him quiet;  
I find it in his nature too late.

*Fab.* Pray be quiet;  
Let me come to him.

*Clora.* Some go for a surgeon!

*Frank.* Oh, what a wretched woman has he made me!  
Let me alone, good Sir!

*Fab.* To what a fortune  
Hast thou reserv'd thy life!

*Jac.* Fabritio.

*Fab.* Never entreat me; for I will not know thee,  
Nor utter one word for thee, unless it be  
To have thee hang'd.—For God sake, be more  
temperate!

*Jac.* I have a sword still, and I am a villain!

*Clora, &c.* Hold, hold, hold!

*Jac.* Ha<sup>41</sup>!

*Clora.* Away with him, for Heaven's sake!  
He is too desperate for our enduring.

*Fab.* Come, you shall sleep; come, strive not;  
I'll have it so. Here, take him to his lodging;  
And see him laid before you part.

*Serv.* We will, Sir. [*Exeunt Jacomo and Servants.*]

*Fred.* Ne'er wonder; I am living yet, and well.  
I thank you, sifter, for your grief; pray keep it

<sup>41</sup> *Jac. Ha?* Exit.] So, without authority, reads Symphon; but it is impossible the Author should intend Jacomo to *depart* here, when Fabritio's next speech is partly addressed *to him*, and partly to the Servants, directing them to 'take him to his lodging;' by which speech, also, we understand that *he struggled* with them.

Till I am fitter for it.

*Fab.* Do you live, Sir?

*Fred.* Yes; but 'twas time to counterfeit, he was  
grown

To such a madness in his wine.

*Fab.* 'Twas well, Sir,

You had that good respect unto his temper,  
That no worse followed.

*Fred.* If I had stood him,

Certain one of us must have perish'd. How now,  
Frank?

*Frank.* Beshrew my heart, I tremble like an aspen!

*Clora.* Let him come here no more, for Heaven's sake,  
Unless he be in chains.

*Frank.* I would fain see him

After he has slept, Fabritio, but to try

How he will be. Chide him, and bring him back.

*Clora.* You'll never leave, 'till you be worried with  
him.

*Frank.* Come, brother; we'll walk in, and laugh a  
little,

To get this fever off me.

*Clora.* Hang him, squib!

Now could I grind him into priming powder.

*Frank.* Pray will you leave your fooling?

*Fab.* Come, all friends<sup>42</sup>.

*Frank.* Thou art enough to make an age of men sore,  
Thou art so cross and peevish.

*Fab.* I will chide him;

And, if he be not graceless, make him cry for't.

<sup>42</sup> *Come, all friends.*

*Frank.* *Thou art enough to make an age of men sore,*  
*Thou art so cross and peevish.*] 'This seems, says Mr. Symphon,  
'to be as odd a reason as well could be given, to confirm the line  
'above;' And he supposes that 'some line or lines have been dropt.'—  
The first copy is much confused in this scene: It never mentions the  
departure of Giacomo; but on Fabritio's saying 'Come, all friends,'  
it says, *Exeunt*, as if all were to depart, though Fabritio and the two  
ladies continue conversing.—The alteration of *so* to *sore* (which we  
have made) destroys the absurdity which Symphon complains of,  
and which every one must see.

*Clora.*

*Clora.* I'd go a mile (to see him cry) in slippers,  
He would look so like a whey-cheese.

*Frank.* 'Would we might see him once more !

*Fab.* If you dare  
Venture a second trial of his temper,  
I make no doubt to bring him.

*Clora.* No, good Frank,  
Let him alone : I see his vein lies only  
For falling out at wakes and bear-baitings,  
That may express him sturdy.

*Fab.* Now, indeed,  
You are too sharp, sweet sister ; for unless  
It be this sin, which is enough to drown him,  
I mean this founness, he's as brave a fellow,  
As forward, and as understanding else,  
As any he that lives.

*Frank.* I do believe you ;  
And, good Sir, when you see him, if we have  
Distasted his opinion any way,  
Make peace again.

*Fab.* I will. I'll leave ye, ladies.

*Clora.* Take heed ! y' had best ; h' has sworn to pay  
you else.

*Fab.* I warrant you ; I have been often threaten'd.

*Clora.* When he comes next, I'll have the cough, or  
tooth-ach,  
Or something that shall make me keep my chamber ;  
I love him so well.

*Frank.* 'Would you'd keep your tongue ! [*Exeunt.*]

#### S C E N E IV<sup>43</sup>.

*Enter Angelo.*

*Ang.* I cannot keep from this ungodly woman,  
'This Lelia ; whom I know too, yet am caught ;

<sup>43</sup> *Scene IV.*] The measure of this scene (till the entrance of the Father) is, in all editions prior to that of 1750, divided extremely bad ; Mr. Sympsen then made a new division of the lines, which seems to us far from satisfactory. We have endeavoured to make out a better and more natural one.

Her looks are nothing like her : 'Would her faults  
 Were all in Paris print upon her face,  
*Cum privilegio* to use 'em still ! I would write  
 An epistle before it, on the inside of her mask,  
 And dedicate it to the whore of Babylon ;  
 With a preface upon her nose to the gentle reader :  
 And they should be to be sold  
 At the sign of the Whore's Head i' th' Pottage-pot,  
 In what street you please. But all this helps not me !  
 I'm made to be thus catch'd, past any redress,  
 With a thing I contemn too. I've read *Epictetus*  
 Twice over 'gainst the desire of these outward things ;  
 And still her face runs in my mind : I went  
 To say my prayers, and they were so laid out o' th' way,  
 That if I could find any prayers I had,  
 I am no Christian. This is the door, and the short is,  
 I must see her again. [*He knocks.*

*Enter Maid.*

*Maid.* Who's there ?

*Ang.* 'Tis I :

I would speak with your mistress.

*Maid.* Did she send for you ?

*Ang.* No ; what then ? I would see her. Prithee,  
 by thy leave !

*Maid.* Not by my leave ; for she will not see you,  
 but doth hate

You and your friend, and doth wish you both hang'd ;  
 Which, being so proper men, is great pity  
 That you are not.

*Ang.* How is this ?

*Maid.* For your sweet self, in particular,  
 Who she resolves persuaded your friend to neglect her,  
 She deemeth whipcord the most convenient unktion,  
 For your back and shoulders.

*Ang.* Let me in, I'll satisfy her.

*Maid.* And if 't shall happen that you are in doubt  
 Of these my speeches, insomuch that you  
 Shall spend more time in arguing at the door,

I am

I am fully persuaded that my mistress in person from  
above,

Will utter her mind more at large, by way  
Of urine upon your head, that it may sink  
The more soundly into your understanding faculties.

*Ang.* This is the strangest thing ! Good pretty soul,  
Why dost thou use me so ? I pray thee  
Let me in, Sweet-heart !

*Maid.* Indeed I cannot, Sweet-heart !

*Ang.* Thou art a handsome one, and this crossness  
Does not become thee.

*Maid.* Alas, I cannot help it.

*Ang.* Especially to me : Thou know'st when I was  
here

I said I lik'd thee of all thy mistress's servants.

*Maid.* So did I you ; tho' it be not my fortune  
To express it at this present ; for truly,  
If you would cry, I cannot let you in.

*Ang.* Pox on her ! I must go the down-right way.—  
Look you,

Here is ten pound for you, let me speak with her.

*Maid.* I like your gold well, but it is a thing,  
By Heav'n, I cannot do ! She will not speak with you,  
Especially at this time ; sh' has affairs.

*Ang.* This makes her leave her jesting yet.—But  
take it,

And let me see her ; bring me to a place  
Where, undiscerned of herself, I may  
Feed my desiring eyes but half-an-hour.

*Maid.* Why, faith, I think I can ; and I will stretch  
My wits and body too for gold. If you will swear,  
As you are gentle, not to stir or speak,  
Whatever<sup>45</sup> you shall see or hear, now or hereafter—  
Give me your gold : I'll plant you.

*Ang.* Why, as I am a gentleman,  
I will not.

*Maid.* Enough. Quick ! follow me. [Exeunt.]

<sup>45</sup> Where you shall.] Varied by Symphon.



*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Why, where's this maid? She has much care of her business!

Nell! I think she be drunk! Why, Nell! whiew!

*Maid* [*within*]. What is the matter?

*Enter Maid.*

*Serv.* I pray you heartily come away!

Oh, come, come. The gentleman my mistress invited is coming down the street, and the banquet

Not yet brought out! [*They bring in the banquet.*

*Lelia* [*within*]. Nell, firrah!

*Maid.* I come, forsooth.

*Serv.* Now must I walk:

When there is any fleshly matters in hand,

My mistress sends me of a four hours' errand:

But if I go not about mine own bodily business

As well as she, I am a Turk. [*Exit.*

*Enter Father.*

*Father.* What! all wide open? 'Tis the way to sin,

Doubtless; but I must on; the gates of hell

Are not more passable than these: How they

Will be to get out, God knows; I must try.

'Tis very strange! If there be any life

Within this house; 'would it would shew itself!

What's here? a banquet? and no mouth to eat,

Or bid me do it? This is something like

The entertainment of adventurous knights

Ent'ring enchanted castles; for the manner,

Tho' there be nothing dismal to be seen,

Amazes me a little. What is meant

By this strange invitation? I will sound

My daughter's meaning ere I speak to her,

If it be possible; for by my voice [*Musick.*

She will discover me. Hark! whence is this?

THE SONG<sup>46</sup>.

Come hither, you that love, and hear me sing  
 Of joys still growing,  
 Green, fresh and lusty, as the pride of spring,  
 And ever blowing.  
 Come hither, youths that blush, and dare not know  
 What is desire,  
 And old men, worse than you, that cannot blow  
 One spark of fire.  
 And with the power of my enchanting song,  
 Boys shall be able men, and old men young.

*Enter Angelo above.*

Come hither, you that hope, and you that cry ;  
 Leave off complaining ;  
 Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never die,  
 Are here remaining.  
 Come hither, fools, and blush you stay so long  
 From being blest,  
 And mad men worse than you, that suffer wrong,  
 Yet seek no rest.  
 And in an hour, with my enchanting song,  
 You shall be ever pleas'd, and young maids long.

*Enter Lelia and Woman, with night-gown and slippers.*

*Lelia.* Sir, you are welcome hither ! as this kiss,  
 Giv'n with a larger freedom than the use  
 Of strangers will admit, shall witness to you.—  
 Put the gown on him.—In this chair sit down.—  
 Give him his slippers.—Be not so amaz'd :  
 Here's to your health ! and you shall feel this wine  
 Stir lively in me, in the dead of night.—  
 Give him some wine.—Fall to your banquet, Sir ;  
 And let us grow in mirth. Tho' I am set  
 Now thus far off you, yet, four glasses hence,  
 I will sit here, and try, till both our bloods

<sup>46</sup> 'Tis a sufficient compliment to this Song, that Mr. Killigrew has inserted it in his *Thomaso, or Merry Wanderer.* *Symphon.*

Shoot up and down to find a passage out;  
 Then mouth to mouth will we walk up to bed,  
 And undress one another as we go;  
 Where both my treasure, body, and my soul,  
 Are yours to be dispos'd of.

*Father.* Umh! umh!

*[Makes signs of his white head and beard.*

*Lelia.* You are old?

Is that your meaning? Why, you are to me  
 The greater novelty; all our fresh youth  
 Are daily offer'd me. Tho' you perform,  
 As you think, little, yet you satisfy  
 My appetite; from your experience  
 I may learn something in the way of lust  
 I may be better for. But I can teach  
 These young ones: But this day I did refuse  
 A pair of them; Julio and Angelo,  
 And told them they were, as they were, raw fools  
 And whelps.

*[Ang. makes discontented signs.*

*Maid.* Pray God he speak not!

*[Maid lays her finger cross her mouth to him.*

*Lelia.* Why speak you not,  
 Sweet Sir?

*Father.* Umh!

*[Stops his ears; shews he is troubled with the musick.*

*Lelia.* Peace there, that musick! Now, Sir,  
 Speak to me.

*Father.* Umh!

*[Points at the Maid.*

*Lelia.* Why? would you have her gone?  
 You need not keep your freedom in for her;  
 She knows my life, that she might write it; think  
 She is a stone: She is a kind of bawdy confessor,  
 And will not utter secrets.

*Father.* Umh!

*[Points at her again.*

*Lelia.* Be gone then,  
 Since he needs will have it so. 'Tis all one.

*[Exit Maid. Father locks the door.*

Is all now as you would? Come, meet me then;  
 And bring a thousand kisses on thy lips,

And I will rob thee of 'em, and yet leave  
Thy lips as wealthy as they were before.

*Father.* Yes, all is as I would, but thou!

*Lelia.* By Heaven,

It is my father!

[Starts.

*Father.* And I do beseech thee  
Leave these unheard-of lusts, which worse become thee  
Than mocking of thy father. Let thine eyes  
Reflect upon thy soul, and there behold  
How loathed black it is; and whereas now  
Thy face is heav'nly fair, but thy mind foul,  
Go but into thy closet, and there cry  
'Till thou hast spoil'd that face, and thou shalt find  
How excellent a change thou wilt have made,  
For inward beauty.

*Lelia.* Tho' I know him now  
To be my father, never let me live  
If my lust do abate! I'll take upon me  
To have known him all this while.

*Father.* Look! dost thou know me?

*Lelia.* I knew you, Sir, before.

*Father.* What didst thou do?

*Lelia.* Knew you: And so unmov'dly have you borne  
All the sad crosses that I laid upon you,  
With such a noble temper, which indeed  
I purposely cast on you, to discern  
Your carriage in calamity, and you  
Have undergone 'em with that brave contempt,  
That I have turn'd the reverence of a child  
Into the hot affection of a lover:  
Nor can there on the earth be found, but yours,  
A spirit fit to meet with mine.

*Father.* A woman?

Thou art not sure!

*Lelia.* Look and believe.

*Father.* Thou art

Something created to succeed the devil,  
When he grows weary of his envious course,  
And compassing the world. But I believe thee;

Thou

Thou didst but mean to try my patience,  
 And dost so still: But better be advis'd,  
 And make thy trial with some other things  
 That safer will admit a dalliance:  
 And if it should be earnest, understand  
 How curs'd thou art! so far from Heaven, that thou  
 Believ'st it not enough to damn alone,  
 Or with a stranger, but wouldst heap all sins  
 Unnatural upon this aged head;  
 And draw thy father to thy bed, and hell!

*Lelia.* You are deceiv'd, Sir; 'tis not against nature  
 For us to lie together: If you have  
 An arrow of the same tree with your bow,  
 Is't more unnatural to shoot it there  
 Than in another? 'Tis our general nature  
 To procreate, as fire's is to consume;  
 And it will trouble you to find a stick  
 The fire will turn from. If't be Nature's will  
 We should not mix, she will discover to us  
 Some most apparent crossness, as our organs  
 Will not be fit; which if we do perceive  
 We'll leave, and think it is her pleasure  
 That we should deal with others.

*Father.* The doors are fast;  
 Thou shalt not say a prayer! 'tis not God's will  
 Thou shouldst. When this is done, I'll kill myself,  
 That never man may tell me I got thee.

[*Father draws his sword; Angelo discovers himself.*]

*Lelia.* I pray you, Sir!—Help there!—for God's  
 sake, Sir!

*Ang.* Hold, reverend Sir! for honour of your age!

*Father.* Who's that?

*Ang.* For safety of your soul, and of the soul  
 Of that too-wicked woman yet to die!

*Father.* What art thou? and how cam'st thou to that  
 place?

*Ang.* I am a man so strangely hither come,  
 That I have broke an oath in speaking this;  
 But I believe 'twas better broke than kept,  
 And I desire your patience. Let me in,

And I protest I will not hinder you  
 In any act you wish, more than by word.  
 If so I can persuade you, that I will not  
 Use violence, I'll throw my sword down to you.  
 This house holds none but I, only a maid,  
 Whom I will lock fast in, as I come down.

*Father.* I do not know thee; but thy tongue doth seem  
 To be acquainted with the truth so well  
 That I will let thee in: Throw down thy sword.

*Ang.* There 'tis!

*Lelia.* How came he there? I am betray'd to shame!  
 The fear of sudden death struck me all over  
 So violently, that I scarce have breath  
 To speak yet: But I have it in my head,  
 And out it shall, that, Father, may perhaps  
 O'er-reach you yet. [Father lets in Angelo.

*Father.* Come, Sir; what is't you say?

*Lelia.* My Angelo! By all the joys of love,  
 Thou art as welcome, as these pliant arms  
 Twin'd round, and fast about thee, can persuade thee!

*Ang.* Away!

*Lelia.* I was in such a fright before thou cam'st!  
 Yon old mad fellow (it will make thee laugh,  
 Tho' it fear'd me) has talk'd so wildly here!  
 Sirrah, he rush'd in at my doors, and swore  
 He was my father, and, I think, believ'd it:  
 But that he had a sword, and threaten'd me,  
 I'faith he was good sport. Good, thrust him out,  
 That thou and I may kiss together; wilt thou?

*Father.* Are you her champion? and with these fair  
 words,  
 Got in to rescue her from me? [Offers to run at him.

*Ang.* Hold, Sir!

I swear I do not harbour such a thought:  
 I speak it not for that you have two swords,  
 But for 'tis truth.

*Lelia.* Two swords, my Angelo?  
 Think this, that thou hast two young brawny arms  
 And ne'er a sword, and he has two good swords  
 And ne'er an arm to use 'em: Rush upon him!

I could

I could have beaten him with this weak body,  
If I had had the spirit of a man.

*Ang.* Stand from me, and leave talking, or by Heaven  
I'll trample thy last damning word out of thee!

*Father.* Why do you hinder me then? stand away,  
And I will rid her quickly.

*Lelia.* 'Would I were  
Clear of this business! yet I cannot pray.

*Ang.* Oh, be advis'd! Why, you were better kill her,  
If she were good. Convey her from this place,  
Where none but you, and such as you appoint,  
May visit her; where let her hear of nought  
But death and damning, (which she hath deserv'd)  
'Till she be truly, justly sorrowful;  
And then, lay mercy to her, who does know  
But she may mend?

*Father.* But whither should I bear her?

*Ang.* To my house;  
'Tis large and private; I will lend it you.

*Father.* I thank you, Sir; and happily it fits  
With some design I have. But how shall we  
Convey her——

*Lelia.* Will they carry me away?

*Father.* For she will scratch and kick, and scream so  
loud

That people will be drawn to rescue her.

*Ang.* Why, none can hear her here, but her own maid,  
Who is as fast as she.

*Father.* But in the street?

*Ang.* Why, we will take 'em both into the kitchen,  
There bind 'em, and then gag 'em, and then throw 'em  
Into a coach I'll bring to the back-door,  
And hurry 'em away.

*Father.* It shall be so.

I owe you much for this, and I may pay you:  
There is your sword. Lay hold upon her quickly.  
This way with me, thou disobedient child!  
Why does thy stubborn heart beat at thy breast?  
Let it be still; for I will have it search'd

'Till I have found a well of living tears  
 Within it, that shall spring out of thine eyes,  
 And flow all o'er thy body foul'd with sin,  
 'Till it have wash'd it quite without a stain.

*Lelia.* Help! help! ah! ah! Murder! I shall be  
 murder'd! [*They drag her.*

I shall be murdered!

*Father.* This helps thee not.

*Lelia.* Basely murder'd, basely!

*Father.* I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Lodovico and Pifo.*

*Lod.* **T**HIS roguy Captain has made fine work  
 with us.

*Pifo.* I would the devil in a storm would carry him  
 Home to his garrison again. I ache all over,  
 That I am sure of! Certainly my body  
 Is of a wildfire<sup>48</sup>, for my head rings backward,  
 Or else I have a morris in my brains.

*Lod.* I'll deal no more with soldiers. Well re-  
 member'd;

Did not the vision promise to appear  
 About this time again?

*Pifo.* Yes. Here he comes:  
 He's just on's word.

*Enter Father.*

*Father.* Oh, they be here together.  
 She's penitent; and, by my troth, I stagger

---

<sup>48</sup> *Is of a wildfire.*] So the old copies. The reading in the text  
 [all for of] is from Mr. Seward's conjecture, who thinks it much  
 more agreeable to the tenor of this speech. *Sympson.*

We believe the reading of the old copies right; meaning, *My  
 body is [MADE] of a wildfire.*

Whether,



Whether, as now she is, either of these  
 Two fools be worthy of her : Yet, because  
 Her youth is prone to fall again, ungovern'd,  
 And marriage now may stay her, one of 'em  
 (And Pifo, since I understand him abler)  
 Shall be the man ; the other bear the charges,  
 And willingly, as I will handle it.  
 I have a ring here, which he shall believe  
 Is sent him from a woman I have thought of :  
 But e'er I leave it, I'll have one of his  
 In pawn worth two on't ; for I will not lose  
 By such a mess of sugar-sops as this is ;  
 I am too old.

*Lod.* It moves again ; let's meet it.

*Father.* Now, if I be not out, we shall have fine sport.  
 I am glad I've met you, Sir, so happily ;  
 You do remember me, I'm sure.

*Lod.* I do, Sir.

*Pifo.* This is a short prelude to a challenge.

*Father.* I have a message, Sir, that much concerns  
 you,

And for your special good. Nay, you may hear too.

*Pifo.* What should this fellow mean ?

*Father.* There is a lady—

How the poor thing begins to warm already—  
 Come to this town, (as yet a stranger here, Sir)  
 Fair, young, and rich, both in possessions,  
 And all the graces that make up a woman,  
 A widow, and a virtuous one.—It works ;  
 He needs no broth upon't.

*Lod.* What of her, Sir ?

*Father.* No more but this ; she loves you.

*Lod.* Loves me ?

*Father.* Yes ;

And with a strong affection, but a fair one.  
 If you be wise and thankful, you are made :  
 There's the whole matter.

*Lod.* I am sure I hear this.

*Father.* Here is a ring, Sir, of no little value ;

Which, after she had seen you at a window,  
She bad me haste, and give it; when she blush'd  
Like a blown rose.

*Lod.* But pray, Sir, by your leave—  
Methinks your years should promise no ill meaning.

*Father.* I am no bawd, nor cheater, nor a courser<sup>49</sup>  
Of broken-winded women: If you fear me,  
I'll take my leave, and let my lady use  
A fellow of more form; an honest  
I'm sure she cannot.

*Lod.* Stay! you have confirm'd me:  
Yet let me feel; you are in health?

*Father.* I hope so;  
My water's well enough, and my pulse.

*Lod.* Then  
All may be excellent. Pray pardon me;  
For I am like a boy that had found money,  
Afraid I dream still.

*Piso.* Sir, what kind of woman,  
Of what proportion, is your lady?

*Lod.* Ay?

*Father.* I'll tell you presently her very picture:  
D' you know a woman in this town they call—  
Stay; yes; it is so—Lelia?

*Piso.* Not by sight.

*Father.* Nor you, Sir?

*Lod.* Neither.

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<sup>49</sup> *Nor a coarser.*] Though I have chang'd *coarser* to *courser*, as we commonly pronounce it, yet I fancy we ought to make a farther correction still, and for *courser* read *cofer*, i. e. *mango*, a merchant or dealer in, &c. The word *cofe* in Scotch signifying to change or barter. I am indebted to the ingenious and learned Mr. Lye, for this sense of the word. *Vid. Junii Etymologicon Anglicanum ad verbum cofed.*

Sympson.

Though Mr. Sympson thus confidently says, 'I HAVE CHANGED,' yet COURSER is the reading of the second folio; and is, as the context proves, evidently right; a COURSER of broken-winded women.—In the same stile is his assertion, that, when Angelo (p. 78) is persuading Lelia's Maid to admit him into the house, the other copies make Angelo say, *This crossness does become thee*, and that 'he has' inferted the particle NOT, which, however, appears in the second folio.

*Father.*

*Father.* These are precious rogues,  
To rail upon a woman they ne'er saw :  
So they would use their kindred.

[*Aside.*]

*Piso.* We have heard tho'  
She's very fair and goodly.

*Father.* Such another,  
Just of the same complexion, making, speech,  
(But a thought sweeter) is my lady.

*Lod.* Then  
She must be excellent indeed.

*Father.* Indeed she is,  
And you will find it so. You do believe me?

*Lod.* Yes, marry do I; and I am so alter'd——

*Father.* Your happiness will alter any man.  
Do not delay the time, Sir: At a house  
Where don Velasco lay, the Spanish signor,  
Which now is signor Angelo's, she is.

*Lod.* I know it.

*Father.* But before you shew yourself,  
Let it be night by all means; willingly  
By day she would not have such gallants seen  
Repair unto her; 'tis her modesty.

*Lod.* I'll go and fit myself.

*Father.* Do; and be sure  
You send provision in, in full abundance,  
Fit for the marriage; for this night, I know,  
She will be yours. Sir, have you ne'er a token  
Of worth to send her back again? You must;  
She will expect it.

*Lod.* Yes; pray give her this, [Gives a ring.  
And with it, all I have. I'm made for ever! [Exit.

*Piso.* Well, thou hast fools' luck. Should I live as  
long

As an old oak, and say my prayers hourly,  
I should not be the better of a penny.  
I think the devil be my ghostly father!  
Upon my conscience, I am full as handsome;  
I'm sure I have more wit, and more performance;  
Which is a pretty matter.

*Father.*

*Father.* Do you think, Sir,  
That your friend, signor Pifo, will be constant  
Unto my lady? you should know him well.

*Pifo.* Who? signor Pifo?

*Father.* Yes, the gentleman.

*Pifo.* Why, you are wide, Sir.

*Father.* Is not his name Pifo?

*Pifo.* No; mine is Pifo.

*Father.* How!

*Pifo.* It is indeed, Sir;

And his is Lodovic.

*Father.* Then I'm undone, Sir!  
For I was sent at first to Pifo. What a rascal  
Was I, so ignorantly to mistake you!

*Pifo.* Peace;

There is no harm done yet.

*Father.* Now 'tis too late,  
I know my error: At turning of a street,  
(For you were then upon the right-hand of him)  
You chang'd your places suddenly; where I  
(Like a cross blockhead<sup>50</sup>) lost my memory.  
What shall I do? My lady utterly  
Will put me from her favour.

*Pifo.* Never fear it;

I'll be thy guard, I warrant thee. Oh, oh!  
Am I at length reputed? For the ring,  
I'll fetch it back with a light vengeance from him:  
H' had better keep tame devils than that ring.  
Art thou not steward?

*Father.* No.

*Pifo.* Thou shalt be shortly.

*Father.* Lord, how he takes it!

[*Aside.*

*Pifo.* I'll go shift me straight.

Art sure it was to Pifo?

*Father.* Oh, too sure, Sir.

---

<sup>50</sup> *A cross blockhead.*] I have a strong suspicion that *gross* was the original reading, *i. e.* what a great, stupid, dull, &c. blockhead was I?

*Symphon.*

*Cross* may perhaps be used by the Poets in the sense of *blundering*.

*Pifo.*

*Piso.* I'll mount thee, if I live, for't.—Give me patience,

Heaven, to bear this blessing, I beseech thee !  
I am but man ! I prithee break my head,  
To make me understand I'm sensible.

*Father.* Lend me your dagger, and I will, Sir.

*Piso.* No ;  
I believe now, like a good Christian.

*Father.* Good Sir, make haste ; I dare not go without you,  
Since I have so mistaken.

*Piso.* 'Tis no matter :  
Meet me within this half-hour at St. Margaret's.—  
Well, go thy ways, old leg ! thou hast the trick on't.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Angelo and Julio.*

*Ang.* How now ! the news ?

*Father.* Well, passing well ; I have 'em  
Both in a leash, and made right for my purpose.

*Julio.* I'm glad on't. I must leave you.

*Ang.* Whither, man ?

*Julio.* If all go right, I may be fast enough too.

*Ang.* I cry you mercy, Sir ! I know your meaning :  
Clora's the woman ; she's Frank's bedfellow.  
Commend me to 'em ; and go, Julio,  
Bring 'em to supper all, to grace this matter :  
They'll serve for witnesses.

*Julio.* I will. Farewell !

[*Ex. Julio at one door ; Ang. and Father at another.*

S C E N E II.

*Enter Clora, Frank, Frederick, and Maid.*

*Fred.* Sister, I brought you Giacomo to th' door :  
He has forgot all that he said last night ;  
And shame of that makes him more loth to come,  
I left Fabritio persuading him ;  
But 'tis in vain.

*Frank.*

*Frank.* Alas, my fortune, Clóra!

*Clóra.* Now, Frank, see what a kind of man you love,

That loves you when he's drunk.

*Frank.* If so,

Faith I would marry him: My friends, I hope,  
Would make him drink.

*Clóra.* 'Tis well consider'd, Frank,  
He has such pretty humours then. Besides,  
Being a soldier, 'tis better he should love you  
When he's drunk, than when he's sober; for then  
He will be sure to love you the greatest part on's life.

*Frank.* And were not I a happy woman then?

*Clóra.* That ever was born, Frank, i'faith.

*Fred.* How now! what says he?

*Enter Fabritio.*

*Fab.* Faith, you may as well 'tice a dog up  
With a whip and bell, as him by telling him  
Of love and women: He swears they mock him.

*Fred.* Look how my sister weeps.

*Fab.* Why, who can help it?

*Fred.* Yes, you may safely swear she loves him.

*Fab.* Why, so I did; and may do all the oaths  
Arithmetick can make, ere he believe me;  
And since he was last drunk, he is more jealous  
They would abuse him. If we could persuade him  
She lov'd, he would embrace it.

*Fred.* She herself  
Shall bate so much of her own modesty,  
To swear it to him, with such tears as now  
You see rain from her.

*Fab.* I believe 'twould work;  
But would you have her do't i' th' open street?  
Or, if you would, he'll run away from her.  
How shall we get him hither?

*Fred.* By entreaty.

*Fab.* 'Tis most impossible. No; if we could  
Anger him hither, (as there is no way

But

But that to bring him) and then hold him fast,  
 Women and men, whilst she delivers to him  
 The truth seal'd with her tears, he would be pliant<sup>51</sup>  
 As a pleas'd child. He walks below for me,  
 Under the window.

*Clora.* We'll anger him, I warrant ye :  
 Let one o' th' maids take a good bowl of water,  
 Or say it be a piss-pot, and pour it  
 On's head.

*Fab.* Content ! Hang me, if I like not  
 The cast on't rarely ; for no question  
 'Tis an approv'd receipt to fetch such a fellow.  
 Take all the women-kind in this house, betwixt  
 The age of one and one hundred, and let them  
 Take unto them a pot or a bowl, containing  
 Seven quarts or upwards, and let them never leave  
 'Till the above-nam'd pot or bowl become full ;  
 Then let one of them stretch out her arm, and pour it  
 On his head, and, *probatum est*, it will fetch him ;  
 For in his anger he will run up, and then  
 Let us alone.

*Clora.* Go you and do it. [Exit Maid.]

*Frank.* Good Clora, no.

*Clora.* Away, I say, and do it. Never fear ;  
 We have enough of that water ready distill'd.

*Frank.* Why, this will make him mad, Fabritio ;  
 He'll neither love me drunk, nor sober, now.

*Fab.* I warrant you. What, is the wench come up ?

*Enter Maid above.*

*Clora.* Art thou there, wench ?

*Maid.* Ay.

*Fab.* Look out then  
 If thou canst see him.

*Maid.* Yes, I see him ; and by my troth

<sup>51</sup> *He would be plain.*] *Plain* being evidently corrupt, Mr. Seward proposes to read *pliant* ; and Mr. Sympson, *fain*, i. e. (upon authority of Spenser) *fond*. We think this very uncouth, and that Seward's conjecture is much more plausible.

He stands so fair, I could not hold, were he  
My father. His hat's off too, and he's scratching  
His head.

*Fab.* Oh, wash that hand, I prithee.

*Maid.* God send thee good luck !

'Tis the second time I have thrown thee out to-day.  
Ha, ha, ha ! just on's head.

*Frank.* Alas !

*Fab.* What does he now ?

*Maid.* He gathers stones : God's light, he breaks  
all the street-windows <sup>52</sup> !

*Jac.* [*within.*] Whores ! bawds ! your windows, your  
windows !

*Maid.* Now he is breaking  
All the low windows with his sword : Excellent sport !  
Now he's beating a fellow that laugh'd at him ;  
Truly the man takes it patiently : Now he goes  
Down the street gravely, looking on each side ;  
There's not one more dare laugh.

*Frank.* Does he go on ?

*Maid.* Yes.

*Frank.* Fabritio, you have undone a maid [*Kneels.*  
By treachery ; know you some other better,

<sup>52</sup> *The street windows.*] This is a passage I can't at all reconcile with the context ; as perhaps not being skill'd enough in Architecture ; for what *windows* were the *street* ones ? High ones, no doubt ; because he breaks them with stones. But what were the low ones he is now breaking with his sword ? Were not these toward the street too ? If they were not, why are they not distinguish'd, and if they be, then there is a distinction without a difference. I suspect the passage corrupted, and that to make our Poets talk sense, and the whole passage consistent ; we ought to read,

————— *the garret windows.*

The Captain broke those with stones, the garret being the place from whence the jordan was discharg'd, but after his ammunition was spent, like a brave officer he charges the lower windows sword in hand, and manfully makes a mighty breach in the innocent and in-offensive ground-room windows.

*Symphon.*

The *street-windows* mean simply the windows that look to the *street* ; any of which he might throw stones at ; but he could reach none but the *lower* ones with his sword, which are therefore necessarily specified.



You would prefer your friend to? If you do not,  
Bring him again! I have no other hope  
But you, that made me lose hope; if you fail me,  
I ne'er shall see him, but shall languish out  
A discontented life, and die contemn'd.

*Fab.* This vexes me! I pray you be more patient.  
If I have any truth, let what will happen, [*Lifts her up.*  
I'll bring him presently. Do you all stand  
At the street-door, the maids, and all, to watch  
When I come back, and have some private place  
To shuffle me into; for he shall follow  
In fury, but I know I can out-run him:  
As he comes in, clap all fast hold on him,  
And use your own discretions.

*Fred.* We will do it.

*Fab.* But suddenly; for I will bring him hither,  
With that unstopp'd speed, that he shall run over  
All that's in's way: And tho' my life be ventur'd,  
'Tis no great matter, I will do't.

*Frank.* I thank you, worthy Fabritio. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Jacomo.*

*Jac.* I ever knew no woman could abide me;  
But am I grown so contemptible,  
By being once drunk amongst 'em, that they begin  
To throw piss on my head? for surely it was piss:  
Huh, huh! [*Seems to smell.*

*Enter Fabritio.*

*Fab.* Jacomo, how dost thou?

*Jac.* Well; something troubled  
With watrish humours.

*Fab.* Foh! how thou stink'st!  
Prithee stand further off me. Methinks these humours  
Become thee better than thy dry cholerick humours,  
Or thy wine-wet humours. Ha!

*Jac.* You're pleasant;

But,

But, Fabritio, know I am not in the mood  
Of suffering jests.

*Fab.* If you be not i'th' mood,  
I hope you will not be moody. But truly  
I cannot blame the gentiewomen; you stood eves-  
dropping  
Under their window, and would not come up.

*Jac.* Sir, I suspect now, by your idle talk,  
Your hand was in't; which, if I once believe,  
Be sure you shall account to me.

*Fab.* The gentiewomen  
And the maids have counted to you already;  
The next turn I see is mine.

*Jac.* Let me die, but this  
Is very strange! Good Fabritio, don't  
Provoke me so.

*Fab.* Provoke you? You're grown  
The strangest fellow! there's no keeping company with  
you.

Pish! take you that.

[*Fab.* gives him a box o'th' ear. *Jac.* draws his sword.

*Jac.* Oh, all the devils! Stand, slave!

*Fab.* Follow me if thou dar'st. [Exit.

*Jac.* Stay, coward, stay! [Exit running.

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Frederick, Frank, Clora, Servant, and Maid.*

*Clora.* Be ready; for I see Fabritio running,  
And Jacomo behind him.

*Enter Fabritio.*

*Fab.* Where's the place?

*Fred.* That way, Fabritio. [Exit *Fab.*

*Enter Jacomo.*

*Jac.* Where art thou, traitor? [*Fred. Clora, and  
Maid, lay hold on Jac.*] What's the matter, Sirs?  
Why do you hold me? I am basely wrong'd!

Torture

Torture and hell be with you! let me go!

*[They drag him to a chair, and hold him down in it.]*

*Fred.* Good Jacomo, be patient; and but hear  
What I can say: You know I am your friend;  
If you yet doubt it, by my soul I am.

*Jac.* 'Sdeath, stand away! I would my breath were  
poison!

*Fred.* As I have life, that which was thrown on you,  
And this now done, were but to draw you hither  
For causes weighty, that concern yourself,  
Void of all malice; which this maid, my sister,  
Shall tell you.

*Jac.* Puh! a pox upon you all! you will not hold me  
For ever here; and, till you let me go,  
I'll talk no more.

*Frank.* As you're a gentleman,  
Let not this boldness make me be believ'd  
To be immodest! If there were a way  
More silently to be acquainted with you,  
God knows, that I would chuse; but as it is,  
Take it in plainness: I do love you more  
Than you do your content. If you refuse  
To pity me, I'll never cease to weep;  
And when mine eyes be out, I will be told  
How fast the tears I shed for you do fall;  
And if they do not flow abundantly,  
I'll fetch a sigh shall make 'em start and leap,  
As if the fire were under.

*Jac.* Fine mocking, fine mocking!

*Fred.* Mocking? Look how she weeps.

*Jac.* Does she counterfeit crying too?

*Fred.* Behold how the tears flow! Or pity her,  
Or never more be call'd a man.

*Jac.* How's this?

Soft you, soft you, my masters! Is it possible, think  
you,

She should be in earnest?

*Clora.* Earnest? Ay, in earnest:  
She is a fool to break so many sleeps,

That would have been sound ones,  
And venture such a face, and so much life,  
For e'er an humorous ass i' th' world.

*Frank.* Why, Clora,  
I have known you cry as much for Julio,  
That has not half his worth. All night you write  
And weep, too much, I fear; I do but what  
I should.

*Clora.* If I do write, I'm answer'd, Frank.

*Frank.* I would I might be so!

*Jac.* Good Frederick, let me go;  
I would fain try if that thing do not counterfeit.

*Fred.* Give me your sword then.

*Jac.* No; but take my word,  
As I am man, I will not hurt a creature  
Under this roof, before I have deliver'd  
Myself, as I am now, into your hands,  
Or have your full consent.

*Fred.* It is enough.

*Jac.* Gentlewoman, I pray you let me feel your  
face:

I am an infidel, if she don't weep!  
Stay; where's my handkerchief? I'll wipe  
The old wet off: The fresh tears come! Pox on't, I am  
A handsome gracious fellow amongst women,  
And knew it not. Gentlewoman, how should I know  
These tears are for me? Is not your mother dead?

*Frank.* By Heav'n, they are for you!

*Jac.* 'Slight, I'll have my head curl'd and powder'd  
Tomorrow by break of day. If you love me,  
I pray you kiss me; for if I love you,  
It shall be such love as I will not  
Be ashamed of. If this be a mock, [Kisses.  
It is the heartiest and the sweetest mock

That e'er I tasted. Mock me so again! [Kisses again.

*Fred.* Fy, Giacomo! why do you let her kneel  
So long?

*Jac.* It's true; I had forgot it, and should have  
done [Lifts her up.

This

This twelvemonth: Pray you rise. Frederick,  
 If I could all this while have been persuaded  
 She could have lov'd me, dost thou think I had  
 Not rather kiss her than another should?  
 And yet you may gull me, for aught I know;  
 But if you do, hell take me if I do not cut  
 All your throats sleeping!

*Fred.* Oh, do not think of such a thing.

*Jac.* Otherwise, if she be in earnest, the short is,  
 I am.

*Frank.* Alas, I am.

*Jac.* And I did not think it  
 Possible any woman could have lik'd  
 This face: It's good for nothing, is it?

*Clora.* Yes,  
 It is worth forty shillings to pawn, being lin'd<sup>53</sup>  
 Almost quite thro' with velvet.

*Frank.* It is better  
 Than your Julio's.

*Jac.* Thou thinkest so;  
 But otherwise, in faith, it is not, Frank.

[*Whilst Jacomo is kissing Frank,*

*Enter Fabritio.*

*Fab.* Hift, Jacomo! How dost thou, boy? ha?

*Jac.* Why, very well,  
 I thank you, Sir.

*Fab.* Dost thou perceive the reason  
 Of matters and passages yet, firrah, or no?

<sup>53</sup> *Lined.*] In act iii. scene vi. of this play, Pisto describes Jacomo as one that wore his forehead in a velvet scabbard, and Clora here says his face is worth forty shillings to pawn upon account of its velvet lining. If *lin'd* be not a *Latinism* here, we must have the *lining* not on the *inside* as usual, but on the *out*. What we may farther remark from hence is, the difference of patches in the Poet's days and in ours: The heroes of the blade then would have nothing less than velvet, whereas plain silk is thought good enough by those now. *Symphon.*

*Lined* is, we believe, used in the same sense to this day by artificers, &c. The actors, in particular, call marking their features for old characters *lining the face*; though that may, indeed, bear another sense.

*Jac.* 'Tis wondrous good, Sir.

*Fab.* I've done simply for you :

But now you're beaten to some understanding,  
I pray you dally not with the gentlewoman,  
But dispatch your matrimony with all convenient speed.

*Fred.* He gives good counsel.

*Jac.* And I'll follow it.

*Fab.* And I you<sup>54</sup>. Prithee do not take it unkindly ;  
For, trust me, I box'd thee for thy advancement :  
A foolish desire I had to juggle thee  
Into preferment.

*Jac.* I apprehend you, Sir ;  
And if I can study out a course how a bastinadoing  
May any ways raise your fortunes in the state,  
You shall be sure on't.

*Fab.* Oh, Sir, keep your way.  
God send you much joy !

*Clora.* And me my Julio ! [*Julio speaks within.*  
Oh, God, I hear his voice ! Now he is true,  
Have at a marriage, Frank, as soon as you !

[*Exeunt all but Frederick.*

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir, I would speak with you.

*Fred.* What is  
Your hasty business, friend ?

*Mess.* The duke commands  
Your present attendance at court.

*Fred.* The cause ?

*Mess.* I know not in particular :  
But this ; many are sent for more, about affairs  
Foreign, I take it, Sir.

*Fred.* I will be there  
Within this hour. Return my humble service.

*Mess.* I will, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Fred.* Farewell, friend. What news with you ?

<sup>54</sup> And *I you.*] The occasion should seem to require us to read,  
AS *I you.*

*Enter*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My mistress would desire you, Sir, to follow  
With all the haste you can: She is gone to church,  
To marry Captain Jacomo; and Julio,  
To do as much for the young merry gentlewoman,  
Fair mistress Clora.

*Fred.* Julio marry Clora?  
Thou art deceiv'd, I warrant thee.

*Serv.* No sure, Sir;  
I saw their lips as close upon the bargain  
As cockles.

*Fred.* Give 'em joy! I cannot now go;  
The duke hath sent for me in haste.

*Serv.* This note, Sir,  
When you are free, will bring you where they are.

[*Exit.*

*Fred.* [*reading.*] ' You shall find us all at signor  
' Angelo's,  
' Where Pifo, and the worthy Lelia  
' Of famous memory, are to be married;  
' And we not far behind.' 'Would I had time  
To wonder at this last couple in hell'<sup>55</sup>.

<sup>55</sup> *Last couple in hell.*] This is alluding to a rustic diversion, called, I think, by another name in our Poets, Shakespear, and the play-wrights of that time, *viz. barley-break*. Sir John Suckling has a pretty poem wherein he describes this diversion, which, for the sake of my readers, I have here inserted:

- ' Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
- ' Three mates to play at Barley-break;
- ' Love, Folly took; and Reason, Fancy;
- ' And Hate consorts with Pride; so dance they:
- ' Love coupled last, and so it fell
- ' That Love and Folly were in hell.
- ' They break, and Love would Reason meet,
- ' But Hate was nimbler on her feet;
- ' Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
- ' Hies, and they two hug together:
- ' Yet this new coupling still doth tell
- ' That Love and Folly were in hell.
- ' The rest do break again, and Pride
- ' Hath now got Reason on her side;

*Enter Messenger again.*

*Mess.* You are stay'd for, Sir.

*Fred.* I come. Pray God the business  
Hold me not from this sport! I would not lose it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*Enter Father, Pifo, Angelo, and Lelia.*

*Ang.* God give you joy, and make you live together  
A happy pair!

*Pifo.* I do not doubt we shall. There was never  
Poor gentleman had such a sudden fortune!  
I could thrust my head betwixt two pales, and strip me  
Out of my old skin like a snake. Will the guests come,  
Thou saidst thou fentest for to solemnise  
The nuptials?

*Father.* They will; I look'd for 'em  
Ere this.

*Enter Julio, Jacomo, Fabritio, Frank, and Clora.*

*Julio.* By your leave all.

*Father.* They are here, Sir.

*Julio.* Especially, fair lady,  
I ask your pardon; to whose marriage-bed  
I wish all good success! I have here brought you  
Such guests as can discern your happiness,  
And best do know how to rejoice at it  
(For such a fortune they themselves have run):  
The worthy Jacomo, and his fair bride;  
Noble Fabritio, (whom this age of peace  
Has not yet taught to love aught but the wars)  
And his true friend, this lady, who is but

- 
- \* Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
  - \* Untoucht by Love in Folly's hand;
  - \* Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
  - \* So Love and Folly were in hell.

But the reader may find a more exact and minute description of this  
diversion in Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*.

*Symphon.*

A piece



A piece of me.

*Lelia.* Sir, you are welcome all!

Are they not, Sir?

[*Exit Father.*]

*Piso.* Bring in some wine;

Some of the wine Lodovic the fool sent hither.

Whoever thou bid'st welcome, shall find it.

*Lelia.* An unexpected honour

You have done to our too-hasty wedding.

*Jac.* Faith,

Madam, our weddings were as hasty as yours:

We're glad to run up and down any whither,

To see where we can get meat to our wedding.

*Piso.* That Lodovic hath provided too, good afs!

*Ang.* I thought you, Julio, would not thus have  
stolen

A marriage, without acquainting your friends.

*Julio.* Why, I did give thee inklings.

*Ang.* If a marriage

Should be thus slubber'd up in a play,

Ere almost any body had taken notice

You were in love, the spectators would take it

To be but ridiculous.

*Julio.* This was the first, and I

Will never hide another secret from you.

*Enter Father.*

*Father.* Sir, yonder's your friend Lodovic: Hide  
yourself,

And it will be the best sport——

*Piso.* Gentlemen,

I pray you take no notice I am here:

The coxcomb Lodovic is coming in.

[*Retires.*]

*Enter Lodovico.*

*Lod.* Is that the lady?

*Father.* That is my lady.

*Lod.* As I live, she's a fair one!

What make all these here?

*Father.* Oh, Lord, Sir, she's so pester'd——

*Fab.* Now will the sport be; it runs right as Julio Told us.

*Lod.* Fair lady, health to you! Some words I have, that require an utterance more private Than this place can afford.

*Lelia.* I'll call my husband;  
All business I hear with his ears now.

*Lod.* Good madam, no; (but I perceive your jest) You have no husband; I'm the very man That walk'd the streets so comely.

*Lelia.* Are you so?

*Lod.* Yes, faith; when Cupid first did prick your heart.

I am not cruel; but the love begun  
I' th' street I'll satisfy i' th' chamber fully.

*Lelia.* To ask a madman whether he be mad  
Were but an idle question; if you be,  
I do not speak to you; but if you be not,  
Walk in the streets again, and there perhaps  
I may dote on you; here I not endure you.

*Lod.* Good madam, stay; do not you know this ring?

*Lelia.* Yes, it was mine; I sent it by my man  
To change, and so he did; it has a blemish,  
And this he brought me for it: Did you change it?  
Are you a goldsmith?

*Lod.* Sure the world is mad!

Sirrah, did you not bring me this ring from your lady?

*Father.* Yes, surely, Sir, did I; but your worship  
Must e'en bear with me, for there was a mistaking in it;  
And so, as I was saying to your worship,  
My lady is now married.

*Lod.* Married? to whom?

*Father.* To your worship's friend Pifo.

*Lod.* 'Sdeath! to Pifo?

*Pifo* [within]. Ha, ha, ha!

*Ang.* Yes, Sir, I can assure you  
She's married to him; I saw't with these grey eyes.

*Lod.* Why, what a rogue art thou then? Thou hast  
made me

Send in provision too.

*Father.* Oh, a gentleman  
Should not have such foul words in's mouth ;  
But your worship's provision  
Could not have come in at a fitter time.  
Will it please you to taste any of your own wine ?  
It may be the vintner has cozen'd you.

*Lod.* Pox, I am mad !

*Ang.* You have always plots, Sir ; and see how they  
fall out !

*Jac.* You had a plot upon me : How do you like  
this ?

*Lod.* I do not speak to you.

*Fab.* Because you dare not.

*Lod.* But I will have one of that old rogue's teeth  
Set in this ring.

*Father.* Dost not thou know  
That I can beat thee ?—Dost thou know it now ?

[*Discovers himself.*]

*Lod.* He beat me once indeed.

*Father.* And if you have  
Forgot it, I can call a witness. Come forth, Pifo !  
Remember you it ?

*Pifo.* Faith, I do call to mind  
Such a matter.

*Father.* And if I cannot still do't,  
You are young, and will assist your father-in-law.

*Pifo.* My father-in-law ?

*Ang.* Your father-in-law,  
As sure as this is widow Lelia.

*Pifo.* How ! widow Lelia ?

*Father.* I'faith, 'tis she, son.

*Lod.* Ha, ha, ha ! let my provision go !  
I'm glad I have miss'd the woman.

*Pifo.* Have you put  
A whore upon me ?

*Lelia.* By Heav'n, you do me wrong !  
I have a heart as pure as any woman's ;  
And I mean to keep it so for ever.

*Father.*

*Father.* There is  
 No starting now, son; if you offer it,  
 I can compel you; her estate is great,  
 But all made o'er to me, before this match:  
 Yet if you use her kindly, (as I swear  
 I think she will deserve) you shall enjoy it  
 During your life, all, save some slender piece  
 I will reserve for my own maintenance;  
 And if God bless you with a child by her,  
 It shall have all.

*Piso.* So I may have the means,  
 I do not much care what the woman is:  
 Come, my sweetheart! as long as I shall find  
 Thy kisses sweet, and thy means plentiful,  
 Let people talk their tongues out.

*Lelia.* They may talk  
 Of what is pass'd; but all that is to come  
 Shall be without occasions.

*Julio.* Shall we not make  
 Piso and Lodovic friends?

*Jac.* Hang 'em, they dare not  
 Be enemies; or, if they be, the danger  
 Is not great. Welcome, Frederick!

*Enter Frederick.*

*Fred.* First, joy unto you all! And next,  
 I think we shall have wars.

*Jac.* Give me some wine!  
 I'll drink to that.

*Fab.* I'll pledge.

*Frank.* But I  
 Shall lose you then.

*Jac.* Not a whit, wench;  
 I'll teach thee presently to be a soldier.

*Fred.* Fabritio's command, and yours,  
 Are both restor'd.

*Jac.* Bring me four glasses then!

*Fab.* Where are they?

*Ang.* You shall not drink 'em here. It is supper time;  
 And

And from my house no creature here shall stir  
These three days ; mirth shall flow as well as wine.

*Father.* Content. Within, I'll tell you more at large  
How much I am bound to all, but most to you,  
Whose undeserved liberality  
Must not escape thus unrequited.

*Jac.* 'Tis happiness to me, I did so well :  
Of every noble action, the intent  
Is to give Worth reward, Vice punishment. [*Exeunt.*]

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## E P I L O G U E.

**I**F you mislike (as you shall ever be  
Your own free judges) this play utterly,  
For your own nobleness yet do not hiss !  
But, as you go by, say it was amiss,  
And we will mend : Chide us, but let it be  
Never in cold blood ! O' my honesty,  
(If I have any) this I'll say for all ;  
Our meaning was to please you still, and shall :





THE PROPHETESS.



Dio. \_\_\_\_\_ Upon my knees  
I thus receive you; and, so you vouchsafe it,  
This day I'm doubly married, to the empire,  
And your best self.

Delp. False and perfidious villain! Act II.



T H E

P R O P H E T E S S .

A TRAGICAL HISTORY.

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*The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Hills ascribe this Play solely to Fletcher. It was first printed in the folio of 1647. Mr. Seward, on the authority of Langbaine, says, it was revived by Dryden: But in this particular, we apprehend, they are both mistaken; as Downes, the prompter, in his Roscius Anglicanus, positively assigns the revival of it, and the alterations and additions made to it, to Betterton. The piece, thus altered, after the manner of an Opera, was represented at the Queen's Theatre, and printed in quarto, 1690. Purcell composed the musick, and Priest the dances: It appears to have been revived at a considerable expence, and has within a few years been performed at Covent-Garden Theatre.*

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Charinus, *emperor of Rome.*  
Cosroe, *king of Persia.*  
Diocles, *of a private soldier elected co-emperor.*  
Maximinian, *nephew to Diocles, and emperor by his donation.*  
Volutius Aper, *murderer of Numerianus, the late emperor.*  
Niger, *general of the Roman forces.*  
Camurius, *a captain, and creature of Aper.*  
Geta, *a jester, servant to Diocles, a merry knave.*  
Persian Lords.  
Senators.  
Soldiers.  
Guard.  
Suitors.  
Ambassadors.  
Lictors.  
Flamen.  
Shepherd.  
Countrymen.  
*Attendants.*

W O M E N.

Aurelia, *sister to Charinus.*  
Cassana, *sister to Cosroe, a captive, waiting on Aurelia.*  
Delphia, *a Prophetess.*  
Drusilla, *niece to Delphia, in love with Diocles.*

SCENE, R O M E.

T H E

P R O P H E T E S S .

A C T I . S C E N E I .

*Enter Charinus, Aurelia, and Niger.*

*Charinus.* **Y**OU buz into my head strange likelihoods,  
 And fill me full of doubts: But what proofs, Niger,  
 What certainties, that my most noble brother  
 Came to his end by murder? Tell me that;  
 Assure me by some circumstance.

*Niger.* I will, Sir;  
 And as I tell you truth, so the gods prosper me!  
 I've often nam'd this Aper.

*Char.* True, you have done;  
 And in mysterious senses I have heard you  
 Break out o' th' sudden, and abruptly.

*Niger.* True, Sir:  
 Fear of your unbelief, and the time's giddiness,  
 Made me I durst not then go further. So your Grace  
 please,  
 Out of your wonted goodness, to give credit<sup>1</sup>,  
 I shall unfold the wonder.

*Aur.* Do it boldly:  
 You shall have both our hearty loves and hearings.

<sup>1</sup> *Out of your wonted goodness to give credit.]* Symphon thinks it would be better to read,

————— to give ear to't.

*Niger.*

*Niger.* This Aper then, this too-much-honour'd  
villain,  
(For he deserves no mention of a good man)—  
Great Sir, give ear—this most ungrateful, spiteful,  
Above the memory of mankind mischievous,  
With his own bloody hands——

*Char.* Take heed!

*Niger.* I'm in, Sir ;  
And, if I make not good my story——

*Aur.* Forward!

I see a truth would break out : Be not fearful.

*Niger.* I say, this Aper, and his damn'd ambition,  
Cut off your brother's hopes, his life, and fortunes :  
The honour'd Numerianus fell by him,  
Fell basely, most untimely, and most treach'rously ;  
For in his litter, as he bore him company,  
Most privately and cunningly he kill'd him.  
Yet still he fills the faithful soldiers' ears  
With stories of his weakness ; of his life ;  
That he dare not venture to appear in open,  
And shew his warlike face among the soldiers,  
The tenderness and weakness of his eyes,  
Being not able to endure the sun yet :  
Slave that he is, he gives out this infirmity  
(Because he would dispatch his honour too)  
To arise from wantonness, and love of women ;  
And thus he juggles still.

*Aur.* Oh, most pernicious,  
Most bloody, and most base ! Alas, dear brother,  
Art thou accus'd, and after death thy memory  
Loaden with shames and lies ? those pious tears  
Thou daily shower'dst upon my father's monument,  
(When in the Persian expedition  
He fell unfortunately by a stroke of thunder)  
Made thy defame and sins ? those wept-out eyes,  
The fair examples of a noble nature,  
Those holy drops of love, turn'd by depravers  
(Malicious poison'd tongues) to thy abuses ?  
We must not suffer this.

*Char.*

*Char.* It shews a truth now :

And sure this Aper is not right nor honest,  
He will not now come near me.

*Niger.* No ; he dare not :

He has an inmate here, that's call'd a Conscience,  
Bids him keep off.

*Char.* My brother honour'd him,  
Made him first captain of his guard, his next friend ;  
Then to my mother (to assure him nearer)  
He made him husband.

*Niger.* And withal ambitious ;  
For when he trod so nigh, his false feet itch'd, Sir,  
To step into the state.

*Aur.* If you believe, brother,  
Aper a bloody knave, as 'tis apparent,  
Let's leave disputing, and do something noble.

*Char.* Sister, be rul'd. I am not yet so pow'ful  
To meet him in the field : H' has under him  
The flower of all the empire, and the strength,  
The Britain and the German cohorts ; pray you be  
patient.

*Niger,* how stands the foldier to him ?

*Niger.* In fear more, Sir,  
Than love or honour : He has lost their fair affections,  
By his most covetous and greedy griping.  
Are you desirous to do something on him,  
That all the world may know you lov'd your brother ?  
And do it safely too, without an army ?

*Char.* Most willingly.

*Niger.* Then send out a proscription,  
Send suddenly ; and to that man that executes it,  
(I mean that brings his head) add a fair payment,  
No common sum : Then you shall see, I fear not,  
Ev'n from his own camp, from those men that follow  
him,

Follow and flatter him, we shall find one,  
And, if he miss, one hundred, that will venture it.

*Aur.* For his reward, (it shall be so, dear brother,  
So far I'll honour him that kills the villain ;  
For so far runs my love to my dead brother)

Let him be what he will, base, old, or crooked,  
 He shall have me: Nay, which is more, I'll love him.  
 I will not be denied.

*Char.* You shall not, sister:  
 But you shall know, my love shall go along too.  
 See a proscription drawn; and for his recompense,  
 My sister, and half partner, in the empire;  
 And I will keep my word.

*Aur.* Now you do bravely.

*Niger.* And, tho' it cost my life, I'll see it publish'd.

*Char.* Away then, for the business.

*Niger.* I am gone, Sir:  
 You shall have all dispatch'd to-night.

*Char.* Be prosperous.

*Aur.* And let the villain fall.

*Niger.* Fear nothing, madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Delphia and Drusilla.*

*Drus.* 'Tis true, that Diocles is courteous,  
 And of a pleasant nature, sweet and temperate;  
 His cousin Maximinian, proud and bloody.

*Delph.* Yes, and mistrustful too, my girl: Take heed;  
 Altho' he seem to love thee, and affect,  
 Like the more courtier, curious compliment,  
 Yet have a care.

*Drus.* You know all my affection,  
 And all my heart-desires, are set on Diocles:  
 But, aunt, how coldly he requites this courtesy,  
 How dull and heavily he looks upon me!  
 Altho' I wooe him sometimes beyond modesty,  
 Beyond a virgin's care, how still he slights me!  
 And puts me still off with your prophecy,  
 And the performance of your late prediction,  
 That when he's emp'ror, then he'll marry me!  
 Alas, what hope of that?

*Delph.* Peace, and be patient;  
 For tho' he be now a man most miserable,  
 Of no rank, nor no badge of honour on him,

Bred low and poor, no eye of favour shining ;  
 And tho' my sure prediction of his rising,  
 Which can no more fail than the day or night does,  
 Nay, let him be asleep, will overtake him,  
 Hath found some rubs and stops, yet (hear me, niece,  
 And hear me with a faith) it shall come to him.  
 I'll tell thee the occasion.

*Druf.* Do, good aunt ;  
 For yet I'm ignorant.

*Delp.* Chiding him one day,  
 For being too near and sparing for a soldier<sup>2</sup> ;  
 Too griping, and too greedy, he made answer,  
 ' When I am Cæsar, then I will be liberal :'  
 I presently, inspir'd with holy fire,  
 And my prophetic spirit burning in me,  
 Gave answer from the gods ; and this it was :  
*Imperator eris Romæ, cum Aprum grandem interfeceris*<sup>3</sup> :  
 ' Thou shalt be emperor, oh, Diocles,  
 ' When thou hast kill'd a mighty boar.' From that time,  
 As giving credit to my words, he has employ'd  
 Much of his life in hunting : Many boars,  
 Hideous and fierce, with his own hands h' has kill'd too,  
 But yet not lighted on the fatal one,  
 Should raise him to the empire. Be not sad, niece ;  
 Ere long he shall. Come ; let's go entertain him :  
 For by this time, I guess, he comes from hunting :  
 And, by my art, I find this very instant  
 Some great design's o'foot.

*Druf.* The gods give good, aunt ! [Exeunt.]

<sup>2</sup> This whole speech, is almost a translation from Vopiscus.

*Sympson.*

<sup>3</sup> I could wish this *splendidus pannus*, this Latin piece of patch-work, was not to be found in the oldest edition : It might very well have been spared, and the Author's learning have suffered no detriment.

*Sympson.*

-Never was a more injudicious censure, than this of Mr. Sympson upon the above Latin line ; it being absolutely necessary, to preserve the pun (for so it must be called) upon the name of *Aper*, for the prediction to be delivered in that language : But perhaps Mr. Sympson would have had the traitor's name Anglicised, and have called him *Velutius BOAR*.

## SCENE III.

*Enter Diocles, Maximinian, and Geta with a boar.*

*Dio.* Lay down the boar.

*Geta.* With all my heart; I'm weary on't:  
I shall turn Jew, if I carry many such burdens.  
Do you think, master, to be emperor  
With killing swine? You may be an honest butcher,  
Or allied to a seemly family of fouse-wives.  
Can you be such an ass, my reverend master,  
To think these springs of pork will shoot up Cæsars?

*Maxi.* The fool says true.

*Dio.* Come, leave your fooling, sirrah,  
And think of what thou shalt be when I'm emperor.

*Geta.* 'Would it would come with thinking! for then  
O' my conscience I should be at least a senator.

*Maxi.* A fowter;  
For that's a place more fitted to thy nature,  
If there could be such an expectation.  
Or, say the devil could perform this wonder,  
Can such a rascal as thou art hope for honour?  
Such a log-carrying lout?

*Geta.* Yes; and bear it too,  
And bear it swimmingly. I'm not the first ass, Sir,  
Has borne good office, and perform'd it reverently.

*Dio.* Thou being the son of a tiler, canst thou hope  
to be a senator?

*Geta.* Thou being the son of a tanner, canst thou hope  
to be an emperor?

*Dio.* Thou say'st true, Geta; there's a stop indeed:  
But yet the bold and virtuous——

*Geta.* You're right, master,  
Right as a gun! For we, the virtuous,  
Tho' we be kennel-rakers, scabs, and scoundrels,  
We, the discreet and bold—And yet, now I remem-  
ber it,

We tilers may deserve to be senators,  
(And there we step before you thick-skin'd tanners)

For



For we are born three stories high ; no base ones,  
None of your groundlings, master.

*Dio.* I like thee well ;

Thou hast a good mind, as I have, to this honour<sup>4</sup>.

*Geta.* As good a mind, Sir, of a simple plaisterer :  
And, when I come to execute my office,  
Then you shall see——

*Maxi.* What ?

*Geta.* An officer in fury,  
An officer as he ought to be. Do you laugh at it ?  
Is a senator, in hope, worth no more reverence ?  
By these hands, I'll clap you by th' heels the first hour  
of it !

*Maxi.* O' my conscience, the fellow believes !

*Dio.* Ay, do, do, Geta ;

For if I once be emperor——

*Geta.* Then will I

(For wise men must be had to prop the republick)  
Not bate you a single ace of a sound senator.

*Dio.* But what shall we do the whilst ?

*Geta.* Kill swine, and souse 'em,  
And eat 'em when we've bread.

*Maxi.* Why didst thou run away  
When the boar made toward thee ? art thou not valiant ?

*Geta.* No, indeed am I not ; and 'tis for mine honour  
too :

I took a tree, 'tis true, gave way to th' monster ;  
Hark what Discretion says : ' Let fury pass ;  
' From the tooth of a mad beast, and the tongue of  
a slanderer<sup>5</sup>,  
' Preserve thine honour.'

<sup>4</sup> *Thou hast a good mind.* ] Betterton, in his alteration of this play, reads,

*Thou hast as good a mind as I have, &c.*

Symphon follows him, but claims the merit of the variation.

<sup>5</sup> *Thine honour.* ] *To preserve thy honour from the tooth of a mad beast,* is scarcely sense. The deficiency of the verse gives room to suspect that something is dropt. I read,

—— *of a mad beast, and the tongue of*

*A slanderer preserve thee (or thyself) and honour.*

*Seward.*

*Dio.* He talks like a full senator.

Go, take it up, and carry't in. 'Tis a huge one;  
We never kill'd so large a swine; so fierce too,  
I never met with yet.

*Maxi.* Take heed! it stirs again.

How nimbly the rogue runs up! he climbs like a  
squirrel.

*Dio.* Come down, you dunce! Is it not dead?

*Geta.* I know not.

*Dio.* His throat is cut, and his bowels out.

*Geta.* That's all one.

I'm sure his teeth are in; and, for any thing I know,  
He may have pigs of his own nature in's belly.

*Dio.* Come, take him up, I say, and see him dress'd;  
He's fat, and will be lusty meat; away with him,  
And get some of him ready for our dinner.

*Geta.* Shall he be roasted whole,  
And serv'd up in a souce-tub? a portly service!  
I'll run i' th' wheel myself.

*Maxi.* Sirrah, leave your prating,  
And get some piece of him ready presently;  
We're weary both, and hungry.

*Geta.* I'll about it.

What an inundation of brewis shall I swim in! [*Exit.*]

*Dio.* Thou'rt ever dull and melancholy, cousin,  
Distrustful of my hopes.

*Maxi.* Why, can you blame me?

Do men give credit to a juggler?

*Dio.* Thou know'st she is a Prophetess.

*Maxi.* A small one,

And as small profit to be hop'd for by her.

*Dio.* Thou art the strangest man! How doesthy hurt?  
The boar came near you, Sir.

*Maxi.* A scratch, a scratch.

*Dio.* It aches and troubles thee, and that makes thee  
angry.

*Maxi.* Not at the pain, but at the practice, uncle,  
The butcherly base custom of our lives now:  
Had a brave enemy's sword drawn so much from me,

Or

Or danger met me in the head o'th' army,  
 T'have blush'd thus in my blood had been mine honour;  
 But to live base, like swine-herds, and believe too!  
 To be fool'd out with tales, and old wives' dreams,  
 Dreams when they're drunk!

*Dio.* Certain, you much mistake her.

*Maxi.* Mistake her? hang her! To be made her  
 purveyors,

To feed her old chaps, to provide her daily,  
 And bring in feasts, whilst she sits farting at us,  
 And blowing out her Prophecies at both ends!

*Dio.* Prithee be wise: Dost thou think, Maximinian,  
 So great a rev'rence, and so staid a knowledge—

*Maxi.* Sur-rev'rence, you would say! What truth?  
 what knowledge?

What any thing, but eating, is good in her?  
 'Twould make a fool prophesy, to be fed continually.  
 What do you get? Your labour and your danger,  
 Whilst she sits bathing in her larded fury.  
 Inspir'd with full deep cups, who cannot prophesy?  
 A tinker, out of ale, will give predictions;  
 But who believes?

*Dio.* She is a holy druid,  
 A woman noted for that faith, that piety,  
 Belov'd of Heav'n.

*Maxi.* Heav'n knows, I don't believe it.  
 Indeed, I must confess, they're excellent jugglers;  
 Their age upon some fools too flings a confidence:  
 But what grounds have they, what elements to work on?  
 Shew me but that! the sieve and sheers; a learn'd one.  
 I have no patience to dispute this question,  
 'Tis so ridiculous! I think the devil does help 'em;  
 Or rather, mark me well, abuse 'em, uncle:  
 For they're as fit to deal with him, these old women,  
 They are as jump and squar'd out to his nature—

*Dio.* Thou hast a perfect malice.

*Maxi.* So I would have  
 Against these purblind prophets; for, look ye, Sir,  
 Old women will lie monstrously, so will the devil,

(Or else h'has had much wrong, upon my knowledge);  
 Old women are malicious, so is he;  
 They're proud, and covetous, revengeful, lech'rous,  
 All which are excellent attributes o'th' devil:  
 They would at least seem holy, so would he;  
 And, to veil o'er these villainies, they'd prophesy;  
 He gives them leave now and then to use their cunninges,  
 Which is to kill a cow, or blast a harvest,  
 Make young pigs pipe themselves to death, choke  
 poultry,

And chase a dairy-wench into a fever  
 With pumping for her butter:  
 But when he makes these agents to raise emperors,  
 When he disposes Fortune as his servant,  
 And ties her to old wives' tales——

*Dio.* Go thy ways;

Thou art a learned scholar, against credit.  
 You hear the prophecy.

*Maxi.* Yes; and I laugh at it,  
 And so will any man can tell but twenty,  
 That is not blind, as you are blind, and ignorant.  
 D' you think she knows your fortune?

*Dio.* I do think it.

*Maxi.* I know she has the name of a rare soothsayer;  
 But do you in your conscience believe her holy?  
 Inspir'd with such prophetic fire?

*Dio.* Yes, in my conscience.

*Maxi.* And that you must, upon necessity,  
 From her words, be a Cæsar?

*Dio.* If I live——

*Maxi.* There's one stop yet.

*Dio.* And follow her directions.

*Maxi.* But do not juggle with me.

*Dio.* In faith, cousin,

So full a truth hangs ever on her prophecies,  
 That how I should think otherwise——

*Maxi.* Very well, Sir;

You then believe (for methinks 'tis most necessary)  
 She knows her own fate?

*Dio.*

*Dio.* I believe it certain.

*Maxi.* Dare you but be so wise to let me try it?  
For I stand doubtful.

*Dio.* How?

*Maxi.* Come nearer to me,  
Because her cunning devil shall not prevent me;  
Close, close, and hear.—If she can turn this destiny,  
I'll be of your faith too. [*Whispers Diocles.*]

*Dio.* Forward; I fear not;  
For if she knows not this, sure she knows nothing.

*Enter Delphia.*

I am so confident——

*Maxi.* Faith, so am I too,  
That I shall make her devil's sides hum.

*Dio.* She comes here;  
Go take your stand.

*Maxi.* Now holy<sup>6</sup>, or you howl for't! [*Retires.*]

*Dio.* 'Tis pity this young man should be so stubborn:  
Valiant he is, and to his valour temperate,  
Only distrustful of delays in fortune;  
I love him dearly well.

*Delp.* Now, my son Diocles,  
Are you not weary of your game to-day?  
And are you well?

*Dio.* Yes, mother, well and lusty;  
Only you make me hunt for empty shadows.

*Delp.* You must have patience: Rome was not  
built in one day;

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<sup>6</sup> *Now holly, &c.*] I read *hallow ye*.—Maximinian did not believe Delphia had any divinity about her, and therefore when designing to shoot at her, should seem to say, *now hallow you*, i. e. render yourself *holy*, or, *you howl for it*. As to the old reading, I have no idea of it at all; and what I purpose will read in the verse as two syllables only.

*Seward.*

The whole conversation respecting Delphia turns upon the question, Whether she is really *holy*, or only pretends to be so: Maximinian's meaning, therefore, seems to us to be, 'Now [YOU MUST BE] *holy*, or you howl for't;' and then presents an arrow,

Betterton's alteration gives the line thus:

'Now shew your holiness, or you howl for't, beldame!

And

And he that hopes, must give his hopes their currents.  
You've kill'd a mighty boar.

*Dio.* But I'm no emperor.

Why do you fool me thus, and make me follow  
Your flattering expectation hour by hour?  
Rise early, and sleep late? to feed your appetites,  
Forget my trade, my arms? forsake mine honour?  
Labour and sweat to arrive at a base memory?  
Oppose myself to hazards of all sorts,  
Only to win the barb'rous name of Butcher?

*Delp.* Son, you are wise.

*Dio.* But you are cunning, mother;  
And with that cunning<sup>7</sup>, and the faith I give you,  
You lead me blindly to no end, no honour.  
You find you're daily fed, you take no labour,  
Your family at ease, they know no market;  
And therefore, to maintain this, you speak darkly,  
As darkly still you nourish it; whilst I  
(Being a credulous and obsequious coxcomb)  
Hunt daily, and sweat hourly; to find out  
To clear your mystery, kill boar on boar,  
And make your spits and pots bow with my bounties:  
Yet I still poorer, further still——

*Delp.* Be provident,  
And tempt not the gods' dooms; stop not the glory.  
They're ready to fix on you; you're a fool then:  
Chearful and grateful takers the gods love,  
And such as wait their pleasures with full hopes;  
The doubtful and distrustful man Heav'n frowns at.  
What I have told you by my inspiration,  
I tell you once again, must and shall find you.

*Dio.* But when? or how?

*Delp.* *Cum Aprum interfeceris.*

*Dio.* I have kill'd many.

*Delp.* Not the Boar they point you;  
Nor must I reveal further, 'till you clear it:  
The lots of glorious men are wrapt in mysteries,

<sup>7</sup> *And with that cannon* ] The amendment in the text was made by Betterton, but is claimed by Symphon.

And so deliver'd; common and slight creatures,  
That have their ends as open as their actions,  
Easy and open fortunes follow.

*Maxi.* [*coming forward.*] I shall try  
How deep your inspiration lies hid in you,  
And whether your brave spirit have a buckler  
To keep this arrow off; I'll make you smoke else.

*Dio.* Knowing my fortune so precisely, punctually,  
And that it must fall without contradiction,  
Being a stranger, of no tie unto you,  
Methinks you should be studied in your own;  
In your own destiny, methinks, most perfect:  
And every hour, and every minute, mother,  
(So great a care should Heav'n have of her ministers)  
Methinks your fortunes both ways should appear to you,  
Both to avoid, and take. Can the stars now,  
And all those influences you receive into you,  
Or secret inspirations you make show of,  
If an hard fortune hung, and were now ready  
To pour itself upon your life, deliver you?  
Can they now say, 'Take heed?'

*Delp.* Ha? Pray you come hither.

*Maxi.* I would know that: I fear your devil will  
cozen you;

And, stand as close as you can, I shall be with you.

*Delp.* I find a present ill.

*Dio.* How?

*Delp.* But I scorn it.

*Maxi.* Do you so? do you so?

*Delp.* Yes, and laugh at it, Diocles.

Is it not strange, these wild and foolish men  
Should dare to oppose the power of destiny?  
That power the gods shake at? Look yonder, son.

*Maxi.* Have you spied me? then have at you!

*Delp.* Do; shoot boldly!

Hit me, and spare not, if thou canst.

*Dio.* Shoot, cousin.

*Maxi.* I cannot; mine arm's dead; I have no feeling!  
Or, if I could shoot, so strong is her arm'd virtue,

She'd

She'd catch the arrow flying.

*Delp.* Poor doubtful people!

I pity your weak faiths.

*Dio.* Your mercy, mother!

And, from this hour, a deity I crown you.

*Delp.* No more of that.

*Maxi.* Oh, let my prayers prevail too!

Here like a tree I dwell else: Free me, mother,

And, greater than great fortune, I'll adore thee!

*Delp.* Be free again, and have more pure thoughts  
in you.

*Dio.* Now I believe your words most constantly;  
And when I have that power you've promis'd to me—

*Delp.* Remember then your vow: My niece Drusilla,  
I mean, to marry her, and then you prosper.

*Dio.* I shall forget my life else.

*Delp.* I am a poor weak woman; to me no worship.

*Enter Niger, Geta, and soldiers.*

*Geta.* And shall he have as you say, that kills this  
Aper?

*Delp.* Now mark, and understand.

*Niger.* The proscription's up,  
I' th' market-place 'tis up; there you may read it:  
He shall have half the empire.

*Geta.* A pretty farm, i'faith.

*Niger.* And th' emperor's sister, bright Aurelia,  
Her to his wife.

*Geta.* You say well, friend: But, hark you;  
Who shall do this?

*Niger.* You, if you dare.

*Geta.* I think so:

Yet, I could poison him in a pot of perry;  
He loves that veng'ancely. But when I have done this,  
May I lie with the gentlewoman?

*Niger.* Lie with her? what else, man?

*Geta.* Yes, man;

I have known a man married that never lay with his  
wife:

Those



Those dancing-days are done.

*Niger.* These are old soldiers,  
And poor, it seems. I'll try their appetites.  
'Save ye, brave soldiers!

*Maxi.* Sir, you talk'd of proscriptions?

*Niger.* 'Tis true; there is one set up from the emperor,  
Against Volutius Aper.

*Dio.* Aper?

*Delp.* Now!

Now have you found the Boar?

*Dio.* I have the meaning;  
And, blessed mother——

*Niger.* He has scorn'd his master,  
And bloodily cut off by treachery  
The noble brother to him.

*Dio.* He lives here, Sir,  
Sickly and weak.

*Niger.* Did you see him?

*Maxi.* No.

*Niger.* He's murder'd;  
So you shall find it mention'd from the emperor,  
And, honest faithful soldiers, but believe it;  
For, by the Gods, you'll find it so; he's murder'd!  
The manner how, read in the large proscription.

*Delp.* It is most true, son, and he cozens you;  
Aper's a villain false.

*Dio.* I thank you, mother,  
And dare believe you. Hark you, Sir! the recompense  
As you related——

*Niger.* Is as firm as faith, Sir,  
Bring him alive or dead.

*Maxi.* You took a fit time,  
The general being out o' th' town; for tho' we love him  
not,

Yet, had he known this first, you had paid for't dearly.

*Dio.* 'Tis Niger; now I know him; honest Niger,  
A true sound man; and I believe him constantly.  
Your business may be done, make no great hurry  
For your own safety.

*Niger.*

*Niger.* No; I'm gone, I thank you. [Exit.

*Dio.* Pray, Maximinian, pray.

*Maxi.* I'll pray and work too.

*Dio.* I'll to the market-place, and read the offer;  
And, now I've found the Boar——

*Delp.* Find your own faith too,  
And remember what you have vow'd.

*Dio.* Oh, mother!——

*Delp.* Prosper.

*Geta.* If my master and I do this, there's two emperors,  
And what a show will that make! how we shall bounce  
it! [Exeunt.

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter Drusilla and Delphia.*

*Drus.* LEAVE us, and not vouchsafe a parting kiss  
To her, that in his hopes of greatness lives,  
And goes along with him in all his dangers?

*Delph.* I grant 'twas most inhuman.

*Drus.* Oh, you give it  
Too mild a name! 'twas more than barbarous!  
And you a partner in it.

*Delph.* I, Drusilla?

*Drus.* Yes; you have blown his swollen pride to that  
vastness,

As he believes the earth is in his fathom;  
This makes him quite forget his humble being:  
And can I hope that he, that only fed  
With the imagin'd food of future empire,  
Disdains ev'n those that gave him means, and life,  
To nourish such desires, when he's possess'd  
Of his ambitious ends (which must fall on him,  
Or your predictions are false) will ever  
Descend to look on me?

*Delph.* Were his intents

Perfidious

Perfidious as the seas or winds; his heart  
 Compos'd of falshood; yet the benefit,  
 The greatness of the good he has from you,  
 (For what I have conferr'd is thine, Drufilla)  
 Must make him firm and thankful: But if all  
 Remembrance of the debts he stands engag'd for,  
 Find a quick grave in his ingratitude,  
 My powerful art, that guides him to this height,  
 Shall make him curse the hour he e'er was rais'd,  
 Or sink him to the centre.

*Druf.* I had rather

Your art could force him to return that ardour  
 To me, I bear to him; or give me power  
 To moderate my passions: Yet I know not;  
 I should repent your grant, tho' you had sign'd it  
 (So well I find he's worthy of all service).  
 But to believe that any check to him  
 In his main hopes, could yield content to me,  
 Were treason to true love, that knows no pleasure,  
 The object that it doats on ill affected!

*Delp.* Pretty simplicity! I love thee for't,  
 And will not sit an idle looker-on,  
 And see it cozen'd. Dry thy innocent eyes,  
 And cast off jealous fears, (yet promises  
 Are but lip-comforts) and but fancy aught  
 That's possible in nature, or in art,  
 That may advance thy comfort, and be bold  
 To tell thy soul 'tis thine; therefore speak freely.

*Druf.* You new-create me! To conceal from you  
 My virgin fondness, were to hide my sickness  
 From my physician. Oh, dear aunt, I languish  
 For want of Diocles' sight: He is the sun  
 That keeps my blood in a perpetual spring;  
 But, in his absence, cold benumbing winter  
 Seizes on all my faculties. Would you bind me  
 (That am your slave already) in more fetters,  
 And, in the place of service, to adore you?  
 Oh, bear me then (but 'tis impossible,  
 I fear, to be effected) where I may

See how my Diocles breaks thro' his dangers,  
 And in what heaps his honours flow upon him,  
 That I may meet him in the height and pride  
 Of all his glories, and there (as your gift)  
 Challenge him as mine own.

*Delp.* Enjoy thy wishes :

This is an easy boon, which, at thy years,  
 I could have giv'n to any ; but now grown  
 Perfect in all the hidden mysteries  
 Of that inimitable art, which makes us  
 Equal ev'n to the gods, and nature's wonders,  
 It shall be done as fits my skill and glory :  
 To break thro' bolts and locks, a scholar's prize  
 For thieves and pick-locks ! to pass thro' an army,  
 Cover'd with night, or some disguise, the practice  
 Of poor and needy spies ! No, my Drusilla,  
 From Ceres I will force her winged dragons,  
 And in the air hang over the tribunal,  
 The music of the spheres attending on us.  
 There, as his good star, thou shalt shine upon him,  
 If he prove true, and as his angel guard him :  
 But if he dare be false, I, in a moment,  
 Will put that glorious light out, with such horror  
 As if th' eternal night had seiz'd the sun,  
 Or all things were return'd to the first chaos,  
 And then appear like furies.

*Drus.* I will do

Whate'er you shall command.

*Delp.* Rest then assur'd,

I am the mistress of my art, and fear not.

[*Soft musick.* *Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Aper, Camurius, Guard, a litter covered.*

*Aper.* Your care of your sick emp'ror, fellow-foldiers,  
 In colours to the life doth shew your love,  
 And zealous duty : Oh, continue in it !  
 And tho' I know you long to see and hear him,  
 Impute

Impute it not to pride, or melancholy,  
 That keeps you from your wishes; such state-vices  
 (Too, too familiar with great princes) are  
 Strangers to all the actions of the life  
 Of good Numerianus. Let your patience  
 Be the physician to his wounded eyes,  
 (Wounded with pious sorrow for his father)  
 Which time and your strong patience will recover,  
 Provided it prove constant. *[Goes to the litter.]*

*1 Guard.* If he counterfeit,  
 I will hereafter trust a prodigal heir,  
 When he weeps at his father's funeral.

*2 Guard.* Or a young widow, following a bed-rid  
 husband  
 (After a three-years' groaning) to the fire.

*3 Guard.* Note his humility, and with what soft  
 murmurs  
 He does enquire his pleasures.

*1 Guard.* And how soon  
 He is instructed.

*2 Guard.* How he bows again too.

*Aper.* All your commands, dread Cæsar, I'll impart  
 To your most ready soldier, to obey them;  
 So, take your rest in peace.—It is the pleasure

*[Turning from the litter to the Guards.]*

Of mighty Cæsar (his thanks still remember'd  
 For your long patience, which a donative,  
 Fitting his state to give, shall quickly follow)  
 That you continue a strict guard upon  
 His sacred person, and admit no stranger  
 Of any other legion to come near him;  
 You being most trusted by him. I receive  
 Your answer in your silence.—Now, Camurius,  
 Speak without flatt'ry: Hath thy Aper acted  
 This passion to the life?

*Cam.* I would applaud him,  
 Were he saluted Cæsar: But I fear  
 These long-protracted counsels will undo us;  
 And 'tis beyond my reason, he being dead,

You should conceal yourself, or hope it can  
Continue undiscover'd.

*Aper.* That I've kill'd him,  
Yet feed these ignorant fools with hopes he lives,  
Has a main end in't. The Pannonian cohorts  
(That are my own, and sure) are not come up;  
The German legions waver; and Charinus,  
Brother to this dead dog, (hell's plagues on Niger!)  
Is jealous of the murder, and, I hear,  
Is marching up against me. 'Tis not safe,  
'Till I have power to justify the act,  
To shew myself the author: Be therefore careful  
For an hour or two (till I have fully sounded  
How the tribunes and centurions stand affected)  
That none come near the litter. If I find them  
Firm on my part, I dare profess myself;  
And then, live *Aper's* equal!

*Cam.* Does not the body  
Begin to putrify?

*Aper.* That exacts my haste:  
When, but ev'n now, I feign'd obedience to it,  
As I had some great business to impart,  
The scent had almost choak'd me; be therefore  
curious<sup>7</sup>,  
All keep at distance. [*Exit.*

*Cam.* I am taught my parts;  
Haste you, to perfect yours.

*Guard.* I'd rather meet  
An enemy i' th' field, than stand thus nodding  
Like to a rug-gown'd watchman.

*Enter Diocles, Maximinian, and Geta.*

*Maxi.* The watch at noon<sup>8</sup>?  
This is a new device.

*Cam.* Stand!

<sup>7</sup> *Curious.*] *i. e.* Cautious.

<sup>8</sup> *Geta.* *The watch at noon?*] The old books give this speech to *Geta*, whom we thought the most unlikely person on the stage to make the remark, before we consulted *Betterton's* edition, which we have followed, in giving it to *Maximinian*.

*Symphon.*

*Dio.* I am arm'd  
Against all danger.

*Maxi.* If I fear to follow,  
A coward's name pursue me!

*Dio.* Now, my fate,  
Guide and direct me!

*Cam.* You are rude and saucy,  
With your forbidden feet to touch this ground,  
Sacred to Cæsar only, and to these  
That do attend his person! Speak, what are you?

*Dio.* What thou, nor any of thy faction are,  
Nor ever were; soldiers, and honest men.

*Cam.* So blunt?

*Geta.* Nay, you shall find he's good at the sharp too.

*Dio.* No instruments of craft, engines of murder,  
That serve the emperor only with oil'd tongues,  
Sooth and applaud his vices, play the bawds  
To all his appetites; and when you've wrought  
So far upon his weakness, that he's grown  
Odious to the subject and himself,  
And can no further help your wicked ends,  
You rid him out o' th' way.

*Cam.* Treason!

*Dio.* 'Tis truth,  
And I will make it good.

*Cam.* Lay hands upon 'em;  
Or kill them suddenly!

*Geta.* I am out at that;  
I do not like the sport.

*Dio.* What's he that is  
Owner of any virtue worth a Roman,  
Or does retain the mem'ry of the oath  
He made to Cæsar, that dares lift his sword  
Against the man that (careless of his life)  
Comes to discover such a horrid treason,  
As, when you hear't, and understand how long  
You've been abus'd, will run you mad with fury?  
I am no stranger, but (like you) a soldier;  
Train'd up one from my youth: And there are some

With whom I've serv'd, and (not to praise myself)  
Must needs confess they have seen Diocles,  
In the late Britain wars, both dare and do  
Beyond a common man.

1 *Guard.* Diocles?

2 *Guard.* I know him;  
The bravest soldier of the empire.

*Cam.* Stand!

If thou advance an inch, thou'rt dead.

*Dio.* Die thou, [*Kills Camurius.*]

That durst oppose thyself against a truth  
That will break out, tho' mountains cover it!

*Geta.* I fear this is a sucking pig, no boar,  
He falls so easy.

*Dio.* Hear me, fellow soldiers;  
And if I make it not apparent to you  
This is an act of justice, and no murder,  
Cut me in pieces. I'll disperse the cloud  
That hath so long obscur'd a bloody act  
Ne'er equal'd yet. You all know with what favours  
The good Numerianus ever grac'd  
The provost Aper?

*Guard.* True.

*Dio.* And that those bounties  
Should have contain'd him (if he e'er had learn'd  
The elements of honesty and truth)  
In loyal duty: But Ambition never  
Looks backward on Desert, but with blind haste  
Boldly runs on: But I lose time. You're here  
Commanded by this Aper to attend  
The emp'ror's person, to admit no stranger  
To have access to him, or come near his litter,  
Under pretence, forsooth, his eyes are sore,  
And his mind troubled: No, my friends, you're cozen'd;  
The good Numerianus now is past  
The sense of wrong or injury.

*Guard.* How! dead?

*Dio.* Let your own eyes inform you. [*Opens the litter.*]

*Geta.* An emperor's cabinet?

Fough!



Fough! I have known a charnel-house smell sweeter.  
If emperor's flesh have this favour, what will mine do,  
When I am rotten?

1 *Guard.* Most unheard-of villainy!

2 *Guard.* And with all cruelty to be reveng'd.

3 *Guard.* Who is the murderer? Name him, that  
we may

Punish it in his family.

*Dio.* Who but Aper?

The barbarous and most ingrateful Aper?

His desperate poniard printed on his breast  
This deadly wound. Hate to vow'd enemies  
Finds a full satisfaction in death,

And tyrants seek no further: He, a subject,

And bound by all the ties of love and duty,

Ended not so; but does deny his prince

(Whose ghost, forbid a passage to his rest,  
Mourns by the Stygian shore) his funeral-rites.

Nay, weep not; let your loves speak in your anger;

And, to confirm you gave no suffrage to

The damned plot, lend me your helping hands

To wreak the parricide; and if you find

That there is worth in Diocles to deserve it,

Make him your leader.

*Guard.* A Diocles, a Diocles!

*Dio.* We'll force him from his guards.—And now,  
my stars,

If you have any good for me in store,

Shew it, when I have slain this fatal Boar! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Delphia and Drusilla, in a throne drawn by dragons.*

*Delp.* Fix here, and rest awhile your sail-stretch'd  
wings?

<sup>9</sup> *Sail stretched wings.*] I can't forbear transcribing a stanza [out of our inimitable Spenser, which whether our poets had in their eye or no here, the reader must judge. B. i. C. xi. Stan. 10.

• His flabby wings when forth he did display,

• Were like two sails, in which the hollow wind

That have out-stript the winds. The eye of Heav'n  
Durst not behold your speed, but hid itself  
Behind the grossest clouds; and the pale moon  
Pluck'd in her silver horns, trembling for fear  
That my strong spells should force her from her sphere:  
Such is the power of art.

*Druf.* Good aunt, where are we?

*Delp.* Look down, Drusilla, on these lofty towers,  
These spacious streets, where every private house  
Appears a palace to receive a king:  
The site, the wealth, the beauty of the place,  
Will soon inform thee 'tis imperious Rome,  
Rome, the great mistress of the conquer'd world.

*Druf.* But, without Diocles, it is to me  
Like any wilderness we have pass'd o'er:  
Shall I not see him?

*Delp.* Yes, and in full glory,  
And glut thy greedy eyes with looking on  
His prosperous success. Contain thyself;  
For tho' all things beneath us are transparent,  
The sharpest-sighted (were he eagle-ey'd)  
Cannot discover us. Nor will we hang  
Idle spectators to behold his triumph;

*Enter Diocles, Maximinian, Geta, Guard, Aper, Senators,  
Officers, with litter.*

But, when occasion shall present itself,  
Do something to add to it. See, he comes.

*Druf.* How god-like he appears! With such a grace,  
The giants that attempted to scale Heaven,  
When they lay dead on the Phlegrean plain,  
Mars did appear to Jove.

*Delp.* Forbear.

- 
- Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
  - And eke the pens that did his pinions bind,
  - Were like main-yards, with flying canvas lin'd;
  - With which, when as him list the air to beat,
  - And there by force unwonted passage find,
  - The clouds before him fled for terror great,
  - And all the heavens stood full amazed with his threat.' *Symphon.*  
*Dio.*

*Dio.* Look on this,

And when with horror thou hast view'd thy deed,  
Thy most accursed deed, be thine own judge,  
And see (thy guilt consider'd) if thou canst  
Persuade thyself, whom thou standst bound to hate,  
To hope or plead for mercy.

*Aper.* I confess

My life's a burden to me.

*Dio.* Thou art like thy name,

A cruel Boar, whose snout hath rooted up  
The fruitful vineyard of the commonwealth.  
I long have hunted for thee; and since now  
Thou'rt in the toil, it is in vain to hope  
Thou ever shalt break out. Thou dost deserve  
The hangman's hook, or to be punished  
*More majorum*, whipt with rods to death,  
Or any way that were more terrible:

Yet, since my future fate depends upon thee,  
Thus to fulfil great Delphia's prophecy,  
*Aper* (thou fatal Boar) receive the honour [*Kills Aper.*  
To fall by Diocles' hand!—Shine clear, my stars,  
That usher'd me to taste this common air,  
In my entrance to the world, and give applause  
To this great work!

*Delp.* Strike musick from the spheres! [*Musick.*

*Drus.* Oh, now you honour me!

*Dio.* Ha! in the air?

*All.* Miraculous!

*Maxi.* This shews the gods approve  
The person, and the act. Then if the senate  
(For in their eyes I read the soldiers' love)  
Think Diocles worthy to supply the place  
Of dead Numerianus, as he stands  
His heir in his revenge, with one consent  
Salute him emperor.

*Sen.* Long live Diocles!

Augustus, *Pater Patriæ*, and all titles  
That are peculiar only to the Cæsars,  
We gladly throw upon him.

*Guard.* We confirm it,  
And will defend his honour with our swords  
Against the world. Raise him to the tribunal.

*1 Sen.* Fetch the imperial robes; and, as a sign  
We give him absolute power of life and death,  
Bind this sword to his side.

*2 Sen.* Omit no ceremony  
That may be for his honour.

[*Song.*]

*Maxi.* Still the gods  
Express that they are pleas'd with this election.

*Geta.* My master is an emper'or, and I feel  
A senator's itch upon me: 'Would I could hire  
These fine invisible fiddlers to play to me  
At my instalment.

*Dio.* I embrace your loves,  
And hope the honours that you heap upon me  
Shall be with strength supported: It shall be  
My study to appear another Atlas,  
To stand firm underneath this heav'n of empire,  
And bear it boldly. I desire no titles,  
But as I shall deserve 'em. I will keep  
The name I had, being a private man,  
Only with some small difference; I will add  
To Diocles but two short syllables<sup>10</sup>,  
And be call'd Dioclesianus.

*Geta.* That is fine!  
I'll follow the fashion; and, when I'm a senator,  
I will be no more plain Geta, but be call'd  
Lord Getianus.

<sup>10</sup> — but two short syllables.

[*And be call'd Dioclesianus.*] Thus run all the copies ancient and modern: It was doubtless for want of attention in our Authors, or their editors, that this passage has come down to us so incorrect: For if we must read *two short syllables*, what must we do with *Dioclesianus*, which is certainly an addition of three? And if we read *Dioclesian*, which is much more agreeable to the measure, we shall be embarrassed with that unlucky addition of *Geta*, to be called *Getianus*. I am, however, upon the whole, for reading *Dioclesian*, because the verse will run better, and because he is called so through the rest of the play.

Symphon.

Drus.

*Druf.* He ne'er thinks of me,  
Nor of your favour.

*Enter Niger.*

*Delp.* If he dares prove false,  
These glories shall be to him as a dream,  
Or an enchanted banquet.

*Niger.* From Charinus,  
From great Charinus, who with joy hath heard  
Of your proceedings, and confirms your honours:  
He, with his beauteous sister, fair Aurelia,  
Are come in person, like themselves attended,  
To gratulate your fortune. [*Loud musick.*]

*Enter Charinus, Aurelia, and attendants.*

*Dio.* For thy news,  
Be thou in France pro-consul.—Let us meet  
The emperor with all honour, and embrace him.

*Druf.* Oh, aunt, I fear this princess doth eclipse  
The opinion of my beauty, tho' I were  
Myself to be the judge!

*Delp.* Rely on me.

*Char.* 'Tis virtue, and not birth, that makes us noble:  
Great actions speak great minds, and such should govern;  
And you are grac'd with both. Thus, as a brother,  
A fellow, and co-partner in the empire,  
I do embrace you: May we live so far  
From difference, or emulous competition,  
That all the world may say, altho' two bodies,  
We have one mind!

*Aur.* When I look on the trunk  
Of dear Numerianus, I should wash  
His wounds with tears, and pay a sister's sorrow  
To his sad fate; but since he lives again  
In your most brave revenge, I bow to you,  
As to a power that gave him second life,  
And will make good my promise. If you find  
That there is worth in me that may deserve you,  
And that in being your wife, I shall not bring

Disquiet

Disquiet and dishonour to your bed,  
 (Altho' my youth and fortune should require  
 Both to be sued and fought to) here I yield  
 Myself at your devotion.

*Dio.* Oh, you gods,  
 Teach me how to be thankful! You have pour'd  
 All blessings on me, that ambitious man  
 Could ever fancy: 'Till this happy minute  
 I ne'er saw beauty, or believ'd there could be  
 Perfection in a woman! I shall live  
 To serve and honour you. Upon my knees  
 I thus receive you; and, so you vouchsafe it,  
 This day I'm doubly married, to the empire,  
 And your best self.

*Delp.* False and perfidious villain!

*Druf.* Let me fall headlong on him! Oh, my stars!  
 This I foresaw and fear'd.

*Cbar.* Call forth a Flamen.  
 This knot shall now be tied.

*Delp.* But I will loose it,  
 If art or hell have any strength. [*Thunder and lightning.*]

*Enter a Flamen.*

*Cbar.* Prodigious!

*Maxi.* How soon the day's o'ercast!

*Flamen.* The signs are fatal;  
 Juno smiles not upon this match, and shews too  
 She has her thunder.

*Dio.* Can there be a stop  
 In my full fortune?

*Cbar.* We're too violent,  
 And I repent the haste: We first should pay  
 Our latest duty to the dead, and then  
 Proceed discreetly. Let's take up the body;  
 And when we've plac'd his ashes in his urn,  
 We'll try the gods again; for, wise men say,  
 Marriage and obsequies don't suit one day. [*Sen. Ex.*]

*Delp.* So; 'tis deferr'd yet, in despite of falsehood.  
 Comfort, Drufilla; for he shall be thine,

Or

Or wish, in vain, he were not<sup>11</sup>. I will punish  
 His perjury to the height. Mount up, my birds<sup>12</sup>.  
 Some rites I'm to perform to Hecate,  
 To perfect my designs; which once perform'd,  
 He shall be made obedient to thy call,  
 Or in his ruin I will bury all. [*Ascend in the throne.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Maximinian.*

*Maxi.* **W**HAT powerful star shin'd at this man's  
 nativity,  
 And bless'd his homely cradle with full glory?  
 What throngs of people press and buz about him,  
 And with their humming flatteries sing him Cæsar?  
 Sing him aloud, and grow hoarse with saluting him?  
 How the fierce-minded soldier steals in to him,  
 Adores and courts his honour? at his devotion  
 Their lives, their virtues, and their fortunes laying?

<sup>11</sup> *Or wish in vain he were not. I will punish*] To talk thus was not talking like a Prophetess, or like a person of common sense. *He shall be yours*, says she to Drusilla, *or wish in vain, he were not*. Why so? What occasion for Diocles to wish in vain that he was not hers? Since 'twas fact that he was not: The alteration I have made, depends only upon the change of a point, and the addition of a single letter, one of which might be easily overlook'd, and the other dropt.

Mr. Seward, upon my laying my finger on this passage, agreed it was corrupt, and offer'd to read *now* for *note*: The Reader is left to his choice; seeing both are at his service. *Sympson.*

Sympson reads, *Or wish in vain he were*. NOTE, *I will punish, &c.* The meaning of the text obviously is, 'He shall be thine, or wish he had no existence; which I will prevent his putting a period to.'

<sup>12</sup> *Mount up, my birds.*] She means *dragons*. Thus what has, or is supposed to have, wings, as the dragons here, is by our poets called a *bird*. Shakespear takes much the same kind of liberty in his Antony and Cleopatra, when he calls his aspicks *worms of Nile*; and Milton, in imitation of his great master, gives the serpent in Paradise Lost the same name, as coming I suppose under the denomination of reptiles.

*Sympson.*  
 Charinus

Charinus fues, the emperor entreats him,  
 And, as a brighter flame, takes his beams from him ;  
 The blefs'd and bright Aurelia, she dotes on him,  
 And, as the god of love, burns incense to him ;  
 All eyes live on him : Yet I'm still Maximinian,  
 Still the same poor and wretched thing, his servant.  
 What have I got by this ? where lies my glory ?  
 How am I rais'd and honour'd ? I have gone as far  
 To wooe this purblind honour, and have pass'd  
 As many dangerous expeditions,  
 As noble, and as high ; nay, in his destiny,  
 Whilst 'twas unknown, have run as many hazards,  
 And done as much, sweat thro' as many perils ;  
 Only the hangman of Volutius Aper,  
 Which I mistook, has made him emperor,  
 And me his slave.

*Enter Delphia and Drusilla.*

*Delp.* Stand still ! he cannot see us,  
 'Till I please. Mark him well ; this discontentment  
 I've forc'd into him, for thy cause, Drusilla.

*Maxi.* Can the gods see this,  
 See it with justice, and confer their blessings  
 On him, that never flung one grain of incense  
 Upon their altars ? never bow'd his knee yet ?  
 And I that have march'd foot by foot, struck equally,  
 And, whilst he was a-gleaning, have been praying,  
 Contemning his base, covetous——

*Delp.* Now we'll be open.

*Maxi.* Bless me ! and with all reverence——

*Delp.* Stand up, son,  
 And wonder not at thy ungrateful uncle :  
 I know thy thoughts, and I appear to ease 'em.

*Maxi.* Oh, mother, did I stand the tenth part to you  
 Engag'd and fetter'd, as mine uncle does,  
 How would I serve, how would I fall before you !  
 The poorer powers we worship——

*Delp.* Peace, and flatter not ;  
 Necessity and anger draws this from you,  
 Of both which I will quit you. For your uncle

I spoke



I spoke this honour, and it fell upon him,  
 Fell to his full content : He has forgot me,  
 For all my care, forgot me, and his vow too ;  
 As if a dream had vanish'd, so h' has lost me,  
 And I him ; let him now stand fast ! Come hither ;  
 My care is now on you.

*Maxi.* Oh, blessed mother !

*Delp.* Stand still, and let me work.—So !—Now,  
 Maximinian,

Go, and I appear in court, and eye Aurelia ;  
 Believe what I have done concerns you highly.  
 Stand in her view, make your address'es to her ;  
 She is the stair of honour. I'll say no more,  
 But Fortune is your servant : Go.

*Maxi.* With reverence,  
 All this as holy truths——

[*Exit.*

*Delp.* Believe, and prosper.

*Druf.* Yet all this cures not me ! But as much credit,  
 As much belief from Dioclesian——

*Enter Geta, Liētors, and Suitors with petitions.*

*Delp.* Be not dejected ; I have warn'd you often,  
 The proudest thoughts he has I'll humble.—Who's this ?  
 Oh, 'tis the fool and knave grown a grave officer.  
 Here's hot and high preferment.

*Geta.* What's your bill ?

For gravel for the Appian way, and pills ?  
 Is the way rheumatick ?

*Suit.* 'Tis piles, an't please you.

*Geta.* Remove me those piles to Port Esquiline<sup>13</sup>,

<sup>13</sup> *Port Esquiline.*] So our great Spenser, from whom this passage seems to have been taken. B. ii. C. ix. Stan. 32.

‘ But all the liquor, which was foul and waste,  
 ‘ Not good nor serviceable else for ought,  
 ‘ They in another great round vessel plac'd,  
 ‘ 'Till by a conduit-pipe it thence were brought :  
 ‘ And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,  
 ‘ By secret ways that none might it espy,  
 ‘ Was close convey'd, and to the back gate brought,  
 ‘ That cleped was *Port Esquiline*, whereby  
 ‘ It was avoided quite, and thrown out privily.’

*Symphon:*  
 Fitter

Fitter the place, my friend: You shall be paid.

1 *Suit.* I thank your worship.

*Geta.* Thank me when you have it,  
Thank me another way, you are an ass else:  
I know my office. You are for the streets, Sir.  
Lord, how ye throng! That knave has eaten garlick;  
Whip him, and bring him back.

3 *Suit.* I beseech your worship;

Here's an old reckoning for the dung and dirt, Sir.

*Geta.* It stinks like thee; away! Yet let him tarry;  
His bill shall quit his breath. Give your petitions  
In seemly sort, and keep your hats off, decently.

'For scouring the water-courses thro' the cities;'

A fine periphrasis of a kennel-raker!

Did you scour all, my friend? You had some business;  
Who shall scour you? You're to be paid, I take it,  
When surgeons swear you have perform'd your office.

4 *Suit.* Your worship's merry.

*Geta.* We must be sometimes witty,  
To nick a knave; 'tis as useful as our gravity.  
I'll take no more petitions; I am pester'd!  
Give me some rest.

4 *Suit.* I've brought the gold, an't please you,  
About the place you promis'd.

*Geta.* See him enter'd.

How does your daughter?

4 *Suit.* Better your worship thinks of her.

*Geta.* This is with the least. But let me see your  
daughter;

'Tis a good forward maid; I'll join her with you.—  
I do beseech ye leave me!

*Litt.* Ye see the edile's busy.

*Geta.* And look t' your places, or I'll make ye smoke  
else!—

Sirrah, I drank a cup of wine at your house yesterday,  
A good smart wine.

*Litt.* Send him the piece; he likes it.

*Geta.* And eat the best wild boar at that same farmer's.

5 *Suit.* I've half left yet; your worship shall  
command it.

*Geta.*

*Geta.* A bit will serve. Give me some rest! Gods help me,

How shall I labour when I am a senator!

*Delp.* 'Tis a fit place indeed.—'Save your mastership! Do you know us, Sir?

*Geta.* These women are still troublesome. There be houses providing for such wretched women, And some small rents, to set ye a-spinning.

*Druf.* Sir, We are no spinsters; nor, if you look upon us, So wretched as you take us.

*Delp.* Does your mightiness, That is a great destroyer of your memory, Yet understand our faces?

*Geta.* Prithee keep off, woman! Is it not fit I should know every creature. Altho' I've been familiar with thee heretofore, I must not know thee now; my place neglects thee, Yet, 'cause I deign a glimpse of your remembrances, Give me your suits, and wait me a month hence.

*Delp.* Our suits are, Sir, to see the emperor, The emperor Dioclesian, to speak to him, And not to wait on you. We've told you all, Sir.

*Geta.* I laugh at your simplicity, poor women. See the emperor? Why, you are deceiv'd; now The emperor appears but once in seven years, And then he shines not on such weeds as you are.— Forward, and keep your state; and keep beggars from me.

*Druf.* Here is a pretty youth, [*Exeunt Geta, &c.*]

*Enter Diocles.*

*Delp.* He shall be pretty, Or I will want my will. Since you're so high, Sir, I'll raise you higher, or my art shall fail me. Stand close; he comes.

*Dio.* How am I cross'd and tortur'd! My most-wish'd happiness, my lovely mistress, That must make good my hopes, and link my greatness,  
Yet

Yet fever'd from mine arms ! Tell me, high Heav'n,  
 How have I sin'd, that you should speak in thunder,  
 In horrid thunder, when my heart was ready  
 To leap into her breast ? the priest was ready ?  
 The joyful virgins and the young men ready ?  
 When Hymen stood, with all his flames about him,  
 Blessing the bed ? the house with full joy sweating ?  
 And Expectation, like the Roman eagle,  
 Took stand, and call'd all eyes ? It was your honour ;  
 And, ere you give it full, do you destroy it ?  
 Or was there some dire star, some devil, that did it ?  
 Some sad malignant angel to mine honour ?  
 With you I dare not rage.

*Delph.* With me thou canst not,  
 Tho' it was I. Nay, look not pale and frighted ;  
 I'll fright thee more : With me thou canst not quarrel.  
 I rais'd the thunder to rebuke thy falshood,  
 (Look here) to her thy falshood. Now be angry,  
 And be as great in evil as in empire.

*Dio.* Bless me, ye powers !

*Delph.* Thou hast full need of blessing.  
 'Twas I that, at thy great inauguration,  
 Hung in the air unseen ; 'twas I that honour'd thee  
 With various musicks, and sweet-sounding airs ;  
 'Twas I inspir'd the soldier's heart with wonder,  
 And made him throw himself with love and duty,  
 Low at thy feet ; 'twas I that fix'd him to thee,  
 But why did I all this ? To keep thy honesty,  
 Thy vow, and faith : That once forgot and slighted,  
 Aurelia in regard, the marriage ready,  
 The priest and all the ceremonies present,  
 'Twas I that thunder'd loud, 'twas I that threaten'd,  
 'Twas I that cast a dark face over Heaven,  
 And smote ye all with terror.

*Drus.* Yet consider,  
 As you are noble, as I have deserv'd you ;  
 For yet you're free : If neither faith nor promise,  
 The deeds of elder times, may be remember'd,  
 Let these new-dropping tears, (for I still love you)

These

These hands held up to Heaven——

*Dio.* I must not pity you ;

'Tis not wise in me.

*Delp.* How ! not wise ?

*Dio.* Nor honourable.

A princess is my love, and dotes upon me ;  
A fair and lovely princess is my mistress :  
I am an emperor. Consider, Propheteſs,  
Now my embraces are for queens and princeſſes,  
For ladies of high mark, for divine beauties :  
To look ſo low as this cheap common ſweetneſs  
Would ſpeak me baſe, my names and glories nothing.  
I grant I made a vow ; what was I then ?

As ſhe is now, of no fort, (hope made me promiſe)  
But now I am<sup>15</sup>, to keep this vow were monſtrous,  
A madneſs, and a low inglorious fondneſs.

*Delp.* Take heed, proud man !

*Druf.* Princes may love with titles,  
But I with truth.

*Delp.* Take heed ! Here ſtands thy deſtiny ;  
Thy fate here follows.

*Dio.* Thou doting forcereſs,  
Wouldſt have me love this thing, that is not worthy  
To kneel unto my ſaint, to kiſs her ſhadow ?  
Great princes are her ſlaves ; ſelected beauties  
Bow at her beck ; the mighty Perſian's daughter  
(Bright as the breaking Eaſt, as mid-day glorious)  
Waits her commands, and grows proud in her pleaſures.  
I'll ſee her honour'd ; ſome match I ſhall think of,  
That ſhall advance ye both ; mean time, I'll favour ye.  
[Exit.]

<sup>15</sup> *But now I am.*] Now I am what ? of no fort, &c. to be ſure.  
But this is not what he meant to ſay, but, as it ſeems, quite the contrary. And accordingly I have reform'd the text.

Mr. Seward offer'd the ſame conjecture. *Symphon.*

The meaning, we think, is, ' I was then of no rank, *but now I am* of high condition.' This is rather inaccurately expreſſed ; but may be fairly deduced from the old text.

Betterton reads, *But as I am* ; Symphon and Seward, *But as I'm*

11000.

*Delph.* Mean time, I'll haunt thee!—Cry not, wench;  
 be confident,  
 Ere long, thou shalt more pity him (observe me)  
 And pity him in truth, than now thou seek'st him:  
 My art and I are yet companions. Come, girl. [*Exe.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Geta and Liſtors.*

*Geta.* I am too merciful, I find it, friends,  
 Of too soft a nature, to be an officer;  
 I bear too much remorse.

*1 Liſt.* 'Tis your own fault, Sir;  
 For, look you, one so newly warm in office  
 Should lay about him blindfold, like true justice:  
 Hit where it will, the more you whip and hang, Sir,  
 (Tho' without cause; let that declare itself afterward)  
 The more you are admir'd.

*Geta.* I think I shall be.

*2 Liſt.* Your worship is a man of a spare body,  
 And prone to anger.

*Geta.* Nay, I will be angry;  
 And the best is, I need not shew my reason.

*2 Liſt.* You need not, Sir; your place is without  
 reason;  
 And what you want in growth and full proportion,  
 Make up in rule and rigour.

*Geta.* A rare counsellor!  
 Instruct me further. Is it fit, my friends,  
 The emperor, my master Dioclesian,  
 Should now remember or the times or manners  
 That call'd him plain down Diocles?

*1 Liſt.* He must not;  
 It stands not with his royalty.

*Geta.* I grant ye.  
 I being then the edile Getianus,  
 A man of place, and judge, is it held requisite  
 I should commit to my consideration  
 Those rascals of remov'd and ragged hours,

That

That with unrev'rend mouths call'd me slave Geta?

2 *List.* You must forget their names; your honour bids you.

*Geta.* I do forget; but I will hang their natures. I will ascend my place, which is of justice; And, Mercy, I forget thee.

*Suit.* A rare magistrate!  
Another Solon sure.

*Geta.* Bring out the offenders.

1 *List.* There are none yet, Sir; but no doubt there will be.

But if you please touch some things of those natures—

*Geta.* And am I ready, and mine anger too, The melancholy of a magistrate upon me, And no offenders to execute my fury? Ha! no offenders, knaves?

1 *List.* There are knaves indeed, Sir; But we hope shortly to have 'em for your worship.

*Geta.* No men to hang or whip? Are ye good officers, That provide no fuel for a judge's fury? In this place something must be done; this chair, I tell ye, When I sit down, must favour of severity: Therefore, I warn ye all, bring me lewd people, Or likely to be lewd (twigs must be cropt too); Let me have evil persons in abundance, Or make 'em evil; 'tis all one, do but say so, That I may have fit matter for a magistrate, And let me work. If I sit empty once more, And lose my longing, as I am true Edile, And as I hope to rectify my country, You are those scabs I'll scratch off from the common-wealth,

You are those rascals of the state I treat of<sup>16</sup>; And you shall find and feel——

2 *List.* You shall have many, Many notorious people.

<sup>16</sup> *I treat of.*] Seward thinks this reading flat, and therefore substitutes, *I'll tread on.* We cannot think any change necessary.

Betterton reads, *You are those rascals of the state I'll punish.*

*Geta.* Let 'em be people,  
 And take ye notorious to yourselves. Mark me, my  
 Lictors,  
 And you the rest of my officials;  
 If I be angry, (as my place will ask it)  
 And want fit matter to dispose my authority,  
 I'll hang a hundred of ye: I'll not stay longer,  
 Nor enquire no further into your offences;  
 It is sufficient that I find no criminals,  
 And therefore I must make some; if I cannot,  
 Suffer myself; for so runs my commission.

*Suit.* An admirable, zealous, and true justice!

*Lict.* I cannot hold! If there be any people,  
 Of what degree soever, or what quality,  
 That would behold the wonderful works of justice  
 In a new officer, a man conceal'd yet,  
 Let him repair, and see, and hear, and wonder  
 At the most wise and gracious Getianus!

*Enter Delphia and Drusilla.*

*Geta.* This qualifies a little.—What are these?

*Delp.* You shall not mourn still: Times of recreation,  
 To allay this sadness, must be sought.—What's here?  
 A superstitious flock of senseless people  
 Worshipping a sign in office?

*Geta.* Lay hold on her, [Guards seize her.]  
 And hold her fast,  
 She will slip thro' your fingers like an eel else;  
 I know her tricks. Hold her, I say, and bind her;  
 Or, hang her first, and then I'll tell her wherefore.

*Delp.* What have I done?

*Geta.* Th' hast done enough to undo thee;  
 Thou hast pressed to the emperor's presence without  
 my warrant,  
 I being his key and image.

*Delp.* You are an image indeed,  
 And of the coarsest stuff, and the worst making,  
 That e'er I look'd on yet: I'll make as good  
 An image of an ass.

*Geta.*



*Geta.* Besides, thou art a woman of a lewd life.

*Delp.* I am no whore, Sir; nor no common fame  
Has yet proclaim'd me to the people vicious.

*Geta.* Thou art to me a damnable lewd woman,  
Which is as much as all the people swore it.  
I know thou art a keeper of tame devils:  
And whereas great and grave men of my place  
Can by the laws be allow'd but one a-piece,  
For their own services and recreations,  
Thou, like a traiterous quean, keep'st twenty devils,  
Twenty in ordinary!

*Delp.* Pray you, Sir, be pacified:  
If that be all, and if you want a servant,  
You shall have one of mine shall serve for nothing,  
Faithful, and diligent, and a wise devil too;  
Think for what end.

*Geta.* Let her alone: 'Tis useful; [*Guards release her.*]  
We men of business must use speedy servants.  
Let me see your family.

*Delp.* Think but one, he's ready.

*Geta.* A devil for intelligence? No, no,  
He'll lie beyond all travellers. A state-devil?  
Neither; he will undo me at mine own weapon.  
For execution? He will hang me too.  
I'd have a handsome, pleasant, and a fine She-devil,  
To entertain the ladies that come to me;  
A travell'd devil too, that speaks the tongues,  
And a neat carving devil. [*Musick.*]

*Enter a She-devil.*

*Delp.* Be not fearful.

*Geta.* A pretty brown devil, i'faith. May I not kiss  
her?

*Delp.* Yes, and embrace her too; she is your servant.  
Fear not, her lips are cool enough.

*Geta.* She is marvellous well mounted. What's her  
name?

*Delp.* Lucifera.

*Geta.* Come hither, Lucifera, and kiss me.

*Delp.* Let her set on your knee.

*Geta.* The chair turns! Hey, boys!

Pleasant, i'faith! and a fine facetious devil. [*Dance.*

*Delp.* She would whisper in your ear, and tell you wonders.

*Geta.* Come!—What's her name?

*Delp.* Lucifera.

*Geta.* Come, Lucie;

Come, speak thy mind.—I am certain burnt to ashes!

[*Exeunt omnes præter Geta.*

I have a kind of glass-house in my codpiece!

Are these the flames of state? I'm roasted over,

Over, and over-roasted. Is this office?

The pleasure of authority? I'll no more on't;

'Till I can punish devils too, I'll quit it.

Some other trade now, and some course less dangerous,

Or certainly I'll tile again for two-pence. [*Exit.*

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Cassana, Ambassadors, and Attendants.*

*Aur.* Never dispute with me; you cannot have her. Nor name the greatness of your king; I scorn him. Your knees to me are nothing; should he bow too, It were his duty, and my power to slight him<sup>17</sup>.

*Char.* She is her woman, (never sue to me) And in her power to render her or keep her; And she, my sister, not to be compell'd, Nor have her own snatch'd from her.

*Amb.* We desire not, But for what ransom she shall please to think of; Jewels, or towns, or provinces.

*Aur.* No ransom;

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<sup>17</sup> *My power to slight him.*] Symplson would read,  
 — my part to slight him;

but the text is much better than the proposed variation, and seems confirmed, and explained, by the next speech,

*And in her power to render her or keep her.*

No, not your king's own head, his crown upon it,  
And all the low subjections of his people.

*Amb.* Fair princes should have tender thoughts.

*Aur.* Is she too good

To wait upon the mighty emperor's sister?

What princess of that sweetness, or that excellence,  
Sprung from the proudest and the mightiest monarchs,  
But may be highly blest to be my servant?

*Cas.* 'Tis most true, mighty lady.

*Aur.* Has my fair usage

Made you so much despise me and your fortune,  
That you grow weary of my entertainments?

Henceforward, as you are, I will command you,  
And as you were ordain'd, my prisoner,

My slave, and one I may dispose of any way;  
No more my fair companion. Tell your king so;

And if he had more sisters, I would have 'em,

And use 'em as I please. You have your answer.

*Amb.* We must take some other way: Force must  
compel it. [Exit Ambassadors.]

*Enter Maximinian.*

*Maxi.* Now, if thou be'st a Prophetess, and canst do  
Things of that wonder that thy tongue delivers,  
Canst raise me too, I shall be bound to speak thee:  
I half believe; confirm the other to me,  
And monuments to all succeeding ages,  
Of thee, and of thy piety——Now she eyes me.

Now work, great power of art! She moves unto me:  
How sweet, how fair, and lovely her aspects are!  
Her eyes, like bright Eoan flames, shoot thro' me.

*Aur.* Oh, my fair friend, where have you been?

*Maxi.* What am I?

What does she take me for? Work still, work strongly!

*Aur.* Where have you fled my loves and my em-  
braces?

*Maxi.* I am beyond my wits!

*Aur.* Can one poor thunder,  
Whose causes are as common as his noises,

Make you defer your lawful and free pleasures?  
 Strike terror to a soldier's heart, a monarch's?  
 Thro' all the fires of angry Heav'n, thro' tempests  
 That sing of nothing but destruction,  
 Ev'n underneath the bolt of Jove, then ready,  
 And aiming dreadfully, I would seek you,  
 And fly into your arms.

*Maxi.* I shall be mighty,  
 And (which I never knew yet) I am goodly;  
 For certain, a most handsome man.

*Cbar.* Fy, sister!  
 What a forgetful weakness is this in you!  
 What a light presence! These are words and offers  
 Due only to your husband, Dioclesian;  
 This free behaviour only his.

*Aur.* 'Tis strange,  
 That only empty names compel affections:  
 This man you see, give him what name or title,  
 Let it be ne'er so poor, ne'er so despised, brother,  
 This lovely man——

*Maxi.* Tho' I be hang'd, I'll forward!  
 For, certain, I am excellent, and knew not.

*Aur.* This rare and sweet young man—See how he  
 looks, Sir.

*Maxi.* I'll juggle hard, dear uncle.

*Aur.* This thing, I say,  
 Let him be what he will, or bear what fortune,  
 This most unequal'd man, this spring of beauty,  
 Deserves the bed of Juno.

*Cbar.* You're not mad?

*Maxi.* I hope she be; I'm sure I'm little better.

*Aur.* Oh, fair, sweet man!

*Cbar.* For shame, refrain this impudence!

*Maxi.* 'Would I had her alone, that I might seal this  
 blessing!

Sure, sure she should not beg. If this continue,  
 As I hope Heav'n it will, uncle, I'll nick you,  
 I'll nick you, by this life! Some would fear killing  
 In the pursuit now of so rate a venture:

*Enter*

*Enter Diocles.*

I'm covetous to die for such a beauty.

Mine uncle comes; now if she stand, I'm happy.

*Char.* Be right again, for honour's sake!

*Dio.* Fair mistress—

*Aur.* What man is this? Away! what saucy fellow?

Dare any such base groom press to salute me?

*Dio.* Have you forgot me, fair? or do you jest with me?

I'll tell you what I am. Come, pray you look lovely. Nothing but frowns and scorns?

*Aur.* Who is this fellow?

*Dio.* I'll tell you who I am; I am your husband.

*Aur.* Husband to me?

*Dio.* To you. I'm Dioclesian.

*Maxi.* More of this sport, and I am made, old mother!

Effect but this thou hast begun—

*Dio.* I am he, lady,

Reveng'd your brother's death, slew cruel Aper;

I'm he the soldier courts, the empire honours,

Your brother loves; am he, my lovely mistress,

Will make you empress of the world.

*Maxi.* Still excellent!

Now I see too, mine uncle may be cozen'd;

An emperor may suffer like another.

Well said, old mother! hold but up this miracle—

*Aur.* Thou liest! thou art not he; thou a brave fellow?

*Char.* Is there no shame, no modesty, in women?

*Aur.* Thou one of high and full mark?

*Dio.* Gods, what ails she?

*Aur.* Generous and noble? Fy! thou liest most basely.

Thy face, and all aspect upon thee, tells me

Thou art a poor Dalmatian slave, a low thing,

Not worth the name of Roman: Stand off further!

*Dio.* What may this mean?

*Aur.*

*Aur.* Come hither, my Endymion ;  
Come, shew thyself, and all eyes be blest'd in thee !

*Dio.* Ha ! what is this ?

*Aur.* Thou, fair star that I live by,  
Look lovely on me, break into full brightness !  
Look ; here's a face now of another making,  
Another mould ; here's a divine proportion ;  
Eyes fit for Phœbus 'self, to gild the world with ;  
And there's a brow arch'd like the state of Heaven :  
Look how it bends, and with what radiance,  
As if the synod of the gods sat under :  
Look there, and wonder ! Now behold that fellow,  
That admirable thing, cut with an axe out.

*Maxi.* Old woman, tho' I cannot give thee re-  
compense,  
Yet, certainly, I'll make thy name as glorious——

*Dio.* Is this in truth ?

*Char.* She's mad, and you must pardon her.

*Dio.* She hangs upon him ; see !

*Char.* Her fit is strong now.

Be not you passionate.

*Dio.* She kisses !

*Char.* Let her ;

'Tis but the fondness of her fit.

*Dio.* I'm fool'd !

And if I suffer this——

*Char.* Pray you, friend, be pacified ;  
This will be off anon. She goes in. [*Exit Aurelia.*

*Dio.* Sirrah !

*Maxi.* What say you, Sir ?

*Dio.* How dare thy lips, thy base lips——

*Maxi.* I am your kinsman, Sir, and no such base one.  
I sought no kisses, nor I had no reason  
To kick the princess from me ; 'twas no manners :  
I never yet compell'd her ; of her courtesy  
What she bestows, Sir, I am thankful for.

*Dio.* Be gone, villain !

*Maxi.* I will, and I will go off with that glory,  
And magnify my fate. [*Exit.*

*Dio.*

*Dio.* Good brother, leave me :

I'm to myself a trouble now.

*Char.* I'm sorry for't.

You'll find it but a woman-fit to try you.

*Dio.* It may be so ; I hope so.

*Char.* I am asham'd, and what I think I blush at.

[*Exit.*

*Dio.* What misery hath my great fortune bred me !  
And how far must I suffer ! Poor and low states,  
Tho' they know wants and hungers, know not these,  
Know not these killing fates : Little contents them,  
And with that little they live kings, commanding  
And ordering both their ends and loves. Oh, Honour !  
How greedily men seek thee, and, once purchas'd,  
How many enemies to man's peace bring'st thou !  
How many griefs and sorrows, that like sheers,  
Like fatal sheers, are sheering off our lives still !  
How many sad eclipses do we shine thro' !

*Enter Delphia and Drusilla, veiled.*

When I presum'd I was blest'd in this fair woman—

*Delp.* Behold him now, and tell me how thou lik'st  
him.

*Dio.* When all my hopes were up, and Fortune dealt  
me

Ev'n for the greatest and the happiest monarch,  
Then to be cozen'd, to be cheated basely !  
By mine own kinsman cross'd ! Oh, villain kinsman !  
Curse of my blood ! because a little younger,  
A little smoother-fac'd ! Oh, false, false woman,  
False and forgetful of thy faith ! I'll kill him.  
But can I kill her hate too ? No. He woos not,  
Nor worthy is of death ; because she follows him,  
Because she courts him, shall I kill an innocent ?  
Oh, Diocles ! 'Would thou hadst never known this,  
Nor surfeit'd upon this sweet ambition,  
That now lies bitter at thy heart ! Oh, Fortune,  
That thou hast none to fool and blow like bubbles,  
But kings, and their contents !

*Delp.*

*Delp.* What think you now, girl?

*Drus.* Upon my life, I pity his misfortune.  
See how he weeps! I cannot hold.

*Delp.* Away, fool!

He must weep bloody tears before thou hast him.—

How fare you now, brave Dioclesian?

What! lazy in your loves? Has too much pleasure  
Dull'd your most mighty faculties?

*Dio.* Art thou there,

More to torment me? Dost thou come to mock me?

*Delp.* I do; and I do laugh at all thy sufferings:  
I that have wrought 'em, come to scorn thy wailings.

I told thee once, 'This is thy fate, this woman;

'And as thou usest her, so thou shalt prosper.'

It is not in thy power to turn this destiny,

Nor stop the torrent of those miseries

(If thou neglect'st her still) shall fall upon thee.

Sigh that thou art dishonest, false of faith,

Proud, and dost think no power can cross thy pleasures;

Thou'lt find a fate above thee.

*Drus.* Good aunt, speak mildly:

See how he looks and suffers.

*Dio.* I find and feel, woman,

That I am miserable.

*Delp.* Thou art most miserable.

*Dio.* That as I am the most, I am most miserable.

But didst thou work this?

*Delp.* Yes, and will pursue it.

*Dio.* Stay there, and have some pity. Fair Drusilla,

Let me persuade thy mercy, (thou hast lov'd me)

Altho' I know my suit will sound unjustly,

To make thy love the means to lose itself,

Have pity on me!

*Drus.* I will do.

*Delp.* Peace, niece!

Altho' this softness may become your love,

Your care must scorn it. Let him still contemn thee,

And still I'll work; the same affection

He ever shews to thee, be't sweet or bitter,



The same Aurelia shall shew him; no further:  
Nor shall the wealth of all his empire free this.

*Dio.* I must speak fair.—Lovely young maid, forgive me,

Look gently on my sorrows! You that grieve too<sup>18</sup>,  
I see it in your eyes, and thus I meet it.

*Druf.* Oh, aunt, I'm blest'd!

*Dio.* Be not both young and cruel;  
Again I beg it, thus.

*Enter Aurelia.*

*Druf.* Thus, Sir, I grant it.

He's mine own now, aunt.

*Delp.* Not yet, girl; thou'rt cozen'd.

*Aur.* Oh, my dear lord, how have I wrong'd your  
patience!

How wander'd from the truth of my affections!  
How, like a wanton fool, shun'd that I lov'd most!  
But you are full of goodness to forgive, Sir,  
As I of grief to beg, and shame to take it:  
Sure I was not myself! some strange illusion,  
Or what you please to pardon——

*Dio.* All, my dearest;

All, my delight! and with more pleasure take thee,  
Than if there had been no such dream; for, certain,  
It was no more.

*Aur.* Now you have seal'd forgiveness,

I take my leave; and the Gods keep your goodness!

[*Exit.*

*Delp.* You see how kindness prospers: Be but so kind  
To marry her, and see then what new fortunes,

<sup>18</sup> *You that grieve too.*] The particle *that*, seems to have no right of place here: If we must have a monosyllable to fill up, it seems, as if *those* was a more significant one than the present *that*, and ought to agree with *sorrows* as the antecedent. However, as no great matter depends upon it, I leave it to every one's judgment, which way he will read.

*Symphon.*

*That* stands for *who*;—and the passage means, 'Pity me! pity me, you that grieve! I see your grief in your eyes, and meet it with a kiss.'

New joys, and pleasures, far beyond this lady,  
Beyond her greatness too——

*Dio.* I'll die a dog first!

Now I am reconcil'd, I will enjoy her  
In spite of all thy spirits, and thy witchcrafts.

*Delp.* Thou shalt not, fool!

*Dio.* I will, old doting devil!

And wert thou any thing but air and spirit,  
My sword should tell thee——

*Delp.* I contemn thy threatnings;

And thou shalt know I hold a power above thee.—  
We must remove Aurelia. Come.—Farewell, fool!  
When thou shalt see me next, thou shalt bow to me.

*Dio.* Look thou appear no more to cross my  
pleasures! [*Exeunt.*

## A C T    I V .        S C E N E    I .

*Enter Chorus.*

**S**O full of matter is our history,  
Yet mix'd, I hope, with sweet variety,  
The accidents not vulgar too, but rare,  
And fit to be presented, that there wants  
Room in this narrow stage, and time, to express,  
In action to the life, our Dioclesian  
In his full lustre: Yet (as the statuary,  
That by the large size of Alcides' Foot,  
Guess'd at his whole proportion) so we hope  
Your apprehensive judgments will conceive  
Out of the shadow we can only shew,  
How fair the body was; and will be pleas'd,  
Out of your wonted goodness, to behold,  
As in a silent mirror, what we cannot,  
With fit conveniency of time allow'd  
For such presentments, cloath in vocal sounds.  
Yet with such art the subject is convey'd,

That

That every scene and passage shall be clear  
 Ev'n to the grossest undertander here. [*Loud musick.*]

*Dumb Show.*

*Enter, at one door, Delphia and Ambassadors; they whisper together; they take an oath upon her hand; she circles them, kneeling, with her magick rod; they rise and draw their swords. Enter, at the other door, Dioclesian, Charinus, Maximinian, Niger, Aurelia, Cassana, and Guard; Charinus and Niger persuading Aurelia; she offers to embrace Maximinian; Diocles draws his sword, keeps off Maximinian, turns to Aurelia, kneels to her, lays his sword at her feet; she scornfully turns away: Delphia gives a sign; the Ambassadors and soldiers rush upon them, seize on Aurelia, Cassana, Charinus, and Maximinian; Dioclesian and others offer to rescue them; Delphia raises a mist. Exeunt Ambassadors and prisoners, and the rest discontented.*

The skilful Delphia finding, by sure proof,  
 The presence of Aurelia dim'd the beauty  
 Of her Drusilla; and, in spite of charms,  
 The emperor her brother, great Charinus,  
 Still urg'd her to the love of Dioclesian,  
 Deals with the Persian Legates, that were bound  
 For the ransom of Cassana, to remove  
 Aurelia, Maximinian, and Charinus,  
 Out of the sight of Rome; but takes their oaths  
 (In lieu of her assistance) that they shall not,  
 On any terms, when they were in their power,  
 Presume to touch their lives: This yielded to,  
 They lie in ambush for 'em. Dioclesian,  
 Still mad for fair Aurelia, that doted  
 As much on Maximinian, twice had kill'd him,  
 But that her frown restrain'd him: He pursues her  
 With all humility, but she continues  
 Proud and disdainful. The sign given by Delphia,  
 The Persians break thro', and seize upon

Charinus

Charinus and his sister, with Maximinian,  
 And free Cassana. For their speedy rescue,  
 Enraged Dioclesian draws his sword,  
 And bids his Guard assist him : Then too weak  
 Had been all opposition and resistance  
 The Persians could have made against their fury,  
 If Delphia by her cunning had not rais'd  
 A foggy mist, which as a cloud conceal'd them,  
 Deceiving their pursuers. Now be pleas'd,  
 That your imaginations may help you  
 To think them safe in Persia, and Dioclesian  
 For this disaster circled round with sorrow,  
 Yet mindful of the wrong. Their future fortunes  
 We will present in action ; and are bold,  
 In that which follows, that the most shall say,  
 'Twas well begun, but the end crown'd the play

[*Exit.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Diocles, Niger, Senators, and Guard.*

*Dio.* Talk not of comfort ! I have broke my faith,  
 And the gods fight against me : And proud man,  
 However magnified, is but as dust  
 Before the raging whirlwind of their justice.  
 What is it to be great, ador'd on earth,  
 When the immortal powers that are above us  
 Turn all our blessings into horrid curses,  
 And laugh at our resistance, or prevention,  
 Of what they purpose ! Oh, the furies that  
 I feel within me ! whipp'd on, by their angers,  
 For my tormentors ! Could it else have been  
 In nature, that a few poor fugitive Persians,  
 Unfriended, and unarm'd too, could have robb'd me  
 (In Rome, the world's metropolis, and her glory ;  
 In Rome, where I command, environ'd round  
 With such invincible troops that know no fear,  
 But want of noble enemies) of those jewels  
 I priz'd above my life, and I want power

To

To free them, if those gods I have provok'd  
Had not giv'n spirit to the undertakers,  
And in their deed protected 'em ?

*Niger.* Great Cæsar,  
Your safety does confirm you are their care ;  
And that, how'er their practices reach others,  
You stand above their malice.

*1 Sen.* Rome in us  
Offers (as means to further your revenge)  
The lives of her best citizens, and all  
They stand possess'd of.

*1 Guard.* Do but lead us on  
With that invincible and undaunted courage  
Which waited bravely on you, when you appear'd  
The minion of Conquest, married rather  
To glorious Victory, and we will drag  
(Tho' all the enemies of life conspire  
Against our undertakings) the proud Persian  
Out of his strongest hold.

*2 Guard.* Be but yourself,  
And do not talk, but do.

*3 Guard.* You've hands and swords,  
Limbs to make up a well-proportion'd army,  
That only want in you an head to lead us.

*Dio.* The gods reward your goodness! and believe,  
How'er (for some great sin) I am mark'd out  
The object of their hate, tho' Jove stood ready  
To dart his three-fold thunder on this head,  
It could not fright me from a fierce pursuit  
Of my revenge. I will redeem my friends,  
And, with my friends, mine honour; at least, fall  
Like to myself, a soldier.

*Niger.* Now we hear  
Great Dioclesian speak.

*Dio.* Draw up our legions:  
And let it be your care, my much-lov'd Niger,  
To hasten the remove. And, fellow-soldiers,  
Your love to me will teach you to endure  
Both long and tedious marches.

*Guard.* Die he accurs'd  
That thinks of rest or sleep before he sets  
His foot on Persian earth!

*Niger.* We know our glory,  
The dignity of Rome, and, what's above  
All can be urg'd, the quiet of your mind,  
Depends upon our haste.

*Dio.* Remove to-night;  
Five days shall bring me to you.

*All.* Happiness  
To Cæsar, and glorious victory! [*Exeunt.*

*Dio.* The cheerfulness of my soldiers gives assurance  
Of good success abroad, if first I make  
My peace at home here. There is something chides me,  
And sharply tells me, that my breach of faith  
To Delphia and Drufilla is the ground  
Of my misfortunes: And I must remember,  
While I was lov'd, and in great Delphia's grace,  
She was as my good angel, and bound Fortune  
To prosper my designs: I must appease her.  
Let others pay their knees, their vows, their prayers,  
To weak imagin'd powers; she's my all,  
And thus I do invoke her.—Knowing Delphia,  
Thou more than woman! and, tho' thou vouchsafest  
To grace the earth with thy celestial steps,  
And taste this grosser air, thy heav'nly spirit  
Hath free access to all the secret counsels  
Which a full senate of the gods determine  
When they consider man; the brass-leav'd book  
Of fate lies open to thee, where thou read'st,  
And fashionest the destinies of men  
At thy wish'd pleasure; look upon thy creature,  
And, as thou twice hast pleased to appear  
To reprehend my rashness, now vouchsafe  
To see my low submission!

*Delphia and Drufilla appear.*

*Delp.* What's thy will?  
False, and unthankful, (and in that deserving

All human sorrows) dar'st thou hope from me  
Relief or comfort?

*Dio.* Penitence does appease  
Th' incens'd powers, and sacrifice takes off  
Their heavy angers: Thus I tender both;  
The master of great Rome, and, in that, lord  
Of all the sun gives heat and being to,  
Thus sues for mercy. Be but as thou wert,  
The pilot to the bark of my good fortunes,  
And once more steer my actions to the port  
Of glorious Honour, and if I fall off  
Hereafter from my faith to this sweet virgin,  
Join with those powers that punish perjury  
To make me an example, to deter  
Others from being false!

*Drus.* Upon my soul,  
You may believe him! Nor did he e'er purpose  
To me but nobly; he made trial how  
I could endure unkindness; I see truth  
Triumphant in his sorrow. Dearest aunt,  
Both credit him, and help him! and, on assurance  
That what I plead for you cannot deny,  
I raise him thus, and with this willing kiss  
I seal his pardon.

*Dio.* Oh, that I e'er look'd  
Beyond this abstract of all woman's goodness!

*Delp.* I'm thine again; thus I confirm our league.  
I know thy wishes, and how much thou suffer'st,  
In honour for thy friends; thou shalt repair all,  
For to thy fleet I'll give a fore-right wind  
To pass the Persian Gulf; remove all lets  
That may molest thy soldiers in their march  
That pass by land; and Destiny is false,  
If thou prove not victorious. Yet remember,  
When thou art rais'd up to the highest point  
Of human happiness, such as move beyond it  
Must of necessity descend. Think on't;  
And use those blessings that the gods pour on you  
With moderation!

*Dio.* As their oracle,  
I hear you and obey you, and will follow  
Your grave directions.

*Delp.* You will not repent it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Niger, Geta, Guard, and Soldiers, with ensigs.*

*Niger.* How do you like your entrance to the war?  
When the whole body of the army moves,  
Shews it not gloriously?

*Geta.* 'Tis a fine May-game;  
But eating and drinking I think are forbad in't;  
(I mean, with leisure) we walk on, and feed  
Like hungry boys that haste to school; or, as  
We carried fish to the city, dare stay no where,  
For fear our ware should stink.

*1 Guard.* That's the necessity  
Of our speedy march.

*Geta.* Sir, I do love my ease,  
And tho' I hate all feats of judicature,  
I mean i' th' city, for conveniency,  
I still will be a justice in the war,  
And ride upon my foot-cloth. I hope a captain  
(And a gown'd captain too) may be dispens'd with.  
I tell you, (and don't mock me) when I was poor,  
I could endure, like others, cold and hunger;  
But since I grew rich, let but my finger ache,  
Or feel but the least pain in my great toe,  
Unless I have a doctor, mine own doctor,  
That may assure me, I am gone.

*Niger.* Come, fear not;  
You shall want nothing.

*1 Guard.* We will make you fight  
As you were mad.

*Geta.* Not too much of fighting, friend;  
It is thy trade, that art a common soldier;  
We officers, by our place, may share the spoil,  
And never sweat for't.

*2 Guard.*



2 *Guard.* You shall kill, for practice,  
But your dozen or two a-day.

*Geta.* Thou talk'st as if  
Thou wert lousing thyself; but yet I will make danger;  
If I prove one o' th' worthies, so: However,  
I'll have the fear of the gods before my eyes,  
And do no hurt, I warrant you.

*Niger.* Come, march on,  
And humour him for our mirth.

1 *Guard.* 'Tis a fine pea-goose<sup>20</sup>.

*Niger.* But one that fools to the emperor, and, in that,  
A wise man, and a soldier.

1 *Guard.* True morality! [Exeunt.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Cosroe, Cassana, Persians; and Charinus, Maximilian, Aurelia, bound, with soldiers.*

*Cosroe.* Now, by the Persian gods, most truly welcome!  
Encompass'd thus with tributary kings,  
I entertain you. Lend your helping hands  
To seat her by me; and, thus rais'd, bow all,  
To do her honour. Oh, my best Cassana,  
Sister, and partner of my life and empire,  
We'll teach thee to forget, with present pleasures,  
Thy late captivity; and this proud Roman,  
That us'd thee as a slave, and did disdain  
A princely ransom, shall, if she repine,  
Be forc'd by various tortures to adore  
What she of late contemn'd.

*Cas.* All greatness ever  
Attend Cosroe! Tho' Persia be stil'd  
The nurse of pomp and pride, we'll leave to Rome  
Her native cruelty. For know, Aurelia,  
(A Roman princess, and a Cæsar's sister)  
Tho' late (like thee) captiv'd<sup>21</sup>, I can forget

<sup>20</sup> *Pea-goose.*] i. e. A silly creature.

*Sympson.*

<sup>21</sup> *Tho' now, like thee captiv'd.*] So first folio: the second says, *tho' LATE*, which is clearly right. *Sympson* and *Seward* seeing the

corruption

Thy barb'rous usage; and tho' thou to me,  
When I was in thy power, didst shew thyself  
A most insulting tyranness, I to thee  
May prove a gentle mistress.

*Aur.* Oh, my stars!

A mistress? Can I live, and owe that name  
To flesh and blood? I was born to command,  
Train'd up in sovereignty; and I, in death,  
Can quit the name of slave: She that scorns life,  
May mock captivity.

*Char.* Rome will be Rome

When we are nothing; and her power's the same,  
Which you once quak'd at.

*Maxi.* Dioclesian lives;

(Hear it, and tremble!) lives, thou king of Persia,  
The master of his fortune, and his honour:  
And tho' by devilish arts we were surpriz'd,  
And made the prey of magick and of theft,  
And not won nobly, we shall be redeem'd,  
And by a Roman war; and every wrong  
We suffer here, with interest be return'd  
On the insulting doer!

1 *Perf.* Sure these Romans

Are more than men.

2 *Perf.* Their great hearts will not yield;

They cannot bend to any adverse fate,  
Such is their confidence.

*Cosroe.* They then shall break!

Why, you rebellious wretches, dare you still  
Contend, when the least breath or nod of mine  
Marks you out for the fire<sup>22</sup>, or to be made  
The prey of wolves or vultures? The vain name  
Of Roman legions I slight thus, and scorn;  
And for that boasted bugbear, Dioclesian,  
Which you presume on, 'would he were the master

corruption of the first book, and overlooking the second (tho' infinitely the best) edition, exhibit this nonsense:

*Though now, like me captiv'd.*

<sup>22</sup> *Marks you out for.*] Seward, unwarrantably, as we think, varies the text to, *Marks you OR for, &c.*

But

But of the spirit to meet me in the field !  
 He soon should find, that our Immortal Squadrons<sup>23</sup>,  
 That with full numbers ever are supplied,  
 (Could it be possible they should decay)  
 Dare front his boldest troops, and scatter 'em,  
 As an high-tow'ring falcon on her stretches,  
 Severs the fearful fowl. And, by the sun,  
 The moon, the winds, the nourishers of life,  
 And by this sword, the instrument of death,  
 Since that you fly not humbly to our mercy,  
 But yet dare hope your liberty by force,  
 If Dioclesian dare not attempt  
 To free you with his sword, all slavery  
 That cruelty can find out to make you wretched,  
 Falls heavy on you !

*Maxi.* If the sun keeps his course,  
 And the earth can bear his soldiers' march, I fear not.

*Aur.* Or liberty, or revenge !

*Char.* On that I build too.

[*A trumpet.*

*Aur.* A Roman trumpet ?

*Maxi.* 'Tis : Comes it not like  
 A pardon to a man condemn'd ?

*Enter Niger.*

*Cosroe.* Admit him.

The purpose of thy coming ?

*Niger.* My great master,

The lord of Rome, (in that all power is spoken)  
 Hoping that thou wilt prove a noble enemy,  
 And (in thy bold resistance) worth his conquest,  
 Defies thee, Cosroe.

*Maxi.* There is fire in this.

*Niger.* And to encourage thy laborious powers  
 To tug for empire, dares thee to the field,  
 With this assurance ; if thy sword can win him,

<sup>23</sup> *Immortal Squadrons.*] These were a body of Persian soldiers, whose number, Herodotus says, was never more or less than ten thousand. The reason of the name our authors give themselves.

*That with full numbers ever are supply'd.*

*Symphon.*

Or force his legions with thy barbed horse  
 But to forsake their ground, that not alone  
 Wing'd Victory shall take stand on thy tent,  
 But all the provinces and kingdoms held  
 By the Roman garrisons in this eastern world,  
 Shall be deliver'd up; and he himself  
 Acknowledge thee his fovereign. In return  
 Of this large offer, he asks only this,  
 That 'till the doubtful die of war determine  
 Who has most power, and should command the other,  
 Thou wouldst entreat thy prisoners like their births,  
 And not their present fortune; and to bring 'em  
 Guarded, into thy tent, with thy best strengths,  
 Thy ablest men of war, and thou thyself  
 Sworn to make good the place. And if he fail  
 (Maugre all opposition can be made)  
 In his own person to compel his way,  
 And fetch them safely off, the day is thine,  
 And he, like these, thy prisoner.

*Cosroe.* Tho' I receive this  
 But as a Roman brave, I do embrace it,  
 And love the sender. Tell him, I will bring  
 My prisoners to the field, and, without odds,  
 Against his single force, alone defend 'em;  
 Or else with equal numbers.—Courage, noble princes!  
 And let posterity record, that we  
 This memorable day restor'd to Persia  
 That empire of the world great Philip's son  
 Ravish'd from us, and Greece gave up to Rome.  
 This our strong comfort<sup>24</sup>, that we cannot fall  
 Ingloriously, since we contend for all. *[Exeunt.*  
*Flourish, alarms.*

<sup>24</sup> This *our strong comfort.*] This slight alteration restores the verb here, without which the sentence would be harsh and elliptical.  
*Symphon.*

The alteration is 'tis for this; but the old reading is much, much best, and most elegant.

## SCENE V.

*Enter Geta, Guard, and Soldiers.*

*Geta.* I'll swear the peace against 'em! I am hurt:  
Run for a surgeon, or I faint!

*1 Guard.* Bear up, man;  
'Tis but a scratch.

*Geta.* Scoring a man o'er the coxcomb  
Is but a scratch with you. Pox o'your occupation,  
Your scurvy scuffling trade! I was told before,  
My face was bad enough; but now I look  
Like Bloody-Bone, and Raw-Head, to fright children:  
I am for no use else.

*2 Guard.* Thou shalt fright men.

*1 Guard.* You look so terrible now! But see your  
face  
I' th' pummel of my sword.

*Geta.* I die! I'm gone!  
Oh, my sweet physiognomy!

*Enter three Persians.*

*2 Guard.* They come;  
Now fight, or die indeed.

*Geta.* I will 'scape this way.  
I cannot hold my sword: What would you have  
Of a maim'd man?

*1 Guard.* Nay, then I have a goad  
To prick you forward, ox.

*2 Guard.* Fight like a man,  
Or die like a dog.

*Geta.* Shall I, like Cæsar, fall  
Among my friends? no mercy? *Et tu Brute?*  
You shall not have the honour of my death;  
I'll fall by the enemy first.

*1 Guard.* Oh, brave, brave Geta! [*Persians driven off.*]  
He plays the devil now.

*Enter*

*Enter Niger.*

*Niger.* Make up for honour!  
 The Persians shrink; the passage is laid open;  
 Great Dioclesian, like a second Mars,  
 (His strong arm govern'd by the fierce Bellona)  
 Performs more than a man: His shield stuck full<sup>25</sup>  
 Of Persian darts, which now are his defence  
 Against the enemies' swords, still leads the way.  
 Of all the Persian forces, one strong squadron,  
[Alarms continued.]  
 In which Cosroe in his own person fights,  
 Stands firm, and yet unrouted: Break thro' that,  
 The day and all is ours. [Retreat.]  
*All.* Victory, victory! [Exeunt. Flourish.]

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter (in triumph, with Roman ensigns) Guard, Dioclesian, Charinus, Aurelia, Maximinian, Niger, Geta; Cosroe, Cassana, Persians, as prisoners; Delphia and Drusilla privately.*

*Dio.* I am rewarded in the act; your freedom  
 To me's ten thousand triumphs: You, Sir, share  
 In all my glories. And, unkind Aurelia,  
 From being a captive, still command the victor.  
 Nephew, remember by whose gift you're free.  
 You afford my pity; baser minds  
 Insult on the afflicted: You shall know,  
 Virtue and courage are admir'd and lov'd  
 In enemies; but more of that hereafter.  
 Thanks to your valour; to your swords I owe  
 This wreath triumphant. Nor be thou forgot,  
 My first poor bondman! Geta, I am glad  
 Thou'rt turn'd a fighter.

*Geta.* 'Twas against my will;  
 But now I am content with't.

---

<sup>25</sup> Struck full.] So the former editions.

*Char.* But imagine

What honours can be done to you beyond these,  
Transcending all example; 'tis in you  
To will, in us to serve it.

*Niger.* We will have

His statue of pure gold set in the capitol,  
And he that bows not to it as a god,  
Makes forfeit of his head.

*Maxi.* I burst with envy!

And yet these honours, which, conferr'd on me,  
Would make me pace on air, seem not to move him.

*Dio.* Suppose this done, or were it possible

I could rise higher still, I am a man;  
And all these glories, empires heap'd upon me,  
Confirm'd by constant friends and faithful guards,  
Cannot defend me from a shaking fever,  
Or bribe the uncorrupted dart of Death  
To spare me one short minute. Thus adorn'd  
In these triumphant robes, my body yields not  
A greater shadow than it did when I  
Liv'd both poor and obscure; a sword's sharp point  
Enters my flesh as far; dreams break my sleep,  
As when I was a private man; my passions  
Are stronger tyrants on me; nor is greatness  
A saving antidote<sup>26</sup> to keep me from  
A traitor's poison. Shall I praise my fortune,  
Or raise the building of my happiness  
On her uncertain favour? or presume  
She is my own, and sure, that yet was never  
Constant to any? Should my reason fail me,  
(As flatt'ry oft corrupts it) here is an example  
To speak, how far her smiles are to be trusted:  
The rising sun, this morning, saw this man  
The Persian monarch, and those subjects proud

<sup>26</sup> *A saving antidote to keep me, &c.] A saving antidote, to save or keep me, &c. seems to be too inaccurate (not to say tautological) an expression, for such correct authors as ours; I with submission would read thus,*

*A sovereign antidote, &c.*

*Symson.*

SAVING *antidote* very properly defines a PRESERVATIVE.

That

That had the honour but to kiss his feet ;  
 And yet, ere his diurnal progress ends,  
 He is the scorn of Fortune. But you'll say,  
 That she forsook him for his want of courage,  
 But never leaves the bold : Now, by my hopes  
 Of peace and quiet here, I never met  
 A braver enemy ! And, to make it good,  
 Cosroe, Cassana, and the rest, be free,  
 And ransomless return !

*Cosroe.* To see this virtue  
 Is more to me than empire ; and to be  
 O'ercome by you, a glorious victory.

*Maxi.* What a devil means he next !

*Dio.* I know that glory  
 Is like Alcides' shirt, if it stay on us  
 'Till pride hath mix'd it with our blood ; nor can we  
 Part with it at pleasure ; when we would uncase,  
 It brings along with it both flesh and sinews,  
 And leaves us living monsters.

*Maxi.* 'Would 'twere come  
 To my turn to put it on ! I'd run the hazard.

*Dio.* No ; I will not be pluck'd out by the ears  
 Out of this glorious castle ; uncompell'd,  
 I will surrender rather : Let it suffice,  
 I've touch'd the height of human happiness,  
 And here I fix *nil ultra*. Hitherto  
 I've liv'd a servant to ambitious thoughts,  
 And fading glories ; what remains of life,  
 I dedicate to Virtue ; and, to keep  
 My faith untainted, farewell, pride and pomp !  
 And circumstance of glorious majesty,  
 Farewell for ever !—Nephew, I have noted,  
 That you have long with fore eyes look'd upon  
 My flourishing fortune ; you shall have possession  
 Of my felicity : I deliver up  
 My empire, and this gem I priz'd above it,  
 And all things else that made me worth your envy,  
 Freely unto you.—Gentle Sir, your suffrage,  
 To strengthen this. The soldiers' love I doubt not :

His



His valour, gentlemen, will deserve your favours,  
Which let my prayers further. All is yours.—  
But I have been too liberal, and given that  
I must beg back again.

*Maxi.* What am I fall'n from!

*Dio.* Nay, start not: It is only the poor Grange,  
The patrimony which my father left me,  
I would be tenant to.

*Maxi.* Sir, I am yours:  
I will attend you there.

*Dio.* No; keep the court;  
Seek you in Rome for honour: I will labour  
To find content elsewhere. Dissuade me not;  
By Heaven, I am resolv'd!—And now, Drufilla,  
Being as poor as when I vow'd to make thee  
My wife, if thy love since hath felt no change,  
I'm ready to perform it.

*Druf.* I still lov'd  
Your person, not your fortunes; in a cottage,  
Being yours, I am an empress.

*Delp.* And I'll make  
The change most happy.

*Dio.* Do me then the honour,  
To see my vow perform'd. You but attend  
My glories to the urn; where be it ashes,  
Welcome my mean estate! and, as a due,  
Wish rest to me, I honour unto you.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chorus.* **T**HE war with glory ended, and Cosroe,  
Acknowledging his fealty to Charinus,  
Dismiss'd in peace, returns to Persia:  
The rest, arriving safely unto Rome,  
Are entertain'd with triumphs: Maximilian,

By

By the grace and intercession of his uncle,  
 Saluted Cæsar: But good Dioclesian,  
 Weary of pomp and state, retires himself,  
 With a small train, to a most private Grange  
 In Lombardy<sup>27</sup>; where the glad country strives  
 With rural sports to give him entertainment:  
 With which delighted, he with ease forgets  
 All specious trifles, and securely tastes  
 The certain pleasures of a private life.  
 But oh, Ambition, that eats into,  
 With venom'd teeth, true thankfulness and honour,  
 And, to support her greatness, fashions fears,  
 Doubts, and preventions to decline all dangers,  
 Which, in the place of safety, prove her ruin!  
 All which be pleas'd to see in Maximinian,  
 To whom his conferr'd sov'reignty was like  
 A large sail fill'd full with a fore-right wind,  
 That drowns a smaller bark: And he once fall'n  
 Into ingratitude, makes no stop in mischief,  
 But violently runs on. Allow Maximinian all,  
 Honour, and empire, absolute command;  
 Yet being ill, long great he cannot stand. [Exit.]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Maximinian and Aurelia.*

*Aur.* Why droops my lord, my love, my life, my  
 Cæsar?

How ill this dullness doth comport with greatness!  
 Does not, with open arms, your fortune court you?  
 Rome know you for her master? I myself  
 Confess you for my husband? love and serve you?  
 If you contemn not these, and think them curses,  
 I know no blessings that ambitious flesh  
 Could wish to feel beyond 'em.

<sup>27</sup> In Lombardy.] *Dalmatia* was the real country, to which Dioclesian retired: But *Lombardy* being a finer climate for a farmer, was, I suppose, the reason why our Poets have chose to fix him there.

*Symphon.*  
*Maxi.*

*Maxi.* Best Aurelia,

The parent and the nurse to all my glories,  
'Tis not that, thus embracing you, I think  
There is a heaven beyond it, that begets  
These sad retirements; but the fear to lose  
What it is hell to part with. Better to have liv'd  
Poor and obscure, and never scal'd the top  
Of hilly empire, than to die with fear  
To be thrown headlong down, almost as soon  
As we have reach'd it!

*Aur.* These are panick terrors

You fashion to yourself. Is not my brother  
(Your equal and co-partner in the empire)  
Vow'd and confirm'd your friend? the soldier constant?  
Hath not your uncle Dioclesian taken  
His last farewell o' th' world? What then can shake  
you?

*Maxi.* The thought I may be shaken, and assurance

That what we do possess is not our own,  
But has depending on another's favour:  
For nothing's more uncertain, my Aurelia,  
Than power that stands not on his proper basis,  
But borrows his foundation. I'll make plain  
My cause of doubts and fears; for what should I  
Conceal from you, that are to be familiar  
With my most private thoughts? Is not the empire  
My uncle's gift? and may he not resume it  
Upon the least distaste? Does not Charinus  
Cross me in my designs? and what is majesty  
When 'tis divided? Does not the insolent soldier  
Call my command his donative? and what can take  
More from our honour? No, my wise Aurelia,  
If I to you am more than all the world,  
As sure you are to me; as we desire  
To be secure, we must be absolute,  
And know no equal; when your brother borrows  
The little splendor that he has from us,  
And we are serv'd for fear, not at entreaty,  
We may live safe; but 'till then, we but walk

With

With heavy burdens on a sea of glass,  
And our own weight will sink us.

*Aur.* Your mother brought you  
Into the world an emperor; you persuade  
But what I would have counsel'd. Nearness of blood,  
Respect of piety, and thankfulness,  
And all the holy dreams of virtuous fools,  
Must vanish into nothing, when Ambition  
(The maker of great minds, and nurse of honour)  
Puts in for empire. On then, and forget  
Your simple uncle; think he was the master  
(In being once an emperor) of a jewel,  
Whose worth and use he knew not. For Charinus,  
(No more my brother) if he be a stop  
To what you purpose, he to me's a stranger,  
And so to be remov'd.

*Maxi.* Thou more than woman!  
Thou masculine greatness, to whose soaring spirit  
To touch the stars seems but an easy flight,  
Oh, how I glory in thee! Those great women  
Antiquity is proud of, thou but nam'd,  
Shall be no more remember'd. But persevere,  
And thou shalt shine among those lesser lights,

*Enter Charinus, Niger, and Guard.*

To all posterity, like another Phoebe,  
And so ador'd as she is.

*Aur.* Here's Charinus,  
His brow furrow'd with anger.

*Maxi.* Let him storm!  
And you shall hear me thunder.

*Char.* He dispose of  
My provinces at his pleasure? and confer  
Those honours, that are only mine to give,  
Upon his creatures?

*Niger.* Mighty Sir, ascribe it  
To his assurance of your love and favour,  
And not to pride or malice.

*Char.* No, good Niger;

Courtesy shall not fool me; he shall know  
 I lent a hand to raise him, and defend him,  
 While he continues good; but the same strength,  
 If pride make him usurp upon my right,  
 Shall strike him to the centre.—You're well met, Sir.

*Maxi.* As you make the encounter. Sir, I hear  
 That you repine, and hold yourself much griev'd,  
 In that, without your good leave, I bestow'd  
 The Gallian proconsulship upon  
 A follower of mine.

*Char.* 'Tis true; and wonder  
 You durst attempt it.

*Maxi.* Durst, Charinus?

*Char.* Durst;  
 Again I speak it. Think you me so tame,  
 So leaden and unactive, to sit down  
 With such dishonour? But, recall your grant,  
 And speedily; or, by the Roman gods,  
 Thou trip'st thine own heels up, and hast no part  
 In Rome, or in the empire.

*Maxi.* Thou hast none,  
 But by permission. Alas, poor Charinus,  
 Thou shadow of an emperor, I scorn thee,  
 Thee, and thy foolish threats! The gods appoint him  
 The absolute disposer of the earth,  
 That has the sharpest sword: I'm sure, Charinus,  
 Thou wear'st one without edge. When cruel Aper  
 Had kill'd Numerianus, thy brother,  
 (An act that would have made a trembling coward  
 More daring than Alcides) thy base fear  
 Made thee wink at it; then rose up my uncle,  
 For the honour of the empire, and of Rome,  
 Against the traitor, and, among his guards,  
 Punish'd the treason. This bold daring act  
 Got him the soldiers' suffrages to be Cæsar.  
 And howsoever his too-gentle nature  
 Allow'd thee the name only, as his gift,  
 I challenge the succession.

*Char.* Thou art cozen'd.

When the receiver of a courtesy  
 Cannot sustain the weight it carries with it,  
 'Tis but a trial<sup>28</sup>, not a present act.  
 Thou hast in a few days of thy short reign,  
 In over-weening pride, riot, and lusts,  
 Sham'd noble Dioclesian, and his gift;  
 Nor doubt I, when it shall arrive unto  
 His certain knowledge, how the empire groans  
 Under thy tyranny, but he will forsake  
 His private life, and once again resume  
 His laid-by majesty; or, at least, make choice  
 Of such an Atlas as may bear this burden,  
 Too heavy for thy shoulders. To effect this,  
 Lend your assistance, gentlemen; and then doubt not  
 But that this mushroom, sprung up in a night,  
 Shall as soon wither. And for you, Aurelia,  
 If you esteem your honour more than tribute  
 Paid to your loathsome appetite, as a fury  
 Fly from his loose embraces. So, farewell!  
 Ere long you shall hear more. [*Exeunt.*

*Aur.* Are you struck dumb,  
 That you make no reply?

*Maxi.* Sweet, I will do,  
 And after talk: I will prevent their plots,  
 And turn them on their own accursed heads.  
 My uncle? good! I must not know the names  
 Of piety or pity. Steel my heart,  
 Desire of empire, and instruct me, that  
 The prince that over others would bear sway,  
 Checks at no let that stops him in his way! [*Exeunt.*

<sup>28</sup> 'Tis but a trial.] The sense designed is certainly, *not at present*,  
 or *as yet an irrevocable act or deed*. If the words do not seem to  
 the reader to convey this sense, a slight change will: He may read  
 ——— *not a perfect act*,

But I would not have the text disturbed.

*Seward.*

Betterton reads,

' 'Tis but a trial, not a *confirm'd* act.'

The word *present*, in the text, bears the same sense as *confirm'd* or  
*perfect*, in the variations of Seward and Betterton.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter three Shepherds and two Countrymen.*

1 *Shep.* Do you think this great man will continue here?

2 *Shep.* Continue here? what else? h' has bought the great farm;

A great man, with a great inheritance,  
And all the ground about it, all the woods too,  
And stock'd it like an emperor. Now, all our sports  
again,

And all our merry gambols, our May-ladies,  
Our evening dances on the green, our songs,  
Our holiday good cheer, our bagpipes now, boys,  
Shall make the wanton lasses skip again,  
Our sheep-shearings, and all our knacks.

3 *Shep.* But hark you,  
We must not call him emperor.

1 *Countr.* That's all one;  
He's the king of good fellows, that's no treason;  
And so I'll call him still, tho' I be hang'd for't.  
I grant you h' has giv'n his honour to another man,  
He cannot give his humour; he's a brave fellow,  
And will love us, and we'll love him. Come hither,  
Ladon;

What new songs, and what geers?

3 *Shep.* Enough. I'll tell ye;  
He comes abroad anon to view his grounds,  
And, with the help of Thirsis, and old Egon;  
(If his whorson cold be gone) and Amaryllis,  
And some few more o' th' wenches, we will meet him,  
And strike him such new springs<sup>29</sup>, and such free  
welcomes,

<sup>29</sup> *Springs* here means tunes. So bishop Douglass in his Translation of Virgil. Book vi. page 167.

• Gif Orpheus mycht reduce agane I gess  
• From Hell his spouse's goist, with his sueit stringeis,  
• Playand on his harp of Trace fa pleasand *springis*.

Shall make him scorn an empire, forget majesty,  
And make him bless the hour he liv'd here happy.

2 *Countr.* And we will second ye, we honest carters,  
We lads o'th' lash, with some blunt entertainment;  
Our teams to two-pence, we'll give him some content,  
Or we'll bawl fearfully!

3 *Shep.* He can't expect now  
His courtly entertainments, and his rare musicks,  
And ladies to delight him with their voices;  
Honest and cheerful toys from honest meanings,  
And the best hearts they have. We must be neat all;  
On goes my ruffet jerkin with blue buttons.

1 *Shep.* And my green slops I was married in; my  
bonnet,  
With my carnation point with silver tags, boys;  
You know where I won it.

1 *Countr.* Thou wilt ne'er be old, Alexis.

1 *Shep.* And I shall find some toys that have been  
favouris,  
And nossegays, and such knacks; for there bewenches.

3 *Shep.* My mantle goes on too I play'd young  
Paris in,  
And the new garters Amaryllis sent me.

1 *Countr.* Yes, yes; we'll all be handsome, and wash  
our faces.  
Neighbour, I see a remnant of March dust  
That's hatch'd into your chaps: I pray you be careful,  
And mundify your muzzle<sup>30</sup>.

*Enter Geta.*

2 *Countr.* I'll to the barbers;  
It shall cost me I know what.—Who's this?

3 *Shep.* Give room, neighbours!

So Chaucer in his House of Fame. Book iii. line 143, &c.

- ' There saw I famous old and young
- ' Piperis all of the Duche tong,
- ' To lerning love dauncis and *springis*,
- ' Reyis and the straungè thingis.'

*Symphon.*

<sup>30</sup> *Mundify your muzzle.*] *i. e.* Clean your mouth, your chaps.

A great.



A great man in our state. Gods bless your worship!

2 *Countr.* Encrease your mastership!

*Geta.* Thanks, my good people.

Stand off, and know your duties!—As I take it,  
You are the labouring people of this village,  
And you that keep the sheep. Stand further off yet,  
And mingle not with my authority;  
I am too mighty for your company.

3 *Shep.* We know it, Sir; and we desire your worship  
To reckon us amongst your humble servants;  
And that our country sports, Sir——

*Geta.* For your sports, Sir,  
They may be seen, when I shall think convenient,  
When, out of my discretion, I shall view 'em,  
And hold 'em fit for licence.—Ye look upon me,  
And look upon me seriously; as you knew me:  
'Tis true, I've been a rascal, as you are,  
A fellow of no mention, nor no mark,  
Just such another piece of dirt, so fashion'd;  
But time, that purifies all things of merit,  
Has set another stamp. Come nearer now,  
And be not fearful (I take off my austerity);  
And know me for the great and mighty steward  
Under this man of honour; know ye for my vassals,  
And at my pleasure I can dispeople ye,  
Can blow you and your cattle out o'th' country:  
But fear me, and have favour. Come, go along with me,  
And I will hear your songs, and perhaps like 'em.

3 *Shep.* I hope you will, Sir.

*Geta.* 'Tis not a thing impossible.  
Perhaps I'll sing myself, the more to grace ye;  
And if I like your women——

3 *Shep.* We'll have the best, Sir,  
Handsome young girls.

*Geta.* The handiomer the better.

*Enter Delphia.*

'May bring your wives too; 'twill be all one charge  
to ye;

For I must know your families.

*Delp.* 'Tis well said,

'Tis well said, honest friends. I know ye're hatching  
Some pleasurable sports for your great landlord;  
Fill him with joy, and win him a friend to ye,  
And make this little Grange seem a large empire,  
Let out<sup>30</sup> with home contents: I'll work his favour,  
Which daily shall be on ye.

*3 Slep.* Then we'll sing daily,  
And make him the best sports——

*Delp.* Instruct 'em, Geta,  
And be a merry man again.

*Geta.* Will you lend me a devil,  
That we may dance a while?

*Delp.* I'll lend thee two;  
And bag-pipes that shall blow alone.

*Geta.* I thank you;  
But I'll know your devils of a cooler complexion first.  
Come, follow, follow; I'll go fit and see ye.

*Delp.* Do; and be ready an hour hence, and bring'em;  
For in the grove you'll find him. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Diocles<sup>31</sup> and Drusilla.*

*Dio.* Come, Drusilla,  
The partner of my best contents! I hope now  
You dare believe me.

*Drus.* Yes, and dare say to you,  
I think you now most happy.

<sup>30</sup> Let out.] Probably we should read, SET out.

<sup>31</sup> *Enter Diocles and Drusilla.*] Though the emperor had quitted his imperial dignity, and retired to his farm, it does not appear by any accounts, that he ever reduced his name, as our editors have done for him here, to pure plain *Diocles*. I say the editors, not the poets, because in the conclusion of this act the soldiers give him his imperial addition,

*Long live the good and gracious Dioclesian.* *Sympson.*

These cavils at the itage-directions are not only idle, but ridiculous; and, besides this, Symplon suffers him, in the Dumb-Show (at the beginning of the fourth act) to be called both *Diocles* and *Dioclesian*: This probably proceeded from oversight in him; in us it proceeds from our thinking it too insignificant for attention.

*Dio.* You say true, sweet ;  
For, by my soul, I find now by experience,  
Content was never courtier.

*Drus.* I pray you walk on, Sir ;  
The cool shades of the grove invite you.

*Dio.* Oh, my dearest !  
When man has cast off his ambitious greatness,  
And sunk into the sweetness of himself ;  
Built his foundation upon honest thoughts ;  
Not great, but good, desires his daily servants ;  
How quietly he sleeps ! How joyfully  
He wakes again, and looks on his possessions,  
And from his willing labours feeds with pleasure !  
Here hang no comets in the shapes of crowns  
To shake our sweet contents ; nor here, *Drusilla*,  
Cares, like eclipses, darken our endeavours :  
We love here without rivals, kiss with innocence :  
Our thoughts as gentle as our lips, our children  
The double heirs both of our forms and faiths.

*Drus.* I'm glad ye make this right use of this sweetness,  
This sweet retiredness.

*Dio.* 'Tis sweet indeed, love,  
And every circumstance about it shews it.  
How liberal is the spring in every place here !  
The artificial court shews but a shadow,  
A painted imitation of this glory.  
Smell to this flower ; here Nature has her excellence ;  
Let all the perfumes of the empire pass this,  
The carefull'st lady's cheek shew such a colour ;  
They're gilded and adulterate vanities.  
And here in poverty dwells noble nature.  
What pains we take to cool our wines, to allay us,  
And bury quick the fuming God to quench us.

[*Musick below.*

Methinks this chrystal well——Ha ! what strange  
musick ?

'Tis underneath, sure !—How it stirs and joys me !  
How all the birds set on ! the fields redouble  
Their odoriferous sweets ! Hark how the echoes——

*Enter a Spirit from the well.*

*Druf.* See, Sir, those flowers  
From out the well, spring to your entertainment.

*Enter Delphia.*

*Dio.* Bless me !

*Druf.* Be not afraid ; 'tis some good angel  
That's come to welcome you.

*Delp.* Go near, and hear, son. [Song.]

*Dio.* Oh, mother, thank you, thank you ! this was  
your will.

*Delp.* You shall not want delights to bless your  
presence.  
Now you are honest, all the stars shall honour you.

*Enter Shepherds and Dancers.*

Stay ; here are country shepherds ; here's some sport  
too,  
And you must grace it, Sir ; 'twas meant to welcome  
you.  
A king shall never feel your joy : Sit down, son.

*A dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses ; Pan leading  
the men, Ceres the maids.*

Hold, hold ! my messenger appears. Leave off, friends,  
Leave off a while, and breathe.

*Dio.* What news ? You're pale, mother.

*Delp.* No ; I am careful of thy safety, son.  
Be not affrighted, but sit still ; I'm with thee.

*Enter Maximinian, Aurelia, and Soldiers.*

And now, dance out your dance.—D'you know that  
person ?

Be not amaz'd, but let him shew his dreadfulest.

*Maxi.* How confident he sits amongst his pleasures,  
And what a cheerful colour shews in's face !  
And yet he sees me too, the soldiers with me.

*Aur.* Be speedy in your work, (you will be stopt else)  
And

And then you are an emperor!

*Maxi.* I'll about it.

*Dio.* My royal cousin, how I joy to see you,  
You and your royal emprefs!

*Maxi.* You're too kind, Sir.

I come not to eat with you, and to surfeit  
In these poor clownish pleasures; but to tell you,  
I look upon you like my winding-sheet,  
The coffin of my greatness, nay, my grave:  
For whilst you are alive——

*Dio.* Alive, my cousin?

*Maxi.* I say, alive.—I am no emperor;  
I'm nothing but mine own disquiet.

*Dio.* Stay, Sir!

*Maxi.* I cannot stay. The soldiers dote upon you.  
I would fain spare you; but mine own security  
Compels me to forget you are my uncle,  
Compels me to forget you made me Cæsar;  
For, whilst you are remember'd, I am buried.

*Dio.* Did not I make you emperor, dear cousin?  
The free gift from my special grace?

*Delp.* Fear nothing.

*Dio.* Did not I chuse this poverty, to raise you?  
That royal woman gave into your arms too?  
Bless'd you with her bright beauty? Gave the soldier,  
The soldier that hung to me, fix'd him on you?  
Gave you the world's command?

*Maxi.* This cannot help you.

*Dio.* Yet this shall ease me. Can you be so base,  
cousin,

So far from nobleness, so far from nature,  
As to forget all this? to tread this tie out?  
Raise to yourself so foul a monument  
That every common foot shall kick asunder?  
Must my blood glue you to your peace?

*Maxi.* It must, uncle;

I stand too loose else, and my foot too feeble:  
You gone once, and their love retir'd, I'm rooted.

*Dio.* And cannot this remov'd poor state obscure me?

I do

I do not seek for yours, nor enquire ambitiously  
 After your growing fortunes. Take heed, my kinsman!  
 Ungratefulness and blood mingled together,  
 Will, like two furious tides——

*Maxi.* I must sail thro' 'em;  
 Let 'em be tides of death, Sir, I must stem up.

*Dio.* Hear but this last, and wisely yet consider!  
 Place round about my Grange a garrison,  
 That if I offer to exceed my limits,  
 Or ever in my common talk name emperor,  
 Ever converse with any greedy foldier,  
 Or look for adoration, nay, for courtesy,  
 Above the day's salute——Think who has fed you,  
 Think, cousin, who I am. D'you slight my misery?  
 Nay, then I charge thee! Nay, I meet thy cruelty.

*Maxi.* This cannot serve; prepare. Now fall on,  
 foldiers,

And all the treasure that I have——

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

*1 Sold.* The earth shakes;  
 We totter up and down; we cannot stand, Sir;  
 Methinks the mountains tremble too.

*2 Sold.* The flashes,  
 How thick and hot they come! We shall be burnt all!

*Delp.* Fall on, foldiers!  
 You that sell innocent blood, fall on full bravely!

*1 Sold.* We cannot stir.  
*Delp.* You have your liberty;  
 So have you, lady: One of you come do it.

[*A hand with a bolt appears above.*]

D'ye stand amaz'd? Look o'er thy head, Maximinian,  
 Look, to thy terror, what over hangs thee;  
 Nay, it will nail thee dead: Look how it threatens thee!  
 'The bolt for vengeance on ungrateful wretches;  
 'The bolt of innocent blood:' Read those hot characters,

And spell the will of Heav'n. Nay, lovely lady,  
 You must take part too, as spur to Ambition.  
 Are you humble? Now speak; my part is ended.

Does

Does all your glory shake?

*Maxi.* Hear us, great uncle,  
Good and great Sir, be pitiful unto us!

Below your feet we lay our lives; be merciful!  
Begin you, Heaven will follow.

*Aur.* Oh, it shakes still!

*Maxi.* And dreadfully it threatens. We acknowledge  
Our base and foul intentions: Stand between us!  
For faults confess'd, they say, are half forgiven:  
We're sorry for our sins. Take from us, Sir,  
That glorious weight that made us swell, that poison'd  
us;

That mass of majesty I labour'd under,  
(Too heavy and too mighty for my manage)  
That my poor innocent days may turn again,  
And my mind, pure, may purge me of these curses.  
By your old love, the blood that runs between us—

[*The hand taken in.*

*Aur.* By that love once you bare to me! by that, Sir,  
That blessed maid enjoys——

*Dio.* Rise up, dear cousin,  
And be your words your judges! I forgive you.  
Great as you are, enjoy that greatness ever,  
Whilst I mine own content make mine own empire.  
Once more I give you all; learn to deserve it,  
And live to love your good more than your greatness.—  
Now shew your loves to entertain this emperor,  
My honest neighbours! Geta, see all handsome.  
Your Grace must pardon us; our house is little;  
But such an ample welcome as a poor man  
And his true love can make you and your empress—  
Madam, we have no dainties.

*Aur.* 'Tis enough, Sir;  
We shall enjoy the riches of your goodness.

*Sold.* Long live the good and gracious Dioclesian!

*Dio.* I thank you, soldiers; I forgive your rashness.  
And, royal Sir, long may they love and honour you!

[*Drums beat a march afar off.*

What drums are those?

*Delp.*

*Delp.* Meet 'em, my honest son ;  
 They are thy friends, Charinus and the old soldiers,  
 That come to rescue thee from thy hot cousin.  
 But all is well; and turn all into welcomes !  
 Two emperors you must entertain now.

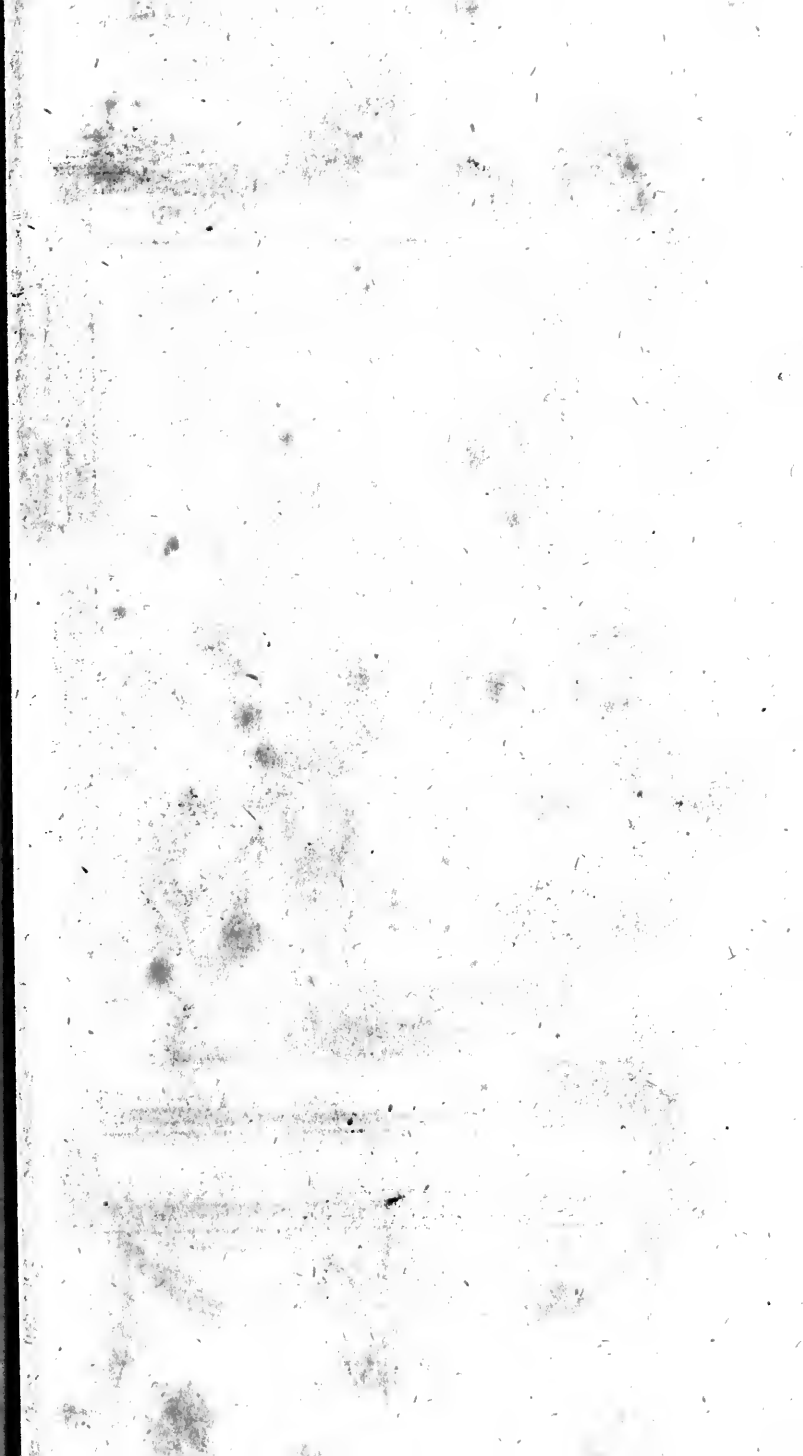
*Dio.* Oh, dear mother,  
 I've will enough, but I want room and glory.

*Delp.* That shall be my care. Sound your pipes  
 now merrily,  
 And all your handsome sports: Sing 'em full welcomes !

*Dio.* And let 'em know, our true love breeds more  
 stories,  
 And perfect joys, than kings do, and their glories.

[*Exeunt.*





THE QUEEN OF CORINTH.



Oh, Heaven!  
Is this the happy time! my hope to this come!

J. F. Barrett delin.

C. Gignion sculp.



T H E

QUEEN OF CORINTH.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

---

*The Commendatory Verses by Hills assign this Play wholly to Fletcher.  
It was first printed in the folio of 1647. We do not know of any  
alteration that has been made to it, nor has it been acted these  
many years.*

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Agenor, *prince of Argos.*

Theanor, *son of the Queen of Corinth, a vicious prince.*

Leonidas, *the Corinthian general, brother to Merione.*

Euphanes, *a noble young gentleman, favourite to the Queen.*

Crates, *elder brother to Euphanes, a malicious beautefeu<sup>1</sup>.*

Conon, *Euphanes's confidant, and fellow-traveller.*

Neanthes, }  
Soficles, } *Courtiers.*  
Eraton, }

Onos, or Lamprias, *a very foolish traveller.*

Tutor, }  
Uncle, } *to Onos, two foolish knaves.*

*Gentlemen, servants to Agenor.*

*A page to lord Euphanes.*

*Marshal, Vintner, and Drawers.*

W O M E N.

*Queen of Corinth, a wise and virtuous widow.*

*Merione, a virtuous lady, honourably solicited by prince Agenor.*

*Beliza, a noble lady, mistress to Euphanes.*

SCENE, CORINTH.

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<sup>1</sup> *Boutefeu.*] An incendiary.

## QUEEN OF CORINTH.

## A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Enter Neantbes, Soficles, and Eraton.*

*Eraton.* **T**HE general is return'd then?

*Nean.* With much honour.

*Sof.* And peace concluded with  
the prince of Argos?

*Nean.* To the Queen's wishes: The conditions  
sign'd

So far beyond her hopes, to the advantage  
Of Corinth, and the good of all her subjects,  
That tho' Leonidas, our brave general,  
Ever came home a fair and great example,  
He never yet return'd or with less loss  
Or more deserved honour.

*Era.* Have you not heard  
The motives to this general good?

*Nean.* The main one  
Was admiration first in young Agenor  
(For by that name we know the prince of Argos)  
Of our Leonidas' wisdom and his valour;  
Which, tho' an enemy, first in him bred wonder,  
That liking, love succeeded that, which was  
Follow'd by a desire to be a friend,  
Upon what terms soever, to such goodness.  
They had an interview; and, that their friendship  
Might with our peace be ratified, it was concluded,  
Agenor,

Agenor, yielding up all such strong places  
As he held in our territories, should receive  
(With a sufficient dower paid by the Queen)  
The fair Merione for his wife.

*Era.* But how

Approves the Queen of this? since we well know,  
Nor was her highness ignorant, that her son  
The prince Theanor made love to this lady,  
And in the noblest way.

*Nean.* Which she allow'd of,

And I have heard from some familiar with  
Her nearest secrets, she so deeply priz'd her,  
Being from an infant train'd up in her service,  
(Or, to speak better, rather her own creature)  
She once did say, that if the prince should steal  
A marriage without her leave, or knowledge,  
With this Merione, with a little suit  
She should grant both their pardons; whereas now,  
To shew herself forsooth a Spartan lady,  
And that 'tis in her power, now it concerns  
The common good, not alone to subdue  
Her own affections, but command her son's,  
She has not only forc'd him with rough threats  
To leave his mistress, but compell'd him, when  
Agenor made his entrance into Corinth,  
To wait upon his rival.

*Sof.* Can it be

The prince should sit down with this wrong?

*Nean.* I know not;

I am sure I should not.

*Era.* Trust me, nor I:

A mother is a name; but, put in balance  
With a young wench, 'tis nothing. Where did you  
leave him?

*Nean.* Near Vesta's temple (for there he dismiss'd  
me)

And full of troubled thoughts, calling for Crates:  
He went with him, but whither, or to what purpose,  
I am a stranger.

*Enter*

*Enter Theanor and Crates.*

*Era.* They're come back, Neanthes.

*The.* I like the place well.

*Cra.* Well, Sir? it is built

As if the architect had been a prophet,  
And fashion'd it alone for this night's action;  
The vaults so hollow, and the walls so strong,  
As Dian there might suffer violence,  
And with loud shrieks in vain call Jove to help her;  
Or should he hear, his thunder could not find  
An entrance to it.

*The.* I give up myself  
Wholly to thy direction, worthiest Crates:  
And yet the desp'rate cure that we must practise  
Is in itself so foul, and full of danger,  
That I stand doubtful whether 'twere more manly  
To die not seeking help, or that help being  
So deadly, to pursue it.

*Cra.* To those reasons  
I have already urg'd, I will add these:  
For, but consider, Sir—— [They talk apart.

*Era.* It is of weight  
Whate'er it be, that with such vehement action  
Of eye, hand, foot, nay, all his body's motion,  
Crates incites the prince to.

*Nean.* Then observe,  
With what variety of passions he  
Receives his reasons: Now he's pale, and shakes  
For fear or anger; now his natural red  
Comes back again, and with a pleasing smile  
He seems to entertain it. 'Tis resolv'd on,  
Be it what 'twill: To his ends may it prosper,  
Tho' the state sink for't!

*Cra.* Now you are a prince  
Fit to rule others, and, in shaking off  
The bonds in which your mother fetters you,  
Discharge your debt to Nature: She's your guide;  
Follow her boldly, Sir.

*The.* I am confirm'd,  
Fall what may fall.

*Cra.* Yet still disguise your malice  
In your humility.

*The.* I am instructed.

*Cra.* Tho' in your heart there rage a thousand  
tempests,  
All calmness in your looks.

*The.* I shall remember.

*Cra.* And at no hand, tho' these are us'd as agents,  
Acquaint them with your purpose, 'till the instant  
That we employ them; 'tis not fit they have  
Time to consider: When 'tis done, reward  
Or fear will keep them silent. Yet you may  
Grace them as you pass by; 'twill make them surer,  
And greedier to deserve you<sup>2</sup>.

*The.* I'll move only  
As you would have me. Good day, gentlemen!  
Nay, spare this ceremonious form of duty  
To him that brings love to you, equal love,  
And is in nothing happier than in knowing  
It is return'd by you; we are as one.

*Sof.* I am o'erjoyed! I know not  
How to reply; but——

*Era.* Hang all *buts!*—My lord,  
For this your bounteous favour——

*Nean.* Let me speak.  
If to feed vultures here, after the halter  
Has done his part, or if there be a hell  
To take a swinge or two there, may deserve this——

*Sof.* We're ready.

*Era.* Try us any way.

*Nean.* Put us to it.

*The.* What jewels I have in you!

*Cra.* Have these souls,  
That for a good look, and a few kind words,

<sup>2</sup> To deserve you.] Sympson and Seward chuse to read, *serve* instead of *deserve*: We think the latter word genuine, if not preferable. *To deserve you* signifies *to merit your favour*.



Part with their essence ?

*The.* Since you will compel me  
To put that to the trial which I doubt not,  
Crates, may be suddenly, will instruct you  
How, and in what, to shew your loves: Obey him  
As you would bind me to you.

*Cra.* 'Tis well grounded;  
Leave me to rear the building.

*Nean.* We will do——

*Cra.* I know it.

*Era.* Any thing you'll put us to. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Leonidas, Merione, and Beliza.*

*Leo.* Sister, I reap the harvest of my labours  
In your preferment; be you worthy of it,  
And with an open bosom entertain  
A greater fortune than my love durst hope for!  
Be wise, and welcome it: Play not the coy  
And foolish wanton, with the offer'd bounties  
Of him that is a prince. I was woo'd for you,  
And won, Merione; then, if you dare  
Believe the object that took me was worthy,  
Or trust my judgment, in me think you were  
Court'd, sued to, and conquer'd.

*Mer.* Noble brother,  
I have and still esteem you as a father,  
And will as far obey you; my heart speaks it:  
And yet, without your anger, give me leave  
To say, that in the choice of that on which  
All my life's joys or sorrows have dependance,  
It had been fit, ere you had made a full  
And absolute grant of me to any other,  
I should have us'd mine own eyes, or at least  
Made you to understand, whether it were  
Within my power to make a second gift  
Of my poor self.

*Leo.* I know what 'tis you point at,

The prince Theanor's love ; let not that cheat you ;  
 His vows were but mere courtship ; all his service  
 But practice how to entrap a credulous lady.  
 Or, grant it serious, yet you must remember,  
 He's not to love, but where the Queen his mother  
 Must give allowance, which to you is barr'd up ;  
 And therefore study to forget that ever  
 You cherish'd such a hope.

*Mer.* I would I could !

*Leo.* But brave Agenor, who is come in person  
 To celebrate this marriage, for your love  
 Forgives the forfeit of ten thousand lives,  
 That must have fallen under the sword of war  
 Had not this peace been made ; which general good  
 Both countries owe to his affection to you.  
 Oh, happy sister, ask this noble lady,  
 Your bosom friend (since I fail in my credit)  
 What palm Agenor's name, above all princes  
 That Greece is proud of, carries, and with lustre.

*Bel.* Indeed, fame gives him out for excellent ;  
 And, friend, I doubt not but when you shall see him,

*Enter a Servant, who whispers Beliza.*

He'll so appear to you.—Art sure 'tis he ?

*Ser.* As I live, madam——

*Bel.* Virtue enable me to contain my joy !

'Tis my Euphanes ?

*Ser.* Yes.

*Bel.* And he's in health ?

*Ser.* Most certainly, madam.

*Bel.* I'll see him instantly.

So, prithee, tell him.

[*Exit Servant.*

*Mer.* I yield myself too weak

In argument to oppose you ; you may lead me  
 Whither you please.

*Leo.* 'Tis answer'd like my sister ;

<sup>3</sup> *Enter a Servant.*] Without the addition I have made to this direction, every reader perhaps would not take the abrupt question, *Art sure 'tis he?* in a proper light.

And if in him you find not ample cause  
To pray for me, and daily, on your knees,  
Conclude I have no judgment.

*Mer.* May it prove so!

Friend, shall we have your company?

*Bel.* Two hours hence

I will not fail you.

*Leo.* At your pleasure, madam. [*Exe. Leo. and Mer.*]

*Enter Euphanes.*

*Bel.* Could I in one word speak a thousand welcomes,

And hearty ones, you have 'em. Fy! my hand?  
We stand at no such distance: By my life,  
The parting kiss you took before your travel  
Is yet a virgin on my lips, preserv'd  
With as much care as I would do my fame,  
To entertain your wish'd return.

*Euph.* Best lady,

That I do honour you, and with as much reason  
As ever man did Virtue; that I love you,  
Yet look upon you with that reverence  
As holy men behold the sun, the stars,  
The temples, and their gods, they all can witness;  
And that you have deserv'd this duty from me,  
The life, and means of life, for which I owe you,  
Commands me to profess it, since my fortune  
Affords no other payment.

*Bel.* I had thought,

That for the trifling courtesies, as I call them,  
(Tho' you give them another name) you had  
Made ample satisfaction in th' acceptance;  
And therefore did presume you had brought home  
Some other language.

*Euph.* No one I have learn'd

Yields words sufficient to express your goodness;  
Nor can I ever chuse another theme,  
And not be thought unthankful.

*Bel.* Pray you no more,

As you respect me.

*Euph.* That charm is too powerful  
For me to disobey it. 'Tis your pleasure,  
And not my boldness, madam.

*Bel.* Good Euphanes,  
Believe I am not one of those weak ladies,  
That (barren of all inward worth) are proud  
Of what they cannot truly call their own,  
Their birth or fortune, which are things without  
them:

Nor in this will I imitate the world,  
Whose greater part of men think when they give  
They purchase bondmen, not make worthy friends:  
By all that's good I swear, I never thought  
My great estate was an addition to me,  
Or that your wants took from you:

*Euph.* There are few  
So truly understanding or themselves or what  
They do possess.

*Bel.* Good Euphanes, where benefits  
Are ill conferr'd, as on unworthy men<sup>4</sup>,  
That turn them to bad uses, the bestower,  
For wanting judgment how and on whom to place them,  
Is partly guilty: But when we do favours  
To such as make them grounds on which they build  
Their noble actions, there we improve our fortunes  
To the most fair advantage. If I speak  
Too much, tho' I confess I speak not well<sup>5</sup>,  
Prithee remember 'tis a woman's weakness,  
And then thou wilt forgive it.

*Euph.* You speak nothing  
But what would well become the wisest man:  
And that by you deliver'd is so pleasing  
That I could hear you ever.

*Bel.* Fly not from

<sup>4</sup> *As to unworthy men.*] Amended by Sympsen.

<sup>5</sup> *I speak well.*] The insertion of the word *not* is recommended by Sympsen. The answer of Euphanes, and all that follows, proves it to be the original reading.

Your word, for I arrest it: And will now  
Express myself a little more, and prove  
That whereas you profess yourself my debtor,  
That I am yours.

*Euph.* Your ladyship then must use  
Some sophistry I never heard of.

*Bel.* By plain reasons;  
For, look you, had you never sunk beneath  
Your wants, or if those wants had found supply  
From Crates, your unkind and covetous brother,  
Or any other man, I then had mis'd  
A subject upon which I worthily  
Might exercise my bounty: Whereas now,  
By having happy opportunity  
To furnish you before, and in your travels,  
With all conveniencies that you thought useful,  
That gold which would have rusted in my coffers,  
Being thus employ'd, has render'd me a partner  
In all your glorious actions. And whereas,  
Had you not been, I should have died a thing  
Scarce known, or soon forgotten; there's no trophy  
In which Euphanes for his worth is mention'd,  
But there you have been careful to remember,  
That all the good you did came from Beliza.

*Euph.* That was but thankfulness.

*Bel.* 'Twas such an honour,  
And such a large return for the poor trash  
I ventur'd with you, that, if I should part  
With all that I possess, and myself too,  
In satisfaction for it, 'twere still short  
Of your deservings.

*Euph.* You o'er-prize them, madam.

*Bel.* The Queen herself hath given me gracious  
thanks

In your behalf; for she hath heard, Euphanes,  
How gallantly you have maintain'd her honour  
In all the courts of Greece: And rest assur'd  
(Tho' yet unknown) when I present you to her,  
Which I will do this evening, you shall find

That she intends good to you.

*Euph.* Worthiest lady;  
Since all you labour for is the advancement  
Of him that will live ever your poor servant,  
He must not contradict it.

*Bel.* Here's your brother;  
'Tis strange to see him here.

*Enter Crates.*

*Cra.* You're welcome home, Sir!  
(Your pardon, madam.) I had thought my house,  
Considering who I am, might have been worthy  
Of your first visit.

*Euph.* 'Twas not open to me  
When last I saw you; and to me 'tis wonder  
That absence, which still renders men forgotten,  
Should make my presence wish'd for.

*Bel.* That's not it;  
Your too-kind brother, understanding that  
You stand in no need of him, is bold to offer  
His entertainment.

*Cra.* He had never wanted  
Or yours, or your assistance, had he practis'd  
The way he might have took, to have commanded  
Whatever I call mine.

*Euph.* I studied many,  
But could find none.

*Cra.* You would not find yourself, Sir,  
Or in yourself, what was due to me from you;  
The privilege my birth bestow'd upon me  
Might challenge some regard.

*Euph.* You had all the land, Sir;  
What else did you expect? And I am certain  
You kept such strong guards to preserve it yours,  
I could force nothing from you.

*Cra.* Did you ever  
Demand help from me?

*Euph.* My wants have, and often,  
With open mouths, but you nor heard nor saw them.

May-be,

May-be, you look'd I should petition to you,  
 As you went to your horse; flatter your servants,  
 To play the brokers for my furtherance;  
 Sooth your worst humours, act the parasite  
 On all occasions; write my name with theirs  
 That are but one degree remov'd from slaves;  
 Be drunk when you would have me, then wench with  
 you,

Or play the pandar; enter into quarrels,  
 Altho' unjustly grounded, and defend them,  
 'Cause they were yours: These are the tyrannies  
 Most younger brothers groan beneath; yet bear them  
 From the insulting heir, selling their freedoms  
 At a less rate than what the state allows  
 The salary of base and common strumpets:  
 For my part, ere on such low terms I feed  
 Upon a brother's trencher, let me die  
 The beggar's death, and starve!

*Cra.* 'Tis bravely spoken,  
 Did what you do rank with it.

*Bel.* Why, what does he  
 You would not wish were yours?

*Cra.* I'll tell you, lady,  
 Since you rise up his advocate, and boldly  
 (For now I find, and plainly, in whose favour  
 My love and service to you was neglected).  
 For all your wealth, nay, add to that your beauty,  
 And put your virtues in, (if you have any)  
 I would not yet be pointed at, as he is,  
 For the fine courtier, the woman's man,  
 That tells my lady stories, dissolves riddles,  
 Ushers her to her coach, lies at her feet  
 At solemn masques, applauding what she laughs at;  
 Reads her asleep a-nights, and takes his oath  
 Upon her pantofles, that all excellence  
 In other madams does but zany hers:  
 These you are perfect in, and yet these take not  
 Or from your birth or freedom.

*Eupb.* Should another

Say this, my deeds, not looks should shew——

*Bel.* Contemn it:

His envy fains this, and he's but reporter,  
Without a second, of his own dry fancies.

*Cra.* Yes, madam, the whole city speaks it with me;  
And tho' it may distaste, 'tis certain you  
Are brought into the scene, and with him censur'd;  
For you are given out for the provident lady,  
That, not to be unfurnish'd for her pleasures,  
(As, without them, to what vain use is greatness!)  
Have made choice of an able man, a young man,  
Of an Herculean back, to do you service;  
And one you may command too, that is active,  
And does what you would have him.

*Bel.* You are foul-mouth'd!

*Cra.* That can speak well, write verses too, and good  
ones,

Sharp and conceited, whose wit you may lie with  
When his performance fails him; one you have  
Maintain'd abroad to learn new ways to please you;  
And, by the gods, you well reward him for it.  
No night in which, while you lie sick and panting,  
He watches by you, but is worth a talent;  
No conference in your coach, which is not paid with  
A scarlet suit: This the poor people<sup>6</sup> mutter,  
Tho' I believe, for I am bound to do so,  
A lady of your youth, that feeds high too,  
And a most exact lady, may do all this  
Out of a virtuous love, the last-bought vizard  
That lechery purchas'd.

*Euph.* Not a word beyond this!

The reverence I owe to that one womb  
In which we both were embrions, makes me suffer  
What's past; but if continued——

*Bel.* Stay your hand!

<sup>6</sup> Poor people.] I have a strong suspicion that *most* is the reading we ought to follow, but I have not ventured to disturb the text.

*Symphon.*

The text is best.

The



The Queen shall right my honour.

*Cra.* Let him do it;

It is but marrying him. And, for your anger,  
Know that I slight it! When your goddess here  
Is weary of your sacrifice, as she will be,  
You know my house, and there amongst my servants  
Perhaps you'll find a livery. [Exit.]

*Bel.* Be not mov'd;

I know the rancor of his disposition,  
And turn it on himself by laughing at it;  
And in that let me teach you.

*Euph.* I learn gladly.

[Exeunt.]

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Neanthes, Soficles, and Eraton, severally.*

*Nean.* You're met unto my wishes; if you ever  
Desir'd true mirth so far as to adventure  
To die with the extremity of laughter,  
I come before the object that will do it;  
Or let me live your fool.

*Sof.* Who is't, Neanthes?

*Nean.* Lamprias the usurer's son.

*Era.* Lamprias? the youth  
Of six and fifty?

*Sof.* That was sent to travel  
By rich Beliza, 'till he came to age  
And was fit for a wife?

*Nean.* The very same.

This gallant, with his Guardian and his Tutor,  
(And, of the three, who is most fool I know not)  
Are newly come to Corinth: I'll not stale them  
By giving up their characters<sup>7</sup>; but leave you  
To make your own discoveries. Here they are, Sir.

<sup>7</sup> *By giving up their, &c.*] The particle *up* I have left out of the present text, though it stands in all the other copies, because it confounds the sense: *Giving up a character* is a phrase of a quite different import to what he would say here, as the least attention will make evident enough.

*Sympson.*

*To give up* is right. It does not here signify to renounce, in the modern acceptation, but to describe.

*Enter*

*Enter Onos, Uncle, and Tutor.*

*Tutor.* That leg a little higher; very well.  
Now put your face into the traveller's posture;  
Exceeding good.

*Uncle.* Do you mark how they admire him?

*Tutor.* They will be all my scholars, when they know  
And understand him truly.

*Era.* Phœbus guard me  
From this new Python!

*Sof.* How they have trim'd him up  
Like an old reveller!

*Nean.* Curl'd him and perfum'd him;  
But that was done with judgment, for he looks  
Like one that purg'd perpetually. Trust me,  
That witch's face of his is painted too,  
And every ditch upon it buries more  
Than would set off ten bawds and all their tenants!

*Sof.* See how it moves towards us.

*Nean.* There's a salutation!—  
'Troth, gentlemen, you have bestow'd much travel  
In training up your pupil.

*Tutor.* Sir, great buildings  
Require great labours; which yet we repent not,  
Since for the country's good we have brought home  
An absolute man.

*Uncle.* As any of his years,  
Corinth can shew you.

*Era.* He's exceeding meagre.

*Tutor.* His contemplation——

*Uncle.* Besides, 'tis fit  
Learners should be kept hungry.

*Nean.* You all contemplate;  
For three such wretched pictures of lean famine  
I never saw together.

*Uncle.* We have fat minds, Sir,  
And travell'd to save charges. Do you think  
'Twas fit a young and hopeful gentleman  
Should be brought up a glutton? He's my ward;

Nor

Nor was there ever, where I bore the bag,  
Any superfluous waste.

*Era.* Pray you can it speak?

*Tutor.* He knows all languages, but will use none;  
They're all too big for's mouth, or else too little  
To exprefs his great conceits. And yet of late,  
With some impulfion, he hath fet down,  
In a ftrange method, by the way of queftion,  
And briefly too<sup>s</sup>, all bufinefs whatfoever,  
That may concern a gentleman.

*Nean.* Good Sir, let's hear him.

*Tutor.* Come on, Sir.

*Nean.* They have taught him, like an ape,  
To do his tricks by figns. Now he begins.

*Onos.* When fhall we be drunk together?

*Tutor.* That's the firft.

*Onos.* Where fhall we whore to-night?

*Uncle.* That ever follows.

*Era.* 'Ods me, he now looks angry.

*Onos.* Shall we quarrel?

*Nean.* With me at no hand, Sir.

*Onos.* Then let's proteft.

*Era.* Is this all?

*Tutor.* Thefe are, Sir, the four new virtues  
That are in fafhion; many a mile we meafur'd  
Before we could arrive unto this knowledge.

*Nean.* You might have fpar'd that labour, for at  
home here

There's little elfe in practice. Ha! the Queen?  
Good friends, for half an hour remove your motion<sup>9</sup>;  
Tomorrow willingly, when we've more leifure,  
We'll look on him again.

*Onos.* Did I not rarely?

*Uncle.* Excellent well.

*Tutor.* He fhall have fix plumbs for it.

[*Exeunt Onos, &c.*]

<sup>s</sup> And briefly to all.] Corrected by Mr. Symphon.

<sup>9</sup> Motion.] i. e. Puppet. See note 13 on Rule a Wife and Have  
a Wife.

*Enter*

*Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Theanor, Queen, Merione, Beliza, Euphanes, Crates, ladies and attendants, with lights.*

*Queen.* How much my court is honour'd, princely brother,

In your vouchsafing it your long'd-for presence,  
Were tedious to repeat, since 'tis already  
(And heartily) acknowledg'd. May the gods,  
That look into kings' actions, smile upon  
The league we have concluded; and their justice  
Find me out to revenge it, if I break  
One article!

*Age.* Great miracle of queens,  
How happy I esteem myself, in being  
Thought worthy to be number'd in the rank  
Of your confed'rates, my love and best service  
Shall teach the world hereafter; but this gift  
With which you have confirm'd it, is so far  
Beyond my hopes and means e'er to return,  
That of necessity I must die oblig'd  
To your unanswer'd bounty.

*The.* The sweet lady  
In blushes gives your highness thanks.

*Queen.* Believe it,  
On the Queen's word, she is a worthy one;  
And I am so acquainted with her goodness,  
That but for this peace that hath chang'd my purpose,  
And to her more advancement, I should gladly  
Have call'd her daughter.

*The.* Tho' I am depriv'd of  
A blessing, 'tis not in the fates to equal,  
To shew myself a subject as a son,  
Here I give up my claim, and willingly  
With mine own hand deliver you what once  
I lov'd above myself; and from this hour,  
(For my affection yields now to my duty)  
Vow never to solicit her.

*Cra.* 'Tis well cover'd.  
Neanthes, and the rest! [*Exe. Cra. Nean. Sof. Era.*  
*Queen.*

*Queen.* Nay, for this night  
You must (for 'tis our country fashion, Sir)  
Leave her to her devotions; in the morning  
We'll bring you to the temple.

*Leo.* How in this  
Your highness honours me!

*Mer.* Sweet rest to all!

*Age.* This kiss, and I obey you.

*Bel.* Please it your highness,  
This is the gentleman.

*Queen.* You're welcome home, Sir.—  
Now, as I live, one of a promising presence.—  
I've heard of you before, and you shall find  
I'll know you better; find out something that  
May do you good, and rest assur'd to have it.  
Were you at Sparta lately?

*Euph.* Three days since, madam,  
I came from thence.

*Queen.* 'Tis very late.  
Good night, my lord! Do you, Sir, follow me;  
I must talk further with you.

*Age.* All rest with you! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Crates, Neanthes, Eraton, and Sosticles, disguised.*

*Cra.* She must pass thro' this cloister; suddenly  
And boldly seize upon her.

*Nean.* Where's the prince?

*Cra.* He does expect us at the place I shew'd you.

*Enter Merione and Servant.*

I hear one's footing; peace, 'tis she.

*Mer.* Now leave me; [*Exit Servant.*  
I know the way; tho', Vesta witness with me,  
I never trod it with such fear.—Help, help!

*Cra.* Stop her mouth close; out with the light;  
I'll guide you. [*Exeunt.*

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter Merione, as newly ravish'd.*

*Mer.* **T**O whom now shall I cry? What pow'r  
 thus kneel to,  
 And beg my ravish'd honour back upon me?  
 Deaf, deaf, you gods of goodness, deaf to me,  
 Deaf Heav'n to all my cries; deaf hope, deaf justice!  
 I am abus'd, and you, that see all, saw it,  
 Saw it, and smil'd upon the villain did it;  
 Saw it, and gave him strength: Why have I pray'd  
 to ye,  
 When all the world's eyes have been sunk in slumbers?  
 Why have I then pour'd out my tears? kneel'd to ye?  
 And from the altar of a pure heart sent ye  
 Thoughts like yourselves, white, innocent, vows purer  
 And of a sweeter flame<sup>10</sup> than all earth's odours?  
 Why have I sung your praises, strew'd your temples,  
 And crown'd your holy priests with virgin roses?  
 Is it we hold ye powerful, to destroy us?  
 Believe and honour ye, to see us ruin'd?  
 These tears of anger thus I sprinkle toward ye,  
 You that dare sleep secure whilst virgins suffer;  
 These stick like comets<sup>11</sup>, blaze eternally,  
 'Till, with the wonder, they have wak'd your justice,  
 And forc'd ye fear our curses, as we yours.

*Enter Theanor and Crates, with vizards.*

My shame still follows me, and still proclaims me.

<sup>10</sup> *Sweeter flame.*] Though I have not disturbed the text, I suspect we should read *flame*. *Sympson.*

<sup>11</sup> *These stick like comets.*] 'To compare tears to comets, fire to water, is so strange an allusion, that we cannot help thinking a line has been dropt here; and the two following lines almost prove that the *curses* and *execrations* of the suffering innocent (not the *tears* which she *sprinkles*) are what she means by saying,

THESE STICK LIKE COMETS, BLAZE ETERNALLY.

He turns away in scorn! I am contemn'd too;  
 A more unmanly violence than the other:  
 Bitten, and flung away? Whate'er you are,  
 Sir, you that have abus'd me, and now most basely  
 And sacrilegiously robb'd this fair temple,  
 I fling all these behind me, but look upon me,  
 But one kind loving look, be what you will,  
 So from this hour you will be mine, my husband.  
 And you, his hand in mischief, I speak to you too,  
 Counsel him nobly now; you know the mischief,  
 The most unrighteous act he has done; persuade him,  
 Persuade him like a friend, knock at his conscience  
 'Till fair Repentance follow. Yet be worthy of me,  
 And shew yourself, if ever good thought guided you:  
 You've had your foul will; make't yet fair with  
 marriage;  
 Open yourself and take me, wed me now.

*[Draws his dagger.]*

More fruits of villainy? Your dagger? Come;  
 You're merciful; I thank you for your medicine.

*Enter the rest disguised.*

Is that too worthy too? Devil! thou with him!  
 Thou penny bawd to his lust! Will not that stir thee?  
 Do you work by tokens now? Be sure I live not,  
 For your own safeties, knaves. I will sit patiently:  
 But, as you are true villains, the devil's own servants,  
 And those he loves and trusts, make it as bloody  
 An act, of such true horror, Heav'n would shake at;  
 'Twill shew the braver. Goodness, hold my hope  
 fast,

And in thy mercies look upon my ruins,

*Enter six disguised, singing and dancing to a horrid  
 musick, and sprinkling water on her face.*

And then I'm right!—My eyes grow dead and heavy.  
 Wrong me no more, as ye are men.

*The.* She's fast.

*Cra.* Away with her.

*[Exeunt.]*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Agenor and Gentlemen, with torches.*

*Age.* Now, Gentlemen, the time's come now t' enjoy  
That fruitful happiness my heart has long'd for.  
This day be happy call'd<sup>12</sup>; and when old Time  
Brings it about each year, crown'd with that sweetness  
It gives me now, see every man observe it,  
And, laying all aside bears show of business,  
Give this to joy and triumph. How fit my cloaths?

*1 Gent.* Handsome, and wondrous well, Sir.

*Age.* Do they shew richly?

For to those curious eyes even Beauty envies,  
I must not now appear poor, or low-fashion'd.  
Methinks I am younger than I was, far younger;  
And such a promise in my blood I feel now,  
That, if there may be a perpetual youth  
Bestow'd on man, I am that soul shall win it.  
Does my hair stand well? Lord, how ill-favour'dly  
You have dress'd me to-day! how baldly! Why  
this cloak?

*2 Gent.* Why, 'tis the richest, Sir.

*Age.* And here you have put me on  
A pair of breeches look like a pair of bagpipes.

*1 Gent.* Believe, Sir, they shew bravely.

*Age.* Why these stockings?

*2 Gent.* Your leg appears——

*Age.* Poh! I would have had 'em peach-colour;  
All young and new about me. And this scarf here,  
A goodly thing! you have trick'd me like a puppet.

*1 Gent.* I'll undertake to rig forth a whole navy,  
And with less labour, than one man in love:  
They're never pleas'd.

*2 Gent.* Methinks he looks well.

*1 Gent.* Well

As man can look, as handsome. Now do I wonder

<sup>12</sup> *This day be happy call'd, &c.]* Rowe has closely copied this speech, in the beginning of the Fair Penitent.



He found not fault his nose was put on ugly,  
Or his eyes look'd too grey, and rail at us :  
They are the wayward'ft things, these lovers.

2 *Gent.* All will be right

When once it comes to th' push.

1 *Gent.* I would they were at it,  
For our own quiet sake.

*Age.* Come, wait upon me ;  
And bear yourselves like mine, my friends, and  
nobly. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Theanor, Crates, and Eraton, bringing Merione.*

*Erat.* This is her brother's door.

*Cra.* There lay her down then ;  
Lay her along. She's fast still ?

*Erat.* As forgetfulness<sup>13</sup>.

*Cra.* Be not you stirr'd now, but away to your  
mother,  
Give all attendance, let no stain appear  
Of fear, or doubt in your face ; carry yourself con-  
fidently.

*The.* But whither runs your drift now ?

*Cra.* When she wakes,  
Either what's done will shew a mere dream to her,  
And carry no more credit ; or, say she find it,  
Say she remember all the circumstances,  
Twenty to one the shapes in which they were acted,  
The horrors, and the still affrights we shew'd her,  
Rising in wilder figures to her memory,  
Will run her mad, and no man gues the reason :  
If all these fail, and that she rise up perfect,  
And so collect herself, believe this, Sir,  
Not knowing who it was that did this to her,  
Nor having any power to gues ; the thing done too

<sup>13</sup> *Ser. As forgetfulness.*] As there is no *Servant* present, nor any person whose name begins in this manner, we have given the speech to *Eraton*.

Being the utter undoing of her honour  
 If it be known, and to the world's eye publish'd,  
 Especially at this time when Fortune courts her,  
 She must and will conceal it, nay, forget it :  
 The woman is no Lucrece. Get you gone, Sir ;  
 And, as you would have more of this sport, fear not.

*The.* I am confirm'd. Farewell !

*Cra.* Farewell ! Away, Sir.

Disperse yourselves ; and, as you love his favour,  
 And that that crowns it, gold, no tongues amongst ye !  
 You know your charge ; this way goes no suspicion<sup>14</sup>.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Agenor, and Leonidas, with two Gentlemen, with lights.*

*Age.* You are stirring early, Sir.

*Leo.* It was my duty

To wait upon your Grace.

*Age.* How fares your sister,

My beauteous mistress ? What, is she ready yet ?

*Leo.* No doubt she'll lose no time, Sir : Young  
 maids in her way

Tread upon thorns, and think an hour an age,  
 'Till the priest has done his part, that theirs may  
 follow.

I saw her not since yesterday i'th' evening ;  
 But, Sir, I'm sure she is not slack : Believe me,  
 Your Grace will find a loving soul.

*Age.* A sweet one ;

And so much joy I carry in the thought of it,  
 So great a happiness to know she is mine,  
 (Believe me, noble brother) that to express it  
 Methinks a tongue's a poor thing, can do nothing,

<sup>14</sup> *Goes no suspicion.*] Though this may be understood, it is such a low and stiff expression, that I can scarce think it genuine. The word *gives*, instead of *goes*, makes clearer English, but I believe the original might be

— *this way go* — *no suspicion* ; *i. e.* Be sure ye take care, not to give the least suspicion by your conduct. *Seward.*

We think the text needs no change.

Imagination lets <sup>15</sup>. Who's that that lies there?

*Leo.* Where, Sir?

*Age.* Before the door; it looks like a woman.

*Leo.* This way I came abroad, but then there was nothing.

One of the maids o'erwatch'd belike.

*Age.* It may be.

*Leo.* But methinks this is no fit place to sleep in:

*Gent.* 'Tis sure a woman, Sir; she has jewels on too:

She fears no foul play sure.

*Leo.* Bring a torch hither;

Yet 'tis not perfect day. I should know those garments.

*Age.* How found she sleeps!

*Leo.* I'm sorry to see this!

*Age.* Do you know her?

*Leo.* And you now, I am sure, Sir.

*Age.* My mistress? How comes this?

*Enter Queen, Theanor, Beliza, Euphanes, Neanthes, and attendants.*

*Leo.* The Queen and her train?

*Queen.* You know my pleasure.

*Euph.* And will be most careful.

*Queen.* Be not long absent;

The suit you preferr'd is granted.

*Nean.* This fellow mounts

Apace, and will tower o'er us like a falcon.

*Queen.* Good morrow to ye all! Why stand ye wondring?

Enter the house, Sir, and bring out your mistress;

You must observe our ceremonies. What's the matter?

What's that ye stand at? How! Merione?

Asleep i' th' street? Belike some sudden palsy,

<sup>15</sup> *Imagination* lets.] Symphon proposes to read,

*Imagination* — Bless us, *who's that*, &c.

Seward, *Imagination* SCARCE; and they jointly have another reading, *imaginationless*, one word. We think the text unexceptionable, and their objections futile and trifling.

214 THE QUEEN OF CORINTH.

As she stept out last night upon devotion,  
To take her farewell of her virgin state,  
The air being sharp and piercing, struck her suddenly.  
See if she breathe.

*Leo.* A little.

*Queen.* Wake her then ;

'Tis sure a fit.

*Age.* She wakes herself: Give room to her.

*Queen.* See how the spirits struggle to recover,  
And strongly reinforce their strengths ; for certain,  
This was no natural sleep.

*The.* I'm of your mind, madam.

*Queen.* No, son, it cannot be.

*The.* Pray Heav'n, no trick in't !

Good soul, she little merits such a mischief.

*Queen.* She's broad awake now, and her sense clears  
up ;

'Twas sure a fit. Stand off.

*Mer.* The Queen, my love here,  
And all my noble friends ? Why, where am I ?  
How am I tranc'd, and mop'd ! I' th' street ? Heav'n  
blefs me !

Shame to my sex ! o'th' ground too ? -- Oh, I remember —

*Leo.* How wild she looks !

*Age.* Oh, my cold heart, how she trembles !

*Mer.* Oh, I remember, I remember !

*Queen.* What's that ?

*Mer.* My shame, my shame, my shame ! Oh, I  
remember,

My never-dying shame !

*The.* Here has been villainy.

*Queen.* I fear so too.

*Mer.* You are no furies, are ye ?

No horrid shapes sent to affright me ?

*Age.* No, sweet ;

We are your friends. Look up ; I am Agenor,  
(Oh, my Merione !) that loves you dearly,  
And come to marry you.

*Leo.* Sister, what ail you ?

Speak

Speak out your griefs, and boldly.

*Age.* Something sticks here  
Will choak you else.

*Mer.* I hope it will.

*Queen.* Be free, lady;  
You have your loving friends about you.

*Age.* Dear Merione,  
By the unspotted love I ever bore you,  
By thine own goodnefs——

*Mer.* Oh, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, Sir;  
I'm now I know not what; pray ye look not on me;  
No name is left me, nothing to inherit,  
But that detested, base, and branded——

*Age.* Speak it,  
And how: Diseases of most danger,  
Their causes once discover'd, are easily cur'd.  
My fair Merione——

*Mer.* I thank your love, Sir:  
When I was fair Merione, unspotted,  
Pure, and unblasted in the bud you honour'd<sup>16</sup>,  
White as the heart of truth, then, prince Agenor,  
Even then I was not worthy of your favour.  
Wretch that I am, less worthy now of pity!  
Let no good thing come near me; Virtue fly me;  
You that have honest noble names, despise me;  
For I am nothing now but a main pestilence,  
Able to poison all! Send those unto me  
That have forgot their names, ruin'd their fortunes,  
Despis'd their honours; those that have been virgins  
Ravish'd and wrong'd, and yet dare live to tell it.

*The.* Now it appears too plain.

*Mer.* Send those sad people  
That hate the light, and curse society;  
Whose thoughts are graves, and from whose eyes  
continually  
Their melting souls drop out, send those to me;  
And when their sorrows are most excellent,  
So full that one grief more cannot be added,

<sup>16</sup> *You honour'd,*] Seward reads; *You honour'd* ME.

My story like a torrent shall devour 'em.

Hark! it must out: But pray stand close together,  
And let not all the world hear.

*Leo.* Speak it boldly.

*Mer.* And, royal lady, think but charitably!  
Your Grace has known my breeding.

*Queen.* Prithee, speak it.

*Mer.* Is there no stranger here? Send off your  
servants.

And yet it must be known.—I shake.

*Age.* Sweet mistress!

*Mer.* I am abus'd, basely abus'd! do you guess yet?  
Come close; I'll tell ye plainer; I am whor'd,  
Ravish'd, and robb'd of honour!

*Leo.* Oh, the devil!

*Age.* What hellish slave was this?

*The.* A wretch, a wretch,

A damned wretch! Do you know the villain, lady?

*Mer.* No.

*The.* Not by guess?

*Mer.* Oh, no.

*The.* It must be known.

*Queen.* Where was the place?

*Mer.* I know not neither.

*Age.* Oh, Heaven!

Is this the happy time? my hope to this come?

*Leo.* Neither the man nor circumstances?

*The.* His tongue,

Did you not hear his tongue? no voice?

*Mer.* None, none, Sir:

All I know of him was his violence.

*Age.* How came you hither, sweet?

*Mer.* I know not neither.

*The.* A cunning piece of villainy.

*Mer.* All I remember

Is only this: Going to Vesta's temple,  
To give the goddess my last virgin prayers,  
Near to that place I was suddenly surpriz'd,  
By five or six disguis'd, and from thence violently

To my dishonour hal'd : That act perform'd,  
Brought back ; but how, or whither, 'till I wak'd  
here——

*The.* This is so monstrous, the gods cannot suffer it;  
I have not read, in all the villainies  
Committed by the most obdurate rascals,  
An act so truly impious.

*Leo.* 'Would I knew him !

*The.* He must be known ; the devil cannot hide him.

*Queen.* If all the art I have, or power, can do it,  
He shall be found ; and such a way<sup>17</sup> of justice  
Inflicted on him—A lady wrong'd in my court ?  
And this way robb'd, and ruin'd ?

*The.* Be contented, madam ;  
If he be above ground, I will have him.

*Age.* Fair virtuous maid, take comfort yet, and  
flourish,

In my love flourish ; the stain was forc'd upon you,  
None of your will's, nor yours. Rise, and rise mine still,  
And rise the same white, sweet, fair soul, I lov'd ye ;  
Take me the same.

*Mer.* I kneel and thank you, Sir ;  
And I must say you are truly honourable,  
And dare confess my will yet still a virgin :  
But so unfit and weak a cabinet  
To keep your love and virtue in am I now,  
'That have been forc'd and broken, lost my lustre ;  
I mean this body, so corrupt a volume,  
For you to study goodness in, and honour,  
I shall entreat your Grace, confer that happiness  
Upon a beauty Sorrow never saw yet.  
And when this grief shall kill me, (as it must do)  
Only remember yet you had such a mistress<sup>18</sup> ;  
And if you then dare shed a tear, yet honour me.

<sup>17</sup> *A way of justice.*] Probably we should read, *weight* ; *way* is very flat.

<sup>18</sup> *Yet you had such a mistress ;*  
——— *yet honour me.*] Symphon substitutes *that* for *yet* in these places ; but the old reading is much best.

Good gentlemen, express your pities to me,  
 In seeking out this villainy. And my last suit  
 Is to your Grace, that I may have your favour  
 To live a poor recluse nun with this lady,  
 From court and company, 'till Heaven shall hear me,  
 And send me comfort, or death end my misery.

*Queen.* Take your own will; my very heart bleeds  
 for thee.

*Age.* Farewell, Merione! since I have not thee,  
 I'll wed thy goodness, and thy memory.

*Leo.* And I her fair revenge.

*The.* Away; let's follow it;  
 For he's so rank i' th' wind we cannot miss him.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### S C E N E IV.

*Enter Crates and Conon.*

*Cra.* Conon? You're welcome home! you're  
 wondrous welcome!

Is this your first arrival?

*Con.* Sir, but now

I reach'd the town.

*Cra.* You're once more welcome then.

*Con.* I thank you, noble Sir.

*Cra.* Pray you do me the honour  
 To make my poor house first——

*Con.* Pray, Sir, excuse me;

I have not seen mine own yet; nor made happy  
 These longing eyes with those I love there.—What is  
 this? a tavern?

*Cra.* It seems so by the outside.

*Con.* Step in here then;

And since it offers itself so freely to us,  
 A place made only for liberal entertainment,  
 Let's seek no further, but make use of this,  
 And, after the Greek fashion, to our friends  
 Crown a round cup or two.

*Enter*



*Enter Vintner and Drawer.*

*Cra.* Your pleasure, Sir.

Drawers! who waits within?

*Draw.* Anon, anon, Sir.

*Vint.* Look into the Lilly-pot. Why, Mark, there!  
You're welcome, gentlemen! heartily welcome,  
My noble friend!

*Cra.* Let's have good wine, mine host,  
And a fine private room.

*Vint.* Will you be there, Sir?  
What is't you'll drink? I'll draw your wine myself.  
Cushions, ye knaves! Why, when?

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Anon, anon, Sir.

*Vint.* Chios, or Lesbos, Greek?

*Cra.* Your best and neatest.

*Vint.* I'll draw ye that shall dance.

*Cra.* Away; be quick then. [*Exit Vintner.*

*Con.* How does your brother, Sir, my noble friend,  
The good Euphanes? In all my course of travel,  
I met not with a gentleman so furnish'd  
In gentleness and courtesy; believe, Sir,  
So many friendly offices I receiv'd from him,  
So great and timely, and enjoy'd his company  
In such an open and a liberal sweetness,  
That when I dare forget him——

*Cra.* He is in good health, Sir;  
But you will find him a much-alter'd man;  
Grown a great courtier, Sir.

*Con.* He is worthy of it.

*Cra.* A man drawn up, that leaves no print behind  
him

Of what he was. Those goodnesses you speak of  
That have been in him, those that you call freedoms,  
Societies, and sweetness, look for now, Sir,  
You'll find no shadows of them left, no sound;  
The very air he has liv'd in alter'd. Now behold him,  
And

And you shall see a thing walk by, look big upon you,  
And cry for place: 'I am the Queen's; give room there!'  
If you bow low, may-be he'll touch the bonnet,  
Or fling a forc'd smile at you, for a favour.

*Con.* He is your brother, Sir.

*Cra.* These forms put off,  
Which travel and court holy-water sprinkle on him,  
I dare accept and know him. You'll think it strange, Sir,  
That ev'n to me, to me, his natural brother,  
And one by birth he owes a little honour too——

*Enter Vintner with wine.*

But that's all one. Come, give me some wine, mine host.  
Here's to your fair return!

*Con.* I wonder at it!

But sure h' has found a nature not worth owning  
In this way<sup>19</sup>; else I know he is tender carried.—  
I thank you, Sir. And now durst I presume,  
For all you tell me of these alterations  
And stops in his sweet nature (which 'till I find so,  
I have known him now so long, and look'd so thro' him,  
You must give me leave to be a little faithless)  
I say, for all these, if you please to venture,  
I'll lay the wine we drink, let me send for him  
(Ev'n I, that am the poorest of his fellowship)  
But by a boy o' th' house too, let him have business,  
Let him attend the Queen, nay, let his mistress  
Hold him betwixt her arms, he shall come to me,  
And shall drink with me too, love me, and heartily;  
Like a true honest man, bid me welcome home:  
I'm confident.

*Cra.* You'll lose.

*Con.* You'll stand to th' wager?

*Cra.* With all my heart.

*Con.* Go, Boy, and tell Euphanes——

*Boy.* He's now gone up the street, Sir, with a great  
train of gallants.

*Cra.* What think you now, Sir?

<sup>19</sup> *In this way.*] Seward, we think injudiciously, reads *man* for *way*.

*Con.* Go, and overtake him:

Commend my love unto him, (my name's Conon)

Tell him I'm new arriv'd, and where I am,

And would request to see him presently.

You see I use old dudgeon phrase to draw him.

*Cra.* I'll hang and quarter when you draw him  
hither.

*Con.* Away, Boy.

*Boy.* I am gone, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Con.* Here's to you now!

And you shall find his travel has not stopt him,

As you suppose, nor alter'd any freedom;

But made him far more clear and excellent.

It draws the grossness off the understanding,

And renders active and industrious spirits:

He that knows most mens' manners, must of necessity

Best know his own, and mend those by example.

'Tis a dull thing to travel like a mill-horse,

Still in the place he was born in, lam'd and blinded;

Living at home is like it. Pure and strong spirits,

That, like the fire, still covet to fly upward,

And to give fire, as well as take it, cas'd up and mew'd  
here,

I mean at home, like lusty mettled horses,

Only tied up in stables<sup>20</sup>, to please their masters,

Beat out their fiery lives in their own litters.

Why don't you travel, Sir?

*Cra.* I've no belief in't,

I see so many strange things, half unhatch'd too<sup>19</sup>,

Return, those that went out men, and good men,

They look like poach'd eggs, with the soul suck'd out,

<sup>20</sup> *Up in stables.*] Mr. Seward joined with me in reading *stalls* for *stables*, which, though no great improvement to the sense, is to that of the measure.

*Symphon.*

Variations for the sake of measure *only*, are inadmissible. Our Authors, and all others of their time, were very licentious in that respect.

<sup>19</sup> *Strange things half unhatch'd, to*

*Return, those that went, &c.*] There is probably some omission here; however, the variation we have made affords a more plausible reading than the former editions.

Empty and full of wind : All their affections  
 Are bak'd in rye-crust, to hold carriage  
 From this good town to t'other ; and when they are  
 open'd,

They're so ill-cook'd and mouldy——

*Con.* You are pleasant.

*Cra.* I'll shew you a pack of these : I have 'em for you,  
 That have been long in travel too.

*Con.* Please you, Sir.

*Cra.* You know the Merchants' Walk, Boy ?

*2 Boy.* Very well.

*Cra.* And you remember those gentlemen were here  
 The other day with me ?

*2 Boy.* Yes.

*Cra.* Then go thither,  
 For there I am sure they are ; pray 'em come hither,  
 (And use my name) I would be glad to see 'em.

*Enter First Boy.*

*1 Boy.* Your brother's coming in, Sir.

*Vint.* Odds my passion !

Out with the plate, ye knaves ; bring the new cushions,  
 And wash those glasses I set by for high-days ;  
 Perfume the rooms along. Why, firrah !

*1 Boy.* Here, Sir.

*Vint.* Bid my wife make herself ready handsomely,  
 And put on her best apron ; it may be,  
 The noble gentleman will look upon her.

*Enter Euphanes and two Gentlemen.*

*Euph.* Where is he, Boy ?

*Vint.* Your worship's heartily welcome !  
 It joys my very heart to see you here, Sir.  
 The gentleman that sent for your honour——

*Euph.* Oh, good mine host !

*Vint.* To my poor homely house, an't like your  
 honour——

*Euph.* I thank thine honour, good mine host. Where  
 is he ?

*Con.*

*Con.* What think you now?—My best Euphanes!

*Euph.* Conon!

Welcome, my friend! my noble friend, how is it?

Are you in safety come, in health?

*Con.* All health, all safety,

Riches; and all that makes content and happiness,

Now I am here, I have. How have you far'd, Sir?

*Euph.* Well, I thank Heaven; and never nearer,  
friend,

To catch at great occasion.

*Con.* Indeed I joy in't.

*Euph.* Nor am I for myself born in these fortunes;  
In truth I love my friends.

*Con.* You were noble ever. [*Euph. salutes Cra.*]

*Cra.* I thought you had not known me.

*Euph.* Yes; you are my brother,

My elder brother too: 'Would your affections

Were able but to ask that love I owe to you,

And as I give, preserve it!—Here, friend Conon,

To your fair welcome home!

*Con.* Dear Sir, I thank you.

Fill it to th' brim, boy. Crates!

*Cra.* I will pledge you;

But for that glorious comet, lately fir'd——

*Con.* Fy, fy, Sir, fy!

*Euph.* Nay, let him take his freedoms;

He stirs not me, I vow to you; much less stains me.

*Cra.* Sir, I can't talk with that neat travelling tongue.

*Con.* As I live, he has the worst belief in men abroad!

*Enter Second Boy.*

I'm glad I am come home.

2 *Boy.* Here are the gentlemen.

*Cra.* Oh, let 'em enter. Now you that trust in travel,

And make sharp beards and little breeches deities,

You that enhance the daily price of toothpicks,

And hold there is no home-bred happiness,

Behold a model of your minds and actions.

*Euph.* Tho' this be envious, yet, done i' th' way of  
mirth,

I am

I am content to thank you for't.

*Con.* 'Tis well yet.

*Cra.* Let the masque enter.

*Enter Onos, Uncle, and Tutor.*

*Onos.* A pretty tavern 'faith, of a fine structure!

*Uncle.* Bear yourself like a gentleman; here's six-pence,

And be sure you break no glasses.

*Tutor.* Hark ye, pupil;

Go as I taught you, hang more upon your hams,

And put your knees out bent; there; yet a little.

Now I beseech ye, be not so improvident

To forget your travelling pace, 'tis a main posture,

And to all unair'd gentlemen will betray you:

Play with your Pisa beard. Why, where's your brush, pupil?

He must have a brush, Sir.

*Uncle.* More charge yet?

*Tutor.* Here, take mine;

These elements of travel he must not want, Sir.

*Uncle.* *Ma'foy*, he has had some nineteen-pence in elements;

What would you more?

*Tutor.* *Durus mebercle pater!*

*Con.* What, monsieur Onos, the very pump of travel<sup>21</sup>!

Sir, as I live, you've done me the greatest kindness—

Oh, my fair Sir, Lampree, the careful Uncle

To this young hopeful issue! Monsieur Tutor too,

The father to his mind! Come, come; let's hug, boys.

Why, what a bunch of travel do I embrace now!

Methinks I put a girdle about Europe.

How has the boy profited?

*Uncle.* He has enough, Sir,

If his too-fiery mettle do not mar it.

*Con.* Is he not thrifty yet?

*Tutor.* That's all his fault;

<sup>21</sup> Pump of travel? ] I suspect that for *pump* here we should read *pink*. The *pink of courtesy* is a well known phrase. *Symphon.*

'Too bounteous minded, being under age too ;  
A great consumer of his stock in pippins :  
H' had ever a hot stomach.

*Con.* Come hither, Onos.

Will you love me for this fine apple ?

*Onos.* Ouy.

*Con.* And will you be rul'd by me sometimes ?

*Onos.* 'Faith, I will.

*Con.* That's a good boy.

*Uncle.* Pray give not the child so much fruit ;  
He's of a raw complexion.

*Euph.* You, monsieur Hard-Egg !

Do you remember me ? Do you remember  
When you and your consort travell'd thro' Hungary ?

*Con.* He's in that circuit still.

*Euph.* Do you remember

The cantle of immortal cheefe you carried with you,  
The half-cold cabbage in a leather sachel,  
And those invincible eggs that would lie in your bowels  
A fortnight together, and then turn to bedstaves ;  
Your sour milk that would choak an Irishman,  
And bread was bak'd in Cæsar's time for the army ?

*Con.* Providence, providence.

*Tutor.* The soul of travel.

*Euph.* Can the boy speak yet ?

*Tutor.* Yes ; and as fine a gentleman,

I thank my able knowledge, h' has arriv'd at,  
Only a little sparing of his language,  
Which every man of observation——

*Uncle.* And of as many tongues——

*Tutor.* Pray be content, Sir ;

You know you are for the bodily part, the purse,  
I for the magazine, the mind.

*Euph.* Come hither, springal.

*Onos.* That in the Almain tongue signifies a gentleman.

*Euph.* What think you of the forms of Italy or Spain ?

*Onos.* I love mine own country pippin.

*Tutor.* Nobly answer'd ;

Born for his country first.

*Euph.* A great philosopher!

What horses do you prefer?

*Onos.* The white horse, Sir;

There where I lie; honest, and a just beast.

*Tutor.* *O caput lepidum!* A child to say this!

Are these figures<sup>22</sup> for the mouths of infants?

*Con.* Onos, what wench?

Come, tell me true.

*Onos.* I cannot speak without book.

*Con.* When shall we have one? ha?

*Onos.* Steal me from mine Uncle;

For, look you, I am broke out horribly

For want of fleshly physick; they say I am too young,

And that 'twill spoil my growth; but, could you help me——

*Con.* Meet me tomorrow, man; no more.

*Euph.* You think now

You've open'd such a shame to me of travel,

By shewing these thin cubs! You've honour'd us

Against your will, proclaim'd us excellent:

Three frails of sprats, carried from mart to mart,

Are as much meat as these, to more use travell'd;

A bunch of bloated fools! Methinks your judgment

Should look abroad sometimes, without your envy.

*Cra.* Such are most of you. So I take my leave,

And when you find your womens' favour fail,

'Tis ten to one you'll know yourself, and seek me,

Upon a better muster of your manners.

*Con.* This is not handsome, Sir.

*Euph.* Pray take your pleasure:

You wound the wind us much.

*Cra.* Come you with me;

I've business for you presently. There's for your wine;

I must confess I lost it.

*Onos.* Shall I steal to you?

And shall we see the wench?

<sup>22</sup> *Are these figures.*] Symphon reads, *Are these FIT figures.*



*Con.* A dainty one.

*Onos.* And have a dish of pippins?

*Con.* What? a peck, man.

*Tutor.* Will you wait, Sir?

*Con.* Pray let's meet oftner, gentlemen;  
I would not lose ye.

*Tutor.* Oh, sweet Sir!

*Con.* Do you think I would?  
Such noted men as you?

*Onos, Uncle, Tutor.* We are your servants! [*Exeunt.*

*Euph.* That thing they would keep in everlasting  
nonage,

My brother, for his own ends, has thrust on  
Upon my mistress: 'Tis true, he shall be rich,  
If ever he can get that rogue his Uncle

To let him be of years to come to inherit it.

Now, what the main drift is——

*Con.* Say you so? no more words:

I'll keep him company 'till he be of years,  
(Tho' it be a hundred years) but I'll discover it;  
And ten to one I'll cross it too.

*Euph.* You are honest,

And I shall study still your love. Farewell, Sir!

For these few hours I must desire your pardon;

I've business of importance. Once a-day,

At least, I hope you'll see me; I must see you else:

So, once more, you are welcome!

*Con.* All my thanks, Sir;

And when I leave to love you, life go from me!

[*Exeunt.*

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Theanor and Crates.*

*Cra.* **W**HY, Sir, the kingdom's his; and no  
man now

Can come to Corinth, or from Corinth go,  
Without his licence; he puts up the tithes  
Of every office thro' Achaia;  
From courtier to the carter hold of him;  
Our lands, our liberties; nay, very lives,  
Are shut up in his closet, and let loose  
But at his pleasure; books, and all discourse,  
Have now no patron, nor direction,  
But glorified Euphanes; our cups are guilty  
That quench our thirsts, if not unto his health.  
Oh, I could eat my heart, and fling away  
My very soul, for anguish! Gods, nor men,  
Should tolerate such disproportion.

*The.* And yet is he belov'd; whether it be virtue,  
Or seeming virtue, which he makes the cloak  
To his ambition.

*Cra.* Be it which it will,  
Your highness is too tame, your eyes too film'd,  
To see this, and sit still: The lion should not  
Tremble to hear the bellowing of the bull.  
Nature, excuse me! tho' he be my brother,  
You are my country's father, therefore mine:  
One parallel line of love I bend on him,  
All lines of love and duty meet in you,  
As in their centre; therefore hear, and weigh,  
What I shall speak. You know the Queen your  
mother

Did, from a private state, your father raise;  
So all your royalty you hold from her:  
She is older than she was, therefore more doting;

And

And what know we but blindness of her love,  
 (That hath, from underneath the foot of Fortune,  
 Set even Euphanes' foot on Fortune's head)  
 Will take him by the hand, and cry, ' Leap now  
 ' Into my bed?' 'tis but a trick of age;  
 Nothing impossible.

*The.* What d'ye infer on this?

*Cra.* Your pardon, Sir,

With reverence to the Queen: Yet why should I  
 Fear to speak plain what pointeth to your good?  
 A good old widow is a hungry thing  
 (I speak of other widows, not of queens).

*The.* Speak to thy purpose.

*Cra.* I approach it. Sir,

Should young Euphanes clasp the kingdom thus,  
 And please the good old lady some one night,  
 What might not she be wrought to put on you,  
 Quite to supplant your birth? neither is she  
 Past children, as I take it.

*The.* Crates, thou shak'st me!

'Thou, that dost hate thy brother for my love,  
 In my love find one; henceforth be my brother.  
 'This giant I will fell beneath the earth;  
 I will shine out, and melt his artful wings:  
 Euphanes, from my mother's sea of favours,  
 Spreads like a river, and runs calmly on,  
 Secure yet from my storms; like a young pine  
 He grows up planted under a fair oak,  
 Whose strong large branches yet do shelter him,  
 And every traveller admires his beauty:  
 But, like a wind, I'll work into his cranks,  
 Trouble his stream, and drown all vessels that  
 Ride on his greatness. Under my mother's arms,  
 Like to a stealing tempest will I search,  
 And rend his root from her protection.

*Cra.* Ay; now Theanor speaks like prince  
 Theanor.

*The.* But how shall we provoke him to our snares?  
 He has a temper malice cannot move.

To exceed the bounds of judgment; he's so wise,  
That we can pick no cause to affront him.

*Cra.* No?

What better than his crossing your intent?  
The suit I'd to you? Conon's forfeit state  
(Before he travell'd) for a riot, he  
Hath from your mother got restor'd to him.

*The.* Durst he? What is this Conon?

*Cra.* One that hath,  
As people say, in foreign countries pleasur'd him.

*Enter Onos, Uncle, Tutor, Neanthes, Soficles, and Eraton.*

But now no more;  
They have brought the travellers I told you of.  
That's the sweet youth that is my brother's rival,  
That curls his head, for he has little hair,  
And paints his vizer, for it is no face,  
That so desires to follow you, my lord:  
Shew 'em some countenance, and 'twill beget  
Our sport at least.

*The.* What villainous crab-tree legs  
He makes<sup>23</sup>! His shins are full of true-love knots.

*Cra.* His legs were ever villainous, since I knew  
him.

*Era.* Faith his Uncle's shanks are somewhat the  
better.

*Nean.* But is it possible he should believe  
He's not of age? Why, he is fifty, man;  
In's jubilee, I warrant! 'Slight, he looks  
Older than a groat; the very stamp on's face  
Is worn out with handling.

<sup>23</sup> *Crab-tree legs.*

*He makes?*] Symphon dislikes this reading, and would substitute *has* for *makes*; which is clearly for the worse, as in all probability Onos enters making ridiculous congees.—*TO MAKE a leg* is a common manner of speaking of a bow or congee: It occurs frequently in our Authors. See *Wild-Goose Chase*, vol. v. p. 254.

*I'll make my three legs,*

*Kiss my hand twice, and, if I smell no danger,*

*If the interview be clear, may be I'll speak to her.*

*Sof.* Why, I tell you,

All men believe it when they hear him speak,  
He utters such single matter in so infantly a voice.

*Nean.* He looks as like a fellow that I have seen  
Accommodate gentlemen with tobacco in our theatres.

*Onos.* Most illustrious prince !

*Era.* A pox on him, he is gelt ! how he trebles !

*Onos.* I am a gentleman o' both sides.

*Tutor.* He means (so't please your highness) both  
by father and mother.

*Sof.* Thou a gentleman ? thou an afs.

*Nean.* He is ne'er the further from being a gen-  
tleman, I assure you.

*Tutor.* May it please your Grace, I am another.

*Nean.* He is another afs, he says ; I believe him.

*Uncle.* We be three, heroical prince.

*Nean.* Nay then, we must have the picture of 'em,  
and the word *nos sumus*.

*Tutor.* That have travell'd all parts of the globe  
together.

*Uncle.* For my part, I have seen the vicissitude of  
Fortune before.

*Onos.* Peace, Uncle ; for tho' you speak a little  
better than I——

*Nean.* 'Tis a very little, in truth.

*Onos.* Yet we must both give place, as they say,  
To the best speaker, the Tutor.

*Tutor.* Yet since it hath pleased your radiance to  
decline so low, as on us poor and unworthy dung-  
hills——

*Nean.* What a stinking knave's this !

*Tutor.* Our peregrination was ne'er so felicitated,  
as since we enter'd the line of your gracious favour,  
under whose beamy aspect, and by which infallible  
mathematical compass, may we but hereafter presume  
to sail, our industries have reach'd their desir'd termi-  
nation and period ; and we shall voluntarily sacrifice  
our lives to your resplendent eyes, both the altars  
and fires of our devoted offerings.

*Onos.* Oh, divine Tutor!

*Cra.* Can you hold, Sir?

*Era.* He has spoken this very speech to some whore  
in Corinth.

*Nean.* A plague on him for a sustian dictionary!  
On my conscience; this is the Ulyfsean Traveller<sup>24</sup>  
that sent home his image riding upon elephants to  
the great Mogol.

*Sof.* The same; his wit is so huge, nought but an  
elephant could carry him.

*Era.* So heavy, you mean.

*Nean.* These three are ev'n the finest one fool  
tripartite that was e'er discover'd.

*Sof.* Or a treatise of Famine, divided into three  
branches.

*Era.* The prince speaks.

*The.* I thank ye for your loves; but, as I told you,  
I have so little means to do for those  
Few followers I have already, that  
I would have none shipwreck themselves and fortune  
Upon my barren shelf. Sue to Euphanes,

<sup>24</sup> *The Ulyfsean Traveller that sent home, &c.]* The *Ulyfsean Traveller* here mentioned was the celebrated Thomas Coryate, who is supposed to have travelled more miles on foot than any person of that age, or in any period since. He was undoubtedly not in his perfect senses; but was a man of considerable learning, and appears to have related faithfully what he saw; for he became ridiculous chiefly by dwelling with too much attention on the trifling accidents which happened to him during his journey. In the year 1608, he set out from England, and went on foot as far as Venice, and back again; a journey which he completed in five months. He published an account of it in the year 1611, in a large quarto volume, containing 655 pages, beside more than 100 filled with Commendatory Verses by Ben Jonson, and most of the wits of the age, who both laughed at him and flattered his vanity at the same time. An extract from this singular performance is given p. 246. He afterwards travelled into Persia, and from thence into the East-Indies, still on foot, and died at Surat in the year 1617. The piece alluded to by our Author was entitled, 'Thomas Coriate, Traveller for the English Wits, greeting. From the Court of the Great Mogul, resident at the Towne of Asmere in Easternc India. Printed by W. Jaggard and Henry Featherston, 1616.' quarto. It has, in the frontispiece, a representation of the Author riding on an elephant.

R.

For

For he is prince, and queen; I would have no man  
Curse me in his old age.

*Cra.* Alas, Sir, they desire to follow you  
But afar off; the further off the better.

*Tutor.* Ay, Sir; an't be seven mile off, so we may  
but follow you, only to countenance us in the con-  
fronts and affronts, which (according to your high-  
ness' will) we mean on all occasions to put upon the  
lord Euphanes.

*Onos.* He shall not want gibing nor jeering, I war-  
rant him; if he do, I'll forswear wit.

*Nean.* It has forsworn thee, I'll swear; it is the  
ancient enemy to thy house.

*The.* Well, be it so; I here receive ye, for my fol-  
lowers a great way off.

*Nean.* Seven miles, my lord; no further.

*Onos.* By what time, Sir, (by this measure) may I  
come to follow him in his chamber?

*Nean.* Why, when his chamber, Sir, is seven miles  
long.

*Enter Euphanes, Conon, Page, Gentlemen and attendants.*

*Gent.* Make way there for my lord Euphanes!

*Cra.* Look, Sir! Jove appears,  
The peacock of our state, that spreads a train  
Brighter than Iris' blushes after rain.

*Euph.* You need not thank me, Conon: In your love  
You antedated what I can do for you,  
And I in gratitude was bound to this,  
And am to much more; and whate'er he be  
Can with unthankfulness assail me, let him  
Dig out mine eyes, and sing my name in verse,  
In ballad verse, at every drinking house,  
And no man be so charitable to lend me  
A dog to guide my steps.

*Nean.* Hail to Euphanes!

*Sof.* Mighty Euphanes!

*Era.* The great prince Euphanes!

*Tutor.* Key of the court, and jewel of the Queen!

*Uncle.*

*Uncle.* Sol in our firmament !

*Onos.* Pearl in the state's eye !

*Nean.* Being a black man.

*Era.* Mistrefs of the land !

*Nean.* Our humble, humble, poor petitions are,  
That we may hold our places.

*All.* May we ?

*Euph.* Yes ;

Be you malicious knaves still ; and you fools.

*Con.* This is the prince's and your brother's spite :

*Euph.* I know't, but will not know it.

*Con.* Yonder they are.

Whose fine child's this ?

*Uncle.* Sir !

*Onos.* Uncle, le'be,

Let him alone, he is a mighty prince.

*Euph.* I ask your highness' pardon ! I protest  
By Jupiter I saw you not.

*The.* Humph ! it may be so.

You've rais'd such mountains 'twixt your eyes and me,  
That I am hidden quite. What do you mean, Sir ?  
You much forget yourself.

*Euph.* I should much more,

Not to remember my due duty to your Grace.

I know not wherein I have so transgress'd

My service to your highness, to deserve

This rigour and contempt, not from you only,

But from your followers, with the best of whom

I was an equal in my lowest ebb :

Beseech you, Sir, respect me as a gentleman ;

I will be never more in heart to you.

Five fair descents I can derive myself,

From fathers worthy both in arts and arms.

I know your goodness companies your greatness,

But that you are perverted : Royal Sir,

I am your humblest subject ; use your pleasure,

But do not give protection to the wrongs

Of these subordinate slaves, whom I could crush

By that great destin'd favour which my mistress

And



And your majestic mother deigns to me,  
 But in respect of you. I know lean envy  
 Waits ever on the steps of virtue advanc'd;  
 But why your mother's grace gets me disgrace,  
 Or renders me a slave to bear these wrongs,  
 I do not know. Oh, mediocrity,  
 Thou prizeless jewel, only mean men have,  
 But cannot value; like the precious gem  
 Found in the muckhill by the ignorant cock!

*The.* Your creamy words but cozen; how durst you  
 Intercept me so lately to my mother?  
 And what I meant your brother, you obtain'd  
 Unto the forfeiter again.

*Cra.* Your answer  
 To that, my lord my brother.

*Euph.* May I perish  
 If e'er I heard you intended such a suit!  
 Tho' 'twould have stuck an ignominious brand  
 Upon your highness, to have given your servant  
 A gentleman's whole state of worth and quality,  
 Confiscate only for a youthful brawl.

*The.* Your rudiments are too saucy; teach your page.

*Con.* Ay, so are all things but your flatterers.

*Onos.* Hold you your prating!

*Con.* You know where you are, you fleeten face!

*Euph.* Yet,  
 Sir, to appease and satisfy your anger,  
 Take what you please from me, and give it him,  
 In lieu of this. You shall not take it neither,  
 I freely will impart it, half my state;  
 Which, brother, if you please—

*Cra.* I'll starve in chains first,  
 Eat my own arms!

*Euph.* Oh, that you saw yourself!  
 You ne'er made me such offer in my poorness;  
 And 'cause, to do you ease, I sought not to you,  
 You thus malign me; yet your nature must not  
 Corrupt mine, nor your rude examples lead me:  
 If mine can mend you, I shall joy. You know

I fear you not; you've seen me prov'd a man  
 In every way of fortune; 'tis my comfort  
 I know no more such brothers in the world  
 As Crates is.

*Con.* Nor I such as Euphanes:  
 The temper of an angel reigns in thee!

*Euph.* Your royal mother, Sir, (I had forgot)  
 Entreats your presence.

*The.* You have done her errand;  
 I may do yours.

[*Exit.*

*Euph.* Let it be truth, my lord.

*Con.* Crates, I'll question you for this.

*Cra.* Pish, your worst!

[*Exit.*

*Con.* Away, you hounds, after your scent!

*Onos.* Come, we'll scorn to talk to 'em: Now  
 they're gone,

We'll away too.

[*Exeunt.*

*Con.* Why bear you this, my lord?

*Euph.* To shew the passive fortitude the best;  
 Virtue's a solid rock, whereat being aim'd  
 The keenest darts of envy, yet unhurt  
 Her marble heroes stand, built of such bases,  
 Whilst they recoil, and wound the shooters' faces.

*Enter Queen and Ladies.*

*Con.* My lord, the Queen.

*Queen.* Gentle Euphanes, how,  
 How dost thou, honest lord? Oh, how I joy  
 To see what I have made! like a choice workman,  
 That having fram'd a master-piece, doth reap  
 An universal commendation!  
 Princes are gods in this. I'll build thee yet,  
 The good foundation so pleases me,  
 A story or two higher; let dogs bark:  
 They're fools that hold them dignified by blood,  
 They should be only made great that are good.

*Euph.* Oraculous madam!

*Queen.* Sirrah, I was thinking,  
 If I should marry thee, what merry tales

Our

Our neighbour islands would make of us :  
 But let that pass ; you have a mistress  
 That would forbid our bans. Troth, I have wish'd  
 A thousand times that I had been a man ;  
 Then I might sit a day with thee alone, and talk ;  
 But as I am, I must not. There's no skill  
 In being good, but in not being thought ill.  
 Sirrah, who's that ?

*Euph.* So't please your majesty,

Conon, the friend I sued for.

*Queen.* 'Tis dispatch'd.

*Con.* Gracious madam,

I owe the gods and you my life.

*Queen.* I thank you,

I thank you heartily ; and I do think you

A very honest man ; he says you are.

But now I'll chide thee : What's the cause my son  
 (For my eye's every where, and I have heard)

So insolently does thee contumelies

Past sufferance (I am told), yet you complain not ?

As if my justice were so partial

As not to right the meanest : Credit me,

I'll call him to a strict account, and fright,

By his example, all that dare curb me

In any thing that's just. I sent you for him.

*Euph.* Humbly he did return, he would wait on you.

But let me implore your majesty, not to give

His highness any check, for worthless me ;

They are court-cankers, and not counsellors,

That thus inform you ; they do but hate the prince,

And would subvert me. I should curse my fortune,

Even at the highest, to be made the gin<sup>25</sup>

To unscrew a mother's love unto her son :

Better had my pale flame in humble shades

Been spent unseen, than to be rais'd thus high,

Now to be thought a meteor to the state,

Portending ruin and contagion.

<sup>25</sup> *Gin* ] Here only means *instrument*, or *means*, &c. not as we take it now, for a trap or snare.

*Sympson.*

Beseech you then rest satisfied, the prince  
 Is a most noble-natur'd gentleman,  
 And never did to me but what I took  
 As favours from him; my blown billows must not  
 Strive 'gainst my shore, that should confine me, nor  
 Justice with rocks to break themselves to pieces.

*Queen.* Well, thou'rt the composition of a god:  
 My lion, lamb, my eaglet, and my dove,  
 Whose soul runs clearer than Diana's fount!  
 Nature pick'd several flowers from her choice banks,  
 And bound them up in thee, sending thee forth  
 A posy for the bosom of a queen.

*Lady.* The prince attends you.

*Queen.* Farewell, my good lord,  
 My honest man. Stay; hast no other suit?  
 I prithee tell me; firrah, thine eye speaks  
 As if thou hadst; out with it, modest fool!

*Euph.* With favour, madam, I would crave your  
 leave

To marry, where I'm bound in gratitude;  
 The immediate means she was to all my being,  
 Nor do I think your wisdom, sacred Queen,  
 Fetters in favours, taking from me so  
 The liberty that meanest men enjoy.

*Queen.* To marry? you're a fool! thou'st anger'd me.  
 Leave me; I'll think on't. [*Exe. Euph. and Con.*]  
 Only to try thee this, for tho' I love thee,

*Enter Theanor.*

I can subdue myself; but she that can  
 Enjoy thee, doth enjoy more than a man.—  
 Nay, rise without a blessing, or kneel still!  
 What's, Sir, the reason you oppose me thus,  
 And seek to darken what I would have shine?  
 Eclipse a fire much brighter than thyself,  
 Making your mother not a competent judge  
 Of her own actions?

*The.* Gracious madam, I  
 Have done no more than what in royalty,

And

And to preserve your fame, was fit to do :  
 Heard you the peoples' talk of you, and him  
 You favour so, his greatness, and your love,  
 The pity given to me, you would excuse me.  
 They prate as if he did dishonour you ;  
 And what know I, but his own lavish tongue  
 Has utter'd some such speeches ? he is call'd  
 The king of Corinth.

*Queen.* They are traitors all :  
 I wear a crystal casement 'fore my heart,  
 Thro' which each honest eye may look into't ;  
 Let it be prospect unto all the world,  
 I care not this.

*The.* This must not be my way. [*Aside.*  
 Your pardon, gracious madam ! These incitements  
 Made me not shew so clear a countenance  
 Upon the lord Euphanes as I would ;  
 Which since your majesty affects so grievously,  
 I'll clear the black cloud off it, and henceforth  
 Vow on this knee all love and grace to him.

*Queen.* Rise, with my blessing ; and to prove this  
 true,  
 Bear him from me this cabinet of jewels  
 In your own person ; tell him, for his marrying,  
 He may dispose him how and when he please. [*Exit.*

*The.* I shall discharge my duty and your will.  
 Crates !

*Enter Crates.*

*Cra.* I have heard all, my lord : How luckily  
 Fate pops her very spindle in our hands !  
 This marriage with Beliza you shall cross ;  
 Then have I one attempt for Lamprias more  
 Upon this Phaeton : Where's Merione's ring,  
 That in the rape you took from her ?

*The.* 'Tis here.

*Cra.* In, and effect our purpose. You, my lord,  
 Shall disobey your mother's charge, and send  
 This cabinet by some servant of her own,

That

That what succeeds may have no reference  
Unto your highness.

*The.* On, my engine, on!

*Cra.* Now, if we be not struck by Heaven's own  
hand,  
We'll ruin him, and on his ruins stand. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Merione, and Beliza.*

[A sad song<sup>26</sup>.

*Age.* These heavy airs feed sorrow in her, lady,  
And nourish it too strongly; like a mother  
That spoils her child with giving on't the will.

*Bel.* Some lighter note. [A lighter song<sup>27</sup>.

*Leo.* How like a hill of snow she sits, and melts,  
Before the unchaste fire of others' lust!  
What heart can see her passion, and not break?

<sup>26</sup> *A sad song.*] The following *song* not being in the first folio, we have remov'd it from the text:

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan,  
Sorrow calls\* no time that's gone:  
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain  
Makes not fresh nor grow again;  
Trim thy locks, look chearfully,  
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see.  
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,  
Why should sadness longer last?  
Grief is but a wound to woe;  
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no more.

<sup>27</sup> *A lighter song.*] For the reason urged in the last note, we have removed this *song*, also:

Court-ladies, laugh and wonder. Here is one  
That weeps because her maidenhead is gone;  
Whilst you do never fret, nor chafe, nor cry,  
But when too long it keeps you company.  
Too well you know, maids are like towns on fire,  
Wasting themselves, if no man quench desire.  
Weep then no more, fool: A new maidenhead  
Thou suffer'st loss of, in each chaste tear shed.

\* *Sorrow* calls.] Sympson reads *recalls*, and prescribes the pronouncing *sorrow* as one syllable, *s'row*; but who can so pronounce it?

*Age.*

*Age.* Take comfort, gentle madam! You know well  
 Even actual sins, committed without will,  
 Are neither sins nor shame, much more compell'd;  
 Your honour's no whit less, your chastity  
 No whit impair'd, for fair Merione  
 Is more a virgin yet than all her sex.

*Mer.* Alas, 'tis done<sup>28</sup>!

*Age.* Why burn these tapers now?  
 Wicked and frantic creatures joy in night.

*Leo.* Imagine fair Merione had dream'd  
 She had been ravish'd, would she sit thus then  
 Excruciate?

*Mer.* Oh!

*Bel.* Fy, fy! how fond is this!  
 What reason for this surfeit of remorse?  
 How many that have done ill, and proceed,  
 Women that take degrees in wantonness,  
 Commence, and rise in rudiments of lust,  
 That feel no scruple of this tenderness?

*Mer.* Pish!

*Bel.* Nor are you matchless in mishap; ev'n I  
 Do bear an equal part of misery;  
 That love, belov'd, a man the crown of men,  
 Whom how I've friended<sup>29</sup>, and how rais'd, 'tis better  
 That all do know and speak it than myself.  
 When he sail'd low, I might have made him mine,  
 Now, at his full gale, it is questionable  
 If ever I o'er-take him.

*Age.* Wherefore sits  
 My Phœbe shadow'd in a sable cloud?  
 Those pearly drops which thou let'st fall like beads,  
 Numb'ring on them thy vestal orisons,  
 Alas, are spent in vain! I love thee still;  
 In midst of all these showers thou sweetlier scent'st,

<sup>28</sup> *Alas, 'tis done.*] Mr. Seward concurred with me in taking this passage out of the mouth of *Agenor*, and putting it into that of *Merione*, to whom it undoubtedly belongs: For she breaks out into this passionate sentence, and interrupts the prince, before he could conclude his consolatory address. *Symphon.*

<sup>29</sup> *Whom I have friended.*] Amended by *Symphon.*

Like a green meadow on an April-day,  
In which the sun and West-wind play together,  
Striving to catch and drink the balmy drops.

*Enter Euphanes and Servant.*

*Serv.* The lord Euphanes, madam. [*Exit Mer.*]

*Age.* Poor Merione!

She loaths the light, and men. [*Exit with Leo.*]

*Euph.* The virtuous gods preserve my mistress!

*Bel.* Oh, my most-honour'd lord, those times are  
chang'd.

*Euph.* Let times and men change! Could Heav'n  
change, Euphanes

Should never change to be devoted ever  
To fair Beliza. Should my load of honours,  
Or any grace which you were author of,  
Detract mine honour, and diminish grace?  
The gods forbid! You here behold your servant,  
Your creature, gentle lady, whose sound sleeps  
You purchas'd for him, whose food you paid for,  
Whose garments were your charge, whose first prefer-  
ment

You founded; then, what since the gracious Queen  
Hath, or can rear, is upon your free land,  
And you are mistress of.

*Bel.* Mock me not, gentle lord;

You shine now in too high a sphere for me:  
We're planets now disjoin'd for ever! Yet,  
Poor superstitious innocent that I am,  
Give leave that I may lift my hands, and love,  
Not in idolatry, but perfect zeal:  
For, credit me, I repent nothing I have done,  
But, were it to begin, would do the same.

*Euph.* There are two seas in Corinth, and two  
Queens,

And but there, not two such i' th' spacious universe.  
I came to tender you the man you've made,  
And like a thankful stream to retribute  
All you, my ocean, have enrich'd me with.

You



You told me once you'd marry me.

*Bel.* Another mock? You were wont to play fair play.  
You scorn poor helps; he that is sure to win,  
May slight mean hearts, whose hand commands the  
Queen.

*Euph.* Let me be held the knave thro' all the stock  
When I do slight my mistress! You know well  
The gracious inclination of the Queen,  
Who sent me leave this morning to proceed  
To marry as I saw convenience,  
And a great gift of jewels: Three days hence  
The general sacrifice is done to Vesta,  
And can you by then be accommodated,  
Your servant shall wait on you to the temple.

*Bel.* 'Till now I never felt a real joy indeed.

*Euph.* Here then I seal my duty, here my love.  
'Till which, vouchsafe to wear this ring, dear mistress;  
'Twas the Queen's token, and shall celebrate  
Our nuptials.

*Bel.* Honour still raise, and preserve  
My honour'd lord, as he preserves all honour!

[*Exit Euph.*]

*Enter Agenor, Leonidas, and Merione.*

*Age.* Why shift you places thus, Merione,  
And will not lend a word? Couldst thou so soon  
Leave sorrow as the place, how blest were I!  
But 'twill not be; grief is an impudent guest,  
A follower every where, a hanger-on;  
That words nor blows can drive away.

*Leo.* Dear sister!

*Bel.* Who can be sad? Out with these tragic lights,  
And let day repossess her natural hours;  
Tear down these blacks, cast ope the casements wide,  
That we may jocundly behold the sun,  
I did partake with sad Merione  
In all her mourning; let her now rejoice  
With glad Beliza, for Euphanes is  
As full of love, full of humility,

As when he wanted.

*Mer.* Oh! that——

*Leo.* Help! she faints!

Her grief has broke her heart.

*Mer.* No: That——that——

*Age.* Mistress, what point you at?

Her lamps are out, yet still she extends her hand

As if she saw something antipathous

Unto her virtuous life.

*Leo.* Still, still she points,

And her lips move, but no articulate sound

Breathes from 'em. Sister, speak, what moves you thus?

*Bel.* Her spirits return.

*Mer.* Oh, hide that fatal ring!

Where had it you, Beliza?

*Bel.* What hid fate

Depends on it?—Euphanes gave it me,

As holy pledge of future marriage.

*Mer.* Then is Euphanes the foul ravisher!

Let me speak this, and die. That dismal night

Which seal'd my shame upon me, was that ring

The partner of my robb'd virginity.

*Leo.* Euphanes?

*Age.* Strange!

*Bel.* Impossible!

*Mer.* Impossible to have redress on him,

Chief servant of the Queen. Ha! I have read

Somewhere, I'm sure, of such an injury

Done to a lady, and how she durst die!

[*Exit.*

*Age.* Oh, follow her, Beliza.

*Bel.* To assure her

The unlikelihood of this.

[*Exit.*

*Age.* Love hides all sins.

What's to be done, Leonidas?

*Leo.* Why, this——

Amazement takes up all my faculties!

The plagues of gods and men will muster all

To avenge this tyranny. Oh, frontless man,

To dare do ill, and hope to bear it thus!

First

First let's implore, then cure.

*Age.* Who, who can trust

The gentle looks and words of two-fac'd man?

Like Corinth's double torrent, you and I

Will rush upon the land; nor shall the Queen

Defend this villain in his villainy:

Lust's violent flames can never be withstood,

Nor quench'd, but with as violent streams of blood.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Enter Crates, Uncle, Tutor, and Onos.*

*Onos.* **T**HINKS he to carry her, and live?

*Cra.* It seems so.

And she will carry him, the story says.

*Onos.* Well; hum!

Have I for this, thou fair, but falsest fair,

Stretch'd this same simple leg over the sea?

What tho' my bashfulness, and tender years,

Durst ne'er reveal my affection to thy teeth?

Deep Love ne'er rattles, and, say they, Love's bit

The deeper dipp'd, the sweeter still is it.

*Tutor.* Oh, see the power of love! he speaks in rhyme.

*Cra.* Oh, love will make a dog howl in rhyme.

Of all the lovers yet I have heard or read,

This is the strangest: But his Guardian,

And you his Tutor, should inform him better;

Thinks he that love is answer'd by instinct?

*Tutor.* He should make means;

For certain, Sir, his bashfulness undoes him,

For from his cradle, h' had a shameful face.

Thus walks he night and day, eats not a bit,

Nor sleeps one jot, but's grown so humorous,

Drinks ale, and takes tobacco as you see,

Wears a steeletto at his codpiece close,

Stabs on the least occasion; strokes his beard,  
Which now he puts i' th' posture of a T,  
The Roman T; your T beard is the fashion,  
And twifold doth expresse the enamour'd courtier,  
As full as your fork-carving traveller<sup>30</sup>.

<sup>30</sup> Fork-carving traveller.] As every new custom is a good fund for satire, to your wits of all sorts; so I imagine here, could we know the precise time when this play was wrote, we might fix the æra of the introduction of *forks*, the use of which it so agreeably bantered. Nor are our Authors the only satirists upon this occasion. Ben Jonson has joined the laugh with 'em against this custom, in his *Devil's an Ass*, act v. scene iv. Meercraft says to Gilt-head and Sledge.

' Have I deserv'd this from you two? for all

' My pains at court, to get you each a patent.

' *Gilt.* For what?

' *Meer.* Upo' my project o' the *forks*.

' *Sle.* *Forks?* what be they? [The project of forks.

' *Meer.* The laudable use of *forks*,

' Brought into custom here as they are in Italy,

' To th' sparing o' *napkins*.'

*Sympson.*

The 'precise time' when the use of *forks* was introduced into this kingdom will appear with certainty, from the following extract from 'Coryat's Crudities, hastily gobbled up in five Moneths Travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Grisons Country, Helvetia, alias Switzerland, some parts of High-Germany, and the Netherlands, &c. 1611,' 4to, p. 90. As the passage is curious, on account of its describing one of the customs of the times, we shall make no apology for the length of it. 'Here I wil mention a thing that might have been spoken of before, in discourse of the first Italian towne. I observed a custome in all those Italian cities and townes through the which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither do I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, doe alwaies at their meales use a little *forke*, when they cut their meate. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their *forke*, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dish. So that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of any others at meale, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, insomuch that for his error he shall be at least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This forme of feeding I understand is generally used in all places of Italy, their *forkes* being for the most part made of yron or steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentiemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any meanes indure to have his dish touched with fingers,

*Onos.* Oh, black clouds of discontent, envelop me;  
Garters, fly off; go, hatband, bind the brows  
Of some dull citizen that fears to ake;  
And, leg, appear now in simplicity,  
Without the trappings of a courtier;  
Burst, buttons, burst, your bachelor is worm'd!

*Cra.* A worm-eaten bachelor thou art indeed.

*Onos.* And, devil Melancholy, possess me now<sup>30</sup>!

*Uncle.* Cross him not in this fit I advise you, Sir.

*Onos.* Die, crimson rose, that didst adorn these  
cheeks,

For itch of love is now broke forth on me!

*Uncle.* Poor boy, 'tis true; his wrists and hands  
are scabby.

*Onos.* Burn, eyes, out in your sockets, sink and stink;  
Teeth, I will pick you to the very bones;  
Hang, hair, like hemp, or like the Isling cur's<sup>31</sup>,  
For never powder, nor the crisping-iron,  
Shall touch these dangling locks; oh, ruby lips,  
Love hath to you been like wine vinegar,  
Now you look wan and pale, lips, ghosts ye are,  
And my disgrace sharper than mustard-feed!

*Cra.* How like a chandler he does vent his passions!  
*Risum teneatis?*

*Onos.* Well sung the poet,  
Love is a golden *bubo*, full of dreams;

---

' fingers, seeing all mens fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon, I  
' myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion, by this *forked*  
' cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Ger-  
' many, and oftentimes in England since I came home; being once  
' quipped for that frequent using of my *forke*, by a certaine learned  
' gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one M. Laurence Whitaker,  
' who in his merry humour doubted not to call me at table *Furcifer*,  
' only for using a *forke* at feeding, but for no other cause.' R.

<sup>30</sup> Possesses me now.] So all former editions.

<sup>31</sup> Isling curs.] Probably ISLAND curs, as in the following passage  
from Massinger's Picture, act v. scene i.

' ————would I might lie  
' Like a dog under her table, and serve for a footstool,  
' So I might have my belly full of that  
' Her *Island* cur refuses.'

R.

That ripen'd breaks, and fills us with extremes.

*Tutor.* A golden *bubble*, pupil; oh, gross solecism  
To chaster ears that understand the Latin.

*Onos.* I will not be corrected now;  
I am in love! Revenge is now the cud  
That I do chew: I'll challenge him.

*Cra.* Ay, marry, Sir.

*Uncle.* Your honour bids you, nephew; on and  
prosper.

*Onos.* But none will bear it from me; times are  
dangerous.

*Cra.* Carry it yourself, man.

*Onos.* Tutor, your counsel. I'll do nothing, Sir,  
Without him.

*Uncle.* This may rid thee, valiant coz,  
Whom I have kept this forty year my ward;  
Fain would I have his state, and now of late  
He did enquire at Ephesus for his age<sup>32</sup>,  
But the church-book being burnt with Dian's temple,  
He lost his aim. I've tried to famish him,  
Marry he'll live o' th' stones; and then for poisons,  
He is an antidote 'gainst all of 'em;  
He sprung from Mithridates; he's so dry and hot,  
He will eat spiders faster than a monkey;  
His maw, unhurt, keeps quicksilver like a bladder;  
The largest dose of camphire, opium,  
Harms not his brain; I think his skull's as empty  
As a suck'd egg; vitriol and oil of tartar  
He will eat toasts of; henbane, I am sure,  
And hemlock, I have made his pot-herbs often.

*Cra.* If he refuse you, yours is then the honour;  
If he accept, he being so great, you may  
Crave both to chuse the weapon, time, and place,  
Which may be ten years hence, and Calicut,  
Or underneath the line, to avoid advantage.

*Onos.* I am resolv'd.

*Tutor.* By your favour, pupil,

<sup>32</sup> *For his age,*] 'Tis to be wished our Authors had not been  
guilty of this and the like anachronisms.

Whence shall this challenge rise? for you must ground it  
On some such fundamental base, or matter,  
As now the gentry set their lives upon.

Did you e'er cheat him at some ordinary,  
And durst he say so, and be angry? if thus,  
Then you must challenge him. Hath he call'd your  
whore

Whore? tho' she be, beside yours, twenty mens',  
Your honour, reputation, is touch'd then,  
And you must challenge him. Has he denied

On thirty *damme's* to accommodate money?

Tho' you have broke threescore before to him<sup>33</sup>,  
Here you must challenge him. Durst he ever shun

To drink two pots of ale wi'ye? or to wench,  
Tho' weighty business otherwise importun'd?

He is a proud lord,

And you may challenge him. Has he familiarly  
Dislik'd your yellow starch<sup>34</sup>, or said your doublet

Was not exactly frenchified? or that, that report  
In fair terms was untrue? or drawn your sword,

Cried 'twas ill mounted? has he given the lie

In circle, or oblique, or semi-circle,

<sup>33</sup> *Though he have broke threescore before to you.*] Amended in 1750.

<sup>34</sup> *Yellow starch.*] This was invented by one Turner, a tire-woman, a court bawd; who, afterwards, was amongst the miscreants concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which she was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention: Which made *yellow starch* so odious, that it immediately went out of fashion.

*Warburton.*

Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, published in 1595, speaks of starch of various colours.

— The one arch or pillar wherewith the devil's kingdome of great ruffles is underpropped, is a certain kinde of liquid matter, which they call *starch*, wherein the devill hath learned them to wash and die their ruffles, which, being drie, will stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. And this starch they make of divers substances, sometimes of wheate flower, of branne, and other graines: Sometimes of rootes, and sometimes of other thinges: Of all collours and hues, as white, redde, blewe, purple, and the like.

In *The World tofs'd at Tennis*, a masque by Middleton, 1620, *the five starches* are personified, and introduced contesting for superiority.

*Steevens.*

Or

Or direct parallel? you must challenge him.

*Onos.* He never gave my direct apparel<sup>35</sup> the lie in's life.

*Tutor.* But, for the crown of all, has he refus'd  
To pledge your mistress' health? tho' he were sick,

*Enter Neanthes and Page.*

And crav'd your pardon, you must challenge him,  
There's no avoiding; one or both must drop.

*Onos.* Exquisite Tutor!

*Nean.* Crates, I've fought you long; what make  
you here

Fooling with these three-farthings, while the town  
Is all in uproar, and the prince our master,  
Seiz'd by Leonidas and Agenor, carried  
And prisoner kept i'th' castle flanks  
The West part of the city, where they vow  
To hold him 'till your brother, lord Euphanes,  
Be render'd to 'em, with his life to satisfy  
The rape, by him suspected to Merione?  
The Queen refuses to deliver him,  
Pawning her knowledge for his innocency,  
And dares 'em do their worst on prince Theanor;  
The whole state's in combustion.

*Cra.* Fatal ring!

*Uncle.* What will become of us?

*Nean.* And she hath given commission to Euphanes  
And Conon, who have levied men already,  
With violence to surprize the tower, and take 'em.  
What will you do?

*Cra.* Along wi'ye, and prevent  
A further mischief. Gentlemen, our intents  
We must defer; you are the prince's followers.

*Nean.* Will ye walk with us?

*Uncle.* You shall pardon us.

*Tutor.* We are his followers afar off, you know,

<sup>35</sup> *My direct apparel.*] Sympson, not thinking this blunder of Onos was intended by the Poets, reads,

*He never gave me th' direct parallel lie in's life.*



And are contented to continue so. [*Exe. Cra. and Nean.*

*Onos.* Sir boy!

*Page.* Sir fool! a challenge to my lord?

How dar'st thou, or thy ambs-ace here, think of him?  
Ye crow-pick'd heads, which your thin shoulders bear  
As do the poles on Corinth bridge the traitors';  
Why, you three nine-pins, you talk of my lord,  
And challenges? you shall not need: Come, draw;  
His Page is able to swinge three such whelps.

Uncle, why stand ye off? Long-man, advance.

*Onos.* 'Slight, what have we done, Tutor?

*Tutor.* He is a boy,

And we may run away with honour.

*Page.* That ye shall not;

And being a boy, I am fitter to encounter

A child in law as you are, under twenty.

Thou sot, thou three-score sot! and that's a child  
Again, I grant you.

*Uncle.* Nephew, here's an age:

Boys are turn'd men, and men are children.

*Page.* Away, ye peafants with your bought gentry!

Are not you he, when your fellow passengers,

Your last transportment, being assail'd by a galley,

Hid yourself i'th' cabbin; and the fight done

Peep'd above hatches, and cried, 'Have we taken,

'Or are we ta'en?' Come, I do want a slipper,

But this shall serve: Swear all as I would have you,

Or I will call some dozen brother pages,

(They're not far off, I'm sure) and we will blanket you

Until you piss again.

*All.* Nay, we will swear, Sir.

*Page.* 'Tis your best course.

First, you shall swear never to name my lord,

Or hear him nam'd hereafter, but bare-headed;

Next, to begin his health in every place,

And never to refuse to pledge it, tho'

You forfeit to the death; lastly, to hold

The poorest, littlest page in reverence,

To think him valianter, and a better gentleman,

Than

Than you three stamp'd together, and to give him  
Wine and tobacco wheresoe'er you meet,  
And the best meat, if he can stay.

*All.* We swear it loyally.

*Page.* Then I dismiss you,  
True liegemen to the pantoffle;  
I had more articles, but I have business  
And cannot stay now: So adieu, dear monsieur,  
*Tres noble & tres puissant!*

*Uncle.* Adieu, monsieur!

*Onos.* *A vostre service & commandement.*

*Tutor.* I told you, pupil, you'd repent this foolery.

*Onos.* Who? I repent? you are mistaken, Tutor,  
I ne'er repented any thing yet in my life,  
And scorn to begin now. Come, let's be melancholy<sup>36</sup>.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Queen, Euphanes, Conon, and Lords.*

*Lord.* 'Twere better treat with 'em.

*Queen.* I will no treaties  
With a league-breaker and a rebel; shall I  
Article with a traitor? be compell'd  
To yield an innocent unto their fury,  
Whom I have prov'd so to you?

*Euph.* Gracious Queen,  
Tho' your own godlike disposition  
Would succour virtue, and protect the right;  
Yet, for the publick good, for the dear safety  
Of your most royal only son, consent  
To give me up the sacrifice to their malice:  
My life is aim'd at, and 'twere better far  
The blood of twenty thousand such as I  
Purpled our seas, than that your princely son  
Should be endanger'd.

*Queen.* Still well said, honest fool!

<sup>36</sup> *Come, let's be melancholy.*] See note 58, on the Mad Lover.

Were their demand but one hair from thy head,  
 By all the gods, I'd scorn 'em! Were they here,  
 The majesty that dwells upon this brow  
 Should strike 'em on their knees. As for my son,  
 Let 'em no more dare than they'll answer: I  
 An equal mother to my country am,  
 And every virtuous son of it is son  
 Unto my bosom, tender as mine own.

*Con.* Oh, you are heav'nly, madam, and the gods  
 Can suffer nothing pass to injure you!  
 The life that Conon promis'd, he stands now  
 Ready to pay with joy.

*Queen.* Farewell both;  
 Success attend you! you have soldiers been,  
*Tam Marti quam Mercurio*; if you bring not peace,  
 Bring me their heads.

*Con.* I will put fair for one. [*Exe. Queen and Lords.*]

*Euph.* Double the guard upon her highness' person.  
*Conon,* you must perform a friendly part,  
 Which I shall counsel you.

*Con.* I am your servant. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Theanor, Agenor, and Leonidas, above.*

*Leo.* Make good that fortification, and the watch  
 Keep still upon the battlements. Royal Sir,  
 Weigh but our injuries; we have told you fully  
 The manner and the matter hales us thus;  
 Nor shall this upstart mushroom, bred i' th' night,  
 Sit brooding underneath your mother's wings  
 His damn'd impieties.

*Age.* For yourself, brave prince,  
 Fear nothing that this face of arms presents;  
 We ask the ravisher, and have no means  
 To win him from your most indulgent mother  
 But by this practice.

*The.* Stout Leonidas,  
 Princely Agenor, your wrongs cry so loud,

That

That whoso would condemn you is not heard ;  
 I blame you not ; who but Euphanes durst  
 Make stories like to this ? My wrongs, as strong,  
 Ask my revengeful arm to strengthen yours ;  
 As for my fear, know you, and Greece throughout,

*Enter Euphanes and Conon.*

Our mother was a Spartan princess born,  
 That never taught me to spell such a word.

*Con.* Sir, you do tempt your life.

*Euph.* Conon, no more.

Do thus, as thou wouldst save it. [*Sound trumpet within.*]

*Age.* What trumpet's this ?

*Leo.* Beneath I do perceive

Two arm'd men single, that give us summons  
 As they would treat.

*Age.* Let us descend.

*Con.* My lord,

I would you would excuse me, and proceed  
 According to the Queen's directions.

*Euph.* Friend,

As thou wouldst wear that title after death,

*Enter below Theanor, Agenor, Leonidas, and soldiers.*

Perform my charge. No soldier, on his life,  
 Approach us nearer.

*Con.* Safety to both the princes ; loyalty  
 To you, lord general. The Queen, your mistress  
 As well as ours, tho' not thro' fear<sup>37</sup>, to cut  
 Civil dissention from her land, and save  
 Much guiltless blood, that uproar ever thirsts,  
 And for the safeguard of her son, by me  
 (As you demand) hath sent the lord Euphanes  
 To plead his own cause, or to suffer death,  
 As you shall find him worthy ; so, delivering  
 The prince back, I shall leave him to your guard.

*Leo.* The Queen is good and gracious : Kiss her hand.

*Age.* And seal our duties. Sir, depart in peace.

<sup>37</sup> *Though not to fear.* } Amended by Symphon.

*The.* Oh, Sir, you now perceive, when in the scales  
Nature and fond affection weigh together,  
One poizes like a feather; and you know, my lords,  
What's to be done.

*Euph.* Your highness is unarm'd;  
Please you to use mine, and to lead the army  
Back to your mother. Conon, march you with 'em.

*Con.* I will, my lord.—But not so far as not  
To bring you help, if danger look upon you. [*Exit.*]

*Euph.* Why do you look so strangely, fearfully,  
Or stay your deathful hand? Be not so wise  
To stop your rage. Look how unmov'dly here  
I give myself my country's sacrifice,  
An innocent sacrifice: Truth laughs at death,  
And terrifies the killer more than kill'd;  
Integrity thus armless seeks her foes,  
And never needs the target nor the sword,  
Bow, nor envenom'd shafts.

*Leo.* We are amaz'd,  
Not at your eloquence, but impudence,  
That dare thus front us.

*Age.* Kill him! Who knows not  
The iron forehead that bold Mischief wears?

*Leo.* Forbear awhile, Agenor; I do tremble,  
And something sits like virtue in his face,  
Which the gods keep.

*Euph.* Agenor, strike; Leonidas,  
You that have purchas'd fame on certain grounds,  
Lose it on supposition: Smear your hands  
In guiltless blood, laugh at my martyrdom;  
But yet remember, when posterity  
Shall read your volumes fill'd with virtuous acts,  
And shall arrive at this black bloody leaf,  
Noting your foolish barbarism, and my wrong,  
(As time shall make it plain) what follows this  
Decyphering any noble deed of yours  
Shall be quite lost, for men will read no more.

*Leo.* Why, dare you say you're innocent?

*Euph.* By all the gods, as they, of this foul crime.  
Why,

Why, gentlemen, pry clean thro' my life,  
 Then weigh these circumstances. Think you that he  
 Which made day night, and men to furies turn'd,  
 Durst not trust silence, vizors, nor her sense  
 That suffer'd; but with charms and potions  
 Cast her asleep, (for all this I've enquir'd)  
 Acted the fable of Proserpine's rape,  
 The place (by all description) like to hell;  
 And all to perpetrate unknown his lust;  
 Would fondly in his person bring a ring,  
 And give it a betrothed wife, i' th' same house  
 Where the poor injur'd lady liv'd and groan'd?

*Age.* Hell gives us art to reach the depth of sin,  
 But leaves us wretched fools, when we are in.

*Euph.* Had it giv'n me that art, and left me so,  
 I would not thus into the lion's jaws  
 Have thrust myself defenceless, for your good,  
 The prince's safety, or the commonweal's.  
 You know the Queen denied me, and sent us  
 Commanders to surprize you, and to raze  
 This tower down; we had power enough to do it,  
 Or starve you, as you saw, and not to tender  
 My person to your wrath, which I have done,  
 Knowing my heart as pure as infants' sleep.

*Leo.* What think you, Sir?

*Age.* No harm, I'm sure; I weep.

*Euph.* The gods are just, and mighty. But to give  
 you

Further assurance, and to make yourselves  
 Judges and witnesses of my innocence,  
 Let me demand this question; on what night  
 Was this foul deed committed?

*Age.* On the eve  
 Before our marriage meant.

*Euph.* Leonidas,  
 (Your rage being off, that still drowns memory)  
 Where was yourself and I that very night,  
 And what our conference?

*Leo.* By the gods, 'tis true:

Both

Both in her highness' chamber, conferring  
 Even of this match until an hour of day,  
 And then came I to call you. We are sham'd!

*Age.* Utterly lost, and sham'd!

*Euph.* Neither; be chear'd;

He that could find this out, can pardon it.  
 And know, this ring was sent me from the Queen;  
 How she came by it, yet is not enquir'd:  
 Deeper occurrents hang on't, and pray Heav'n  
 That my suspicions prove as false as yours!  
 Which for the world ('till I have greater proof)  
 I dare not utter what, nor whom they touch:  
 Only this build upon, with all my nerves  
 I'll labour with ye, 'till Time waken Truth.

*Age.* There are our swords, Sir; turn the points on us.

*Leo.* Punish rebellion, and revenge your wrong.

*Euph.* Sir, my revenge shall be to make your peace:  
 Neither was this rebellion, but rash love.

*Enter Conon.*

*Con.* How's this? Unarm'd left, now found doubly  
 arm'd?

And those, that would have slain him, at his feet?

Oh, Truth, thou art a mighty conqueress.—

The Queen, my lord, perplex'd in care of you,  
 That, cross to her command, hazard yourself,

In person here is come into the field,

And, like a leader, marches in the head

Of all her troops; vows that she will demolish

Each stone of this proud tower, be you not safe;

She chafes like storms in groves, now sighs, now weeps,

And both sometimes, like rain and wine commix'd;

Abjures her son for ever, 'less himself

Do fetch you off in person, that did give

Yourself to save him of your own free will,

And swears he must not, nor is fit to live.

*Euph.* Oh, she's a mistress for the gods!

*Age.* And thou

A godlike servant, fit for her.

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*Leo.* Wide Greece

May boast, because she cannot boast thy like.

*Euph.* Thus, Conon, tell her highness.

*Con.* My joy flies!

*Euph.* Let's tow'rd her march. Stern drum, speak  
gentle peace.

*Leo.* We are prisoners; lead us. Ne'er was known  
A precedent like this; one unarm'd man,  
Suspected; to captive with golden words  
(Truth being his shield) so many arm'd with swords.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter, at one door, Queen, Theanor, Crates, Conon, lords, and soldiers; at another, Euphanes (with two swords), Agenor, Leonidas, and soldiers. Euphanes presents Leonidas on his knees to the Queen; Agenor, bare-headed, makes show of sorrow to the Queen; she stamps, and seems to be angry at the first. Euphanes persuades her, lays their swords at her feet; she kisses him, gives them their swords again, they kiss her hand and embrace; the soldiers lift up Euphanes, and shout. Theanor and Crates discovered; Conon whispers with Crates, Euphanes with Agenor, and Leonidas observes it, who seem to promise something; Euphanes directs his Page somewhat. Exeunt all but Theanor and Crates:*

*The.* We are not lucky, Crates; this great torrent  
Bears all before him.

*Cra.* Such an age as this  
Shall ne'er be seen again. Virtue grows fat,  
And Villainy pines; the furies are asleep;  
Mischief, 'gainst goodness aim'd, is like a stone;  
Unnat'rally forc'd up an eminent hill,  
Whose weight falls on our heads and buries us;  
We springe ourselves, we sink in our own bogs.

*The.* What's to be done?

*Cra.* Repent, and grow good.

*The.* Pish!

'Tis not the fashion, fool, 'till we grow old.

The



The peoples' love to him now scares me more  
 Than my fond mother's; both which, like two floods,  
 Bearing Euphanes up, will o'erflow me;  
 And he is worthy: 'Would he were in Heav'n!  
 But that hereafter. Crates, help me now,  
 And henceforth be at ease.

*Cra.* Your will, my lord?

*The.* Beliza is to marry him forthwith;  
 I long to have the first touch of her too;  
 That will a little quiet me.

*Cra.* Fy, Sir!

You'll be the tyrant to Virginity;  
 To fall but once is manly, to persevere  
 Beastly, and desp'rate.

*The.* Cross me not, but do't:  
 Are not the means, the place, the instruments,  
 The very same? I must expect you suddenly. [*Exit.*

*Cra.* I must obey you.

Who is in evil once a companion,  
 Can hardly shake him off, but must run on.  
 Here I appointed Conon to attend,  
 Him, and his sword; he promis'd to come single,

*Enter Conon and Page.*

To avoid prevention: He's a man on's word.

*Con.* You're well met, Crates.

*Cra.* If we part so, Conon.

*Con.* Come, we must do these mutual offices;  
 We must be our own seconds, our own surgeons,  
 And fairly fight, like men, not on advantage.

*Cra.* You have an honest bosom.

*Con.* Your's seems so.

*Cra.* Let's pair our swords: You are a just gentleman.

*Con.* You might be so. Now shake hands, if you  
 please;

Tho' it be the cudgel fashion, 'tis a friendly one.

*Cra.* So; stand off.

*Page.* That's my cue to beckon 'em. [*Exit.*

*Con.* Crates, to expostulate your wrongs to me  
 Were to doubt of 'em, or with your excuse  
 In words, and so return like maiden knights ;  
 Yet freely thus much I profess ; your spleen  
 And rugged carriage toward your honour'd brother  
 Hath much more stirr'd me up, than mine own  
 cause ;

For I did ne'er affect these bloody men,  
 But hold 'em fitter be made public hangmen,  
 Or butchers call'd than valiant gentlemen.  
 'Tis true, stamp'd valour does upon just grounds ;  
 Yet for whom justlier should I expose my life  
 Than him, unto whose virtue I owe all.

*Cra.* Conon, you think by this great deed of yours  
 To insinuate yourself a lodging nearer  
 Unto my brother's heart : Such men as you  
 Live on their undertakings for their lords,  
 And more disable them by answering for 'em,  
 Than if they sat still ; make 'em but their whores,  
 For which end gallants now-a-days do fight.  
 But here we come not to upbraid ; what men  
 Seem the rash world will judge ; but what they are,  
 Heav'n knows : And this—Horfes ? we are descried<sup>39</sup> :  
 One stroke, for fear of laughter.

*Enter Euphanes, Agenor, Leonidas, and Page.*

*Con.* Half a score.

*Euph.* Hold, hold ! on your allegiance, hold !

*Age.* He that strikes next——

*Leo.* Falls like a traitor on our swords.

*Euph.* Oh, Heav'n, my brother bleeds ! Conon, thou  
 art

A villain, an unthankful man, and shalt  
 Pay me thy blood for his, for his is mine !  
 Thou wert my friend, but he is still my brother ;  
 And tho' a friend sometimes be nearer said,

<sup>39</sup> *Horfes, we are descry'd.*] Sympfon would read,  
 CURSE ON'T, *we are descry'd.*

In some gradation, it can never be,  
 Where that same brother can be made a friend;  
 Which, dearest Crates, thus low I implore:  
 What in my poverty I would not seek,  
 Because I would not burden you, now here  
 In all my height of bliss I beg of you,  
 Your friendship; my advancement, Sir, is yours;  
 I never held it strange; pray use it so.  
 We are but two, which Nature fram'd  
 In the most useful faculties of man,  
 To strengthen mutually and relieve each other:  
 Two eyes, two ears, two arms, two legs and feet,  
 That where one fail'd, the other might supply;  
 And I, your other eye, ear, your arm and leg,  
 Tender my service, help, and succour to you.

*Age. Leo.* A most divine example!

*Euph.* For, dear brother,

You have been blind, and lame, and deaf, to me;  
 Now be no more so: In humility  
 I give you the duty of a younger brother,  
 Which take you as a brother, not a father,  
 And then you'll pay a duty back to me.

*Cra.* 'Till now I have not wept these thirty years.

*Euph.* Discording brothers are like mutual legs,  
 Supplanting one another; he that seeks  
 Aid from a stranger, and forsakes his brother,  
 Does but like him that madly lops his arm,  
 And to his body joins a wooden one;  
 Cuts off his natural leg, and trusts a crutch;  
 Plucks out his eye to see with spectacles.

*Cra.* Most dear Euphanes, in this crimson flood  
 Wash my unkindness out; you have o'ercome me,  
 Taught me humanity and brotherhood:  
 Full well knew Nature thou wert fitter far  
 To be a ruler o'er me than a brother,  
 Which henceforth be! Jove surely did descend,  
 When thou wert gotten, in some heav'nly shape,  
 And greet my mother, as the poets tell  
 Of other women.

*Age.* Be this holiday!

*Leo.* And noted ever with the whitest stone!

*Con.* And pardon me, my lord! Look you, I bleed  
Faster than Crates. What I've done I did  
To reconcile your loves, to both a friend;  
Which my blood cement, never to part or end!

*Age.* Most worthy Conon!

*Leo.* Happy rise; this day  
Contracts more good than a whole age hath done.

*Euph.* Royal Agenor, brave Leonidas,  
You are main causes, and must share the fame.

*Cra.* Which, in some part, this hour shall requite,  
For I have aim'd my black shafts at white marks,  
And now I'll put the clue into your hands,  
Shall guide you most perspicuously to the depth  
Of this dark labyrinth, where so long you were lost  
Touching this old rape, and a new intent,  
Wherein your counsel, and your active wit,  
My dearest brother, will be necessary.

*Euph.* My prophecy is come; prove my hopes true,  
Agenor shall have right, and you no wrong.  
Time now will pluck her daughter from her cave<sup>40</sup>.  
Let's hence, to prevent rumour. My dear brother,  
Nature's divided streams the highest shelf  
Will over-run at last, and flow to itself. [Exeunt.]

<sup>40</sup> *Time now will pluck, &c.*] 'In the title-page of this last,' (viz. the edition of *The Poësies of George Gascoigne, Esq.* 1575) 'by way of printer's or bookseller's device, is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, *Occulta veritas tempore patet.*' Percy's *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, vol. iii. This seems to have suggested the idea in the above line. Dr. Percy adds, that 'it was not improbable but the accidental sight of this, or some other title-page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg-gallery, and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.' R.

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Enter Crates, Euphanes, Neanthes, Soficles, and Eraton.*

*Euph.* I'VE won the lady to it, and that good  
Which is intended to her, your faith only  
And secrecy must make perfect; think not, Sir,  
I speak as doubting it, for I dare hazard  
My soul upon the trial.

*Cra.* You may safely;  
But are Agenor and Leonidas ready  
To rush upon him in the act, and seize him  
I' th' height of his security?

*Euph.* At all parts  
As you could wish them.

*Cra.* Where's the lady?

*Euph.* There  
Where you appointed her to stay.

*Cra.* 'Tis wisely order'd.

*Euph.* Last, when you have him sure, compel him  
this way;

For, as by accident, here I'll bring the Queen  
To meet you; 'twill strike greater terror to him,  
To be ta'en unprovided of excuse,  
And make more for our purposes. [*Exit.*

*Cra.* Come, Neanthes;  
Our fames and all are at the stake.

*Nean.* 'Tis fit,  
That since relying on your skill, we venture  
So much upon one game, you play with cunning;

*Enter Theanor.*

Or we shall rise such losers as——

*Sof.* The prince!

*Cra.* The plot is laid, Sir; howsoe'er I seem'd  
A little scrupulous, upon better judgment

I have effected it.

*The.* 'Tis the last service  
Of this foul kind I will employ you in.

*Cra.* We hope so, Sir.

*The.* And I will so reward it——

*Nean.* You are bound to that ; in every family  
That does write lustful, your fine bawd gains more  
(For, like your broker, he takes fees on both sides)  
Than all the officers o' th' house.

*Sof.* For us then  
To be a great man's pandars, and live poor,  
That were a double fault.

*Cra.* Come, you lose time, Sir ;  
We will be with you instantly : The deed done,  
We have a masque that you expect not.

*The.* Thou  
Art ever careful ; for Jove's Mercury  
I would not change thee.

[*Exit.*

*Era.* There's an honour for you.

*Nean.* To be compar'd with the celestial pimp,  
Jove's smock-sworn squire, don Hermes.

*Cra.* I'll deserve it ;  
And, gentlemen, be assur'd, tho' what we do now  
Will to the prince Theanor look like treason  
And base disloyalty, yet the end shall prove,  
(When he's first taught to know himself, then you)  
In what he judg'd us false, we were most true. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Euphanes, Agenor, Leonidas, and Conon.*

*Euph.* Only make haste, my lords ; in all things else  
You are instructed : You may draw your swords  
For show, if you think good, but on my life  
You will find no resistance in his servants,  
And he's himself unarm'd.

*Age.* I would he were not ;  
My just rage should not then be lost.

*Euph.*

*Euph.* Good Sir,  
Have you a care no injury be done  
Unto the person of the prince; but, *Conon*,  
Have you an eye on both; it is your trust  
That I rely on.

*Con.* Which I will discharge,  
Assure yourself, most faithfully.

*Euph.* For the lady,  
I know your best respect will not be wanting:  
Then, to avoid suspicion and discovery,  
I hold it requisite, that as soon as ever  
The Queen hath seen her, she forsake the place,  
And fit herself for that which is projected  
For her good, and your honour.

*Leo.* If this prosper,  
Believe it you have made a purchase of  
My service and my life.

*Euph.* Your love I aim at.

*Leo.* Here I shall find you?

*Euph.* With the Queen.

*Con.* Enough, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* The Queen enquires for you, my lord; I've  
met  
A dozen messengers in search of you.

*Enter Queen, ladies and attendants.*

*Euph.* I knew I should be sought for. As I wish'd,  
She's come herself in person.

*Queen.* Are you found, Sir?

I wonder where you spend your hours; methinks  
Since I so love your company, and profess  
'Tis the best comfort this life yields me, mine  
Should not be tedious to you.

*Euph.* Gracious madam,  
To have the happiness to see and hear you,  
Which by your bounty is conferr'd upon me,  
I hold so great a blessing, that my honours

And

And wealth, compar'd to that, are but as cyphers  
To make that number greater; yet your pardon  
For borrowing from my duty so much time,  
As the provision for my sudden marriage  
Exacted from me.

*Queen.* I perceive this marriage  
Will keep you often from me; but I'll bear it.  
She's a good lady, and a fair, Euphanes:  
Yet, by her leave, I will share with her in you;  
I am pleas'd that in the night she shall enjoy you,  
And that's sufficient for a wife; the day-time  
I will divorce you from her.

*Leo.* [*within.*] We will force you,  
If you resist.

*Queen.* What noise is that?

*The.* [*within.*] Base traitors!

*Euph.* It moves this way.

*Enter Agenor, Leonidas with Theanor, Merione like  
Beliza, Conon, Crates, Neantbes, Soficles, Eraton,  
and guard.*

*Queen.* Whate'er it be, I'll meet it;  
I was not born to fear. Who's that? Beliza?

*Euph.* My worthiest, noblest mistress! [*Exit Mer.*]

*Queen.* Stay her! ha?

All of you look as you were rooted here,  
And wanted motion: What new Gorgon's head  
Have you beheld, that you are all turn'd statues?  
This is prodigious! has none a tongue  
To speak the cause?

*Leo.* Could every hair, great Queen,  
Upon my head yield an articulate sound,  
And all together speak, they could not yet  
Express the villainy we have discover'd:  
And yet, when with a few unwilling words  
I have deliver'd what must needs be known,  
You'll say I am too eloquent, and wish  
I had been born without a tongue.

*Queen.* Speak boldly;



For I, unmov'd with any loss, will hear.

*Leo.* Then know, we have found out the ravisher  
Of my poor sister, and the place and means  
By which th' unfortunate, tho' fair Beliza,  
Hath met a second violence.

*Euph.* This confirms  
What but before I doubted to my ruin.  
My lady ravish'd?

*Queen.* Point me out the villain,  
That guilty wretched monster, that hath done this,  
That I may look on him; and in mine eye  
He reads his sentence.

*Leo.* That I truly could  
Name any other but the prince! that heard,  
You have it all.

*Queen.* Wonder not that I shake;  
The miracle is greater that I live,  
Having endur'd the thunder that thy words  
Have thrown upon me!—Dar'st thou kneel, with  
hope *[Theanor kneels.]*

Of any favour, but a speedy death,  
And that too in the dreadfull'st shape that can  
Appear to a despairing leprous soul,  
If thou hast any? No, libidinous beast,  
Thy lust hath alter'd so thy former being,  
By Heav'n I know thee not!

*The.* Altho' unworthy,  
Yet still I am your son.

*Queen.* Thou liest, liest falsely!  
My whole life never knew but one chaste bed,  
Nor e'er desir'd warmth but from lawful fires;  
Can I be then the mother to a goat,  
Whose lust is more insatiate than the grave,  
And like infectious air engenders plagues,  
To murder all that's chaste or good in woman?  
The gods I from my youth have serv'd and fear'd,  
Whose holy temples thou hast made thy brothels;  
Could a religious mother then bring forth  
So damn'd an atheist? Read but o'er my life,

My

My actions, manners ; and, made perfect in them,  
 But look into the story of thyself  
 As thou art now, (not as thou wert, Theanor)  
 And reason will compel thee to confess,  
 Thou art a stranger to me.

*Age.* Note but how heavy<sup>41</sup>  
 The weight of guilt is ! it so low hath sunk him,  
 That he wants power to rise up in defence  
 Of his bad cause.

*Queen.* Persuade me not, Euphanes !  
 This is no prince, nor can claim part in me :  
 My son was born a freeman ; this, a slave  
 To beastly passions, a fugitive  
 And runaway from Virtue<sup>42</sup>. Bring bonds for him !  
 By all the honour that I owe to justice,  
 He loses me for ever that seeks to save him !  
 Bind him, I say ; and like a wretch that knows  
 He stands condemn'd before he hears the sentence,  
 With his base agents, from my sight remove him,  
 And lodge them in the dungeon ! as a Queen  
 And patroness to justice I command it.  
 Thy tears are like unseasonable showers,  
 And in my heart now steel'd can make no entrance ;  
 Thou'rt cruel to thyself, fool, 'tis not want  
 In me of soft compassion ; when thou left'st

<sup>41</sup> *Agen.* Note but—] The giving this speech to *Agenor*, as all the copies do, makes strange work with the following one of the Queen. For she bids *Euphanes* persuade her not, &c. But how could he persuade her, when, by the old edition, not he but *Agenor* had been pleading for the prince ? But if we put *Euphanes* for *Agenor*, as I have done, the business is concluded, and all is right. *Sympson.*

Mr. *Sympson*, not the old copies, makes 'strange work' here ; for surely the disputed speech does not 'plead for the prince ;' nor does that speech at all suit the benignant character of *Euphanes*, though it does the enraged *Agenor*. The *persuasion* to which the Queen replies must be delivered in dumb-show.

<sup>42</sup> *And runaway from Virtue.*] The change of the verb into a substantive, by the help of a poor hyphen, gives a different and elegant sense to this passage, which was not one of the clearest before. *Sympson.*

We see no necessity for the poor hyphen : *Runaway* should be one word.

To be a son, I ceas'd to be a mother.  
 Away with them! The children I will leave  
 To keep my name, to all posterities,  
 Shall be the great examples of my justice,  
 The government of my country, which shall witness  
 How well I rul'd myself. Bid the wrong'd ladies  
 Appear in court tomorrow; we will hear them;  
 And by one act of our severity,  
 For fear of punishment, or love to virtue,  
 Teach others to be honest: All will shun  
 To tempt her laws, that would not spare her son. [*Ex.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Onos, Uncle, and Tutor.*

*Uncle.* Nay, nephew!

*Tutor.* Pupil, hear but reason!

*Onos.* No;

I have none, and will hear none. Oh, my honour!  
 My honour blasted in the bud! my youth,  
 My hopeful youth, and all my expectation  
 Ever to be a man, are lost for ever!

*Uncle.* Why, nephew, we as well as you are dubb'd  
 Knights o' th' pantofle.

*Tutor.* And are shouted at,  
 Kick'd, scorn'd, and laugh'd at, by each page and  
 groom;

Yet with erected heads we bear it.

*Onos.* Alas,  
 You have years, and strength to do it; but were you,  
 As I, a tender gristle, apt to bow,  
 You would like me, with cloaks enveloped,  
 Walk thus, then stamp, then stare.

*Uncle.* He will run mad,  
 I hope, and then all's mine.

*Tutor.* Why, look you, pupil,  
 There are for the recovery of your honour  
 Degrees of medicines: For a tweak by the nose  
 A man's to travel but six months, then blow it,

And

And all is well again; the bastinado  
Requires a longer time, a year or two,  
And then 'tis buried. I grant you have been baffled;  
'Tis but a journey of some thirty years,  
And it will be forgotten:

*Onos.* Think you so?

*Tutor.* Assuredly.

*Uncle.* He may make a shorter cut,  
But hang or drown himself, and, on my life,  
'Twill no more trouble him.

*Onos.* I could ne'er endure  
Or hemp or water, they are dangerous tools  
For youth to deal with; I will rather follow  
My Tutor's counsel.

*Tutor.* Do so:

*Onos.* And put in  
For my security, that I'll not return  
In thirty years, my whole 'state to my uncle.

*Uncle.* That I like well of.

*Onos.* Still provided, Uncle,  
That at my coming home you will allow me  
To be of age, that I may call to account  
This Page that hath abus'd me.

*Uncle.* 'Tis a match.

*Onos.* Then, Corinth, thus the bashful Lamprias  
Takes leave of thee; and for this little time  
Of thirty years, will labour all he can,  
Tho' he goes young forth, to come home a man. [*Ex.*]

#### S C E N E IV.

*Enter Euphanes and Marshal.*

*Euph.* Are your prisoners ready?

*Mar.* When it shall please the Queen  
To call them forth, my lord.

*Euph.* Pray you do me the favour  
To tell me how they have borne themselves this night  
Of their imprisonment?

*Mar.* Gladly, Sir: Your brother,

With

With the other courtiers, willingly receiv'd  
 All courtesies I could offer; eat, and drank,  
 And were exceeding merry, so dissembling  
 Their guilt, or confident in their innocence;  
 That I much wonder'd at it. But the prince,  
 That, as born highest, should have grac'd his fall  
 With greatest courage, is so sunk with sorrow,  
 That to a common judgment he would seem  
 To suffer like a woman; but to me,  
 That from the experience I have had of many,  
 Look further in him, I do find the deep  
 Consideration of what's past, more frights him  
 Than any other punishment.

*Euph.* That is indeed  
 True magnanimity; the other but  
 A desp'rate bastard valour.

*Mar.* I pres'd to him,  
 And, notwithstanding the Queen's strict command,  
 (Having your lordship's promise to secure me)  
 Offer'd to free him from his bonds; which he  
 Refus'd, with such a sorrow, mix'd with scorn,  
 That it amaz'd me; yet I urg'd his highness  
 To give one reason for't: He briefly answer'd,  
 That he had sat in judgment on himself,  
 And found that he deserv'd them; that he was  
 A ravisher, and so to suffer like one;  
 Which is the reason of my tears, he addeth,  
 For wer't not I again should break the laws  
 By scorning all their rigour can inflict,  
 I should die smiling.

*Euph.* I forbear to wonder.  
 That you were mov'd that saw this, I am struck  
 With the relation so. 'Tis very well;  
 See all things ready. I do wish I could  
 Send comfort to the prince; (be ready with him).  
 'Tis in the Queen's breast only, which for us  
 To search into were sauciness, to determine  
 What she thinks fit.

[*Bar. brought in.*]

*Enter*

*Enter Leonidas, with Merione in white; Euphanes, with Beliza in black; Queen, Agenor, Conon; Marshal, with Theanor, Crates, Sosticles, Eraton; lords, ladies and guard.*

*Lord.* Make way there for the Queen!

*Queen.* Read first the law, and what our ancestors Have in this case provided, to deter Such-like offenders. To you, gentle ladies, This only: 'Would I could as well give comfort, As bid you be secure from fear or doubt Of our displeasure! be as confident As if your plea were 'gainst a common man, To have all right from us; I will not grieve For what's not worth my pity. Read the law.

*Clerk [reading].* Lycurgus the nineteenth against rapes<sup>43</sup>: It is provided, and publickly enacted and confirmed, That any man of what degree soever, offering violence to the chastity of a virgin, shall, *ipso facto*, be liable to her accusation, and according to the said law be censur'd; ever provided, that it shall be in the choice of the said virgin so abused, either to compel the offender to marry her without a dowry, if so she will be satisfied, or demanding his head for the offence, to have that accordingly performed.

*Queen.* You hear this: What do you demand?

*Mer.* The benefit  
The law allows me.

*Bel.* For the injury  
Done to mine honour, I require his head.

*Mer.* I likewise have an eye upon mine honour;  
But knowing that his death cannot restore it,  
I ask him for my husband.

*Bel.* I was ravish'd,  
And will have justice.

*Mer.* I was ravish'd too;

---

<sup>43</sup> *Lycurgus the nineteenth.*] What business had *Lycurgus'* laws at Corinth? This is an odd proceeding, to commit a rape in one country, and be try'd and condemn'd for it by the laws of another.

*Symphon.*  
I kneel

I kneel for mercy.

*Bel.* I demand but what  
The law allows me.

*Mer.* That which I desire  
Is by the same law warranted.

*Bel.* The rape  
On me hath made a forfeit of his life,  
Which in revenge of my disgrace I plead for.

*Mer.* The rape on me gives me the privilege  
To be his wife, and that is all I sue for.

*Age.* A doubtful case.

*Leo.* Such pretty lawyers, yet  
I never saw nor read of.

*Euph.* May the Queen  
Favour your sweet plea, madam!

*Bel.* Is that justice?  
Shall one that is to suffer for a rape  
Be by a rape defended? Look upon  
The publick enemy of chastity,  
This lustful satyr, whose enrag'd desires  
The ruin of one wretched virgin's honour  
Would not suffice; and shall the wreck of two  
Be his protection? May-be I was ravish'd  
For his lust only, thou for his defence;  
Oh, fine evasion! shall with such a slight  
Your justice be deluded? your laws cheated?  
And he that for one fact deserv'd to die,  
For sinning often, find impunity?  
But that I know thee, I would swear thou wert  
A false impostor, and suborn'd to this:  
And it may be thou art, Merione;  
For hadst thou suffer'd truly what I have done,  
Thou wouldst like me complain, and call for vengeance,  
And, our wrongs being equal, I alone  
Should not desire revenge: But be it so!  
If thou prevail, even he will punish it,  
And foolish mercy shew'd to him undo thee.  
Consider, fool, before it be too late,  
What joys thou canst expect from such a husband,

To whom thy first, and what's more, forc'd embraces,  
Which men say heighten pleasure, were distasteful.

*Mer.* 'Twas in respect that then they were unlawful,  
Unblest'd by Hymen, and left stings behind them,  
Which from the marriage-bed are ever banish'd.  
Let this court be then the image of Jove's throne,  
Upon which grace and mercy still attend,  
To intercede between him and his justice;  
And since the law allows as much to me  
As she can challenge, let the milder sentence,  
Which best becomes a mother, and a Queen,  
Now overcome, nor let your wisdom suffer:  
In doing right to her, I in my wrong  
Endure a second ravishment.

*Bel.* You can free him  
Only from that which does concern yourself,  
Not from the punishment that's due to me;  
Your injuries you may forgive, not mine;  
I plead mine own just wreak, which will right both,  
Where that which you desire robs me of justice:  
'Tis that which I appeal to.

*Mer.* Bloody woman,  
Dost thou desire his punishment? Let him live then;  
For any man to marry where he likes not  
Is still a lingring torment.

*Bel.* For one rape  
One death's sufficient; that way cannot catch me.

*Mer.* To you I fly then, to your mercy, madam!  
Exempting not your justice, be but equal;  
And since in no regard I come behind her,  
Let me not so be undervalued in  
Your highness' favour, that the world take notice  
You so preferr'd her, that in her behalf  
You kill'd that son you would not save for me;  
Mercy, oh, mercy, madam!

*Bel.* Great Queen, justice!

*Age.* With what a masculine constancy the grave  
lady  
Hath heard them both!



*Leo.* Yet how unmov'd she sits  
In that which most concerns her!

*Con.* Now she rises;  
And, having well weigh'd both their arguments,  
Resolves to speak.

*Euph.* And yet again she pauses:  
Oh, Conon, such a resolution once  
A Roman told me he had seen in Cato  
Before he kill'd himself.

*Queen.* 'Tis now determin'd.  
Merione, I could wish I were no Queen,  
To give you satisfaction; no mother,  
Beliza, to content you; and would part  
Even with my being, both might have their wishes;  
But since that is impossible, in few words  
I will deliver what I am resolv'd on:  
The end for which all profitable laws  
Were made looks two ways only, the reward  
Of innocent good men, and the punishment  
Of bad delinquents: Ours, concerning rapes,  
Provided that same latter clause of marriage  
For him that had fall'n once, not then foreseeing  
Mankind could prove so monstrous, to tread twice  
A path so horrid. The great law-giver  
Draco, that for his strange severity  
Was said to write his stern decrees in blood,  
Made none for parricides, presuming that  
No man could be so wicked: Such might be  
Lycurgus' answer (did he live) for this.  
But since I find that in my son which was not  
Doubted in any else, I will add to it:  
He cannot marry both, but for both dying,  
Both have their full revenge.—You see, Beliza,  
You have your wish. With you, Merione,  
I'll spend a tear or two. So, Heaven forgive thee!

*The.* Upon my knees I do approve your judgment,  
And beg that you would put it into act  
With all speed possible; only that I may,  
Having already made peace with myself,

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Part so with all the world. Princely Agenor,  
 I ask your pardon. Yours, my lord Euphanes.  
 And, Crates, with the rest too, I forgive you;  
 Do you the like for me. Yours, gracious mother,  
 I dare not ask; and yet if that my death  
 Be like a son of yours, tho' my life was not,  
 Perhaps you may vouchsafe it. Lastly, that  
 Both these whom I have wrong'd may with my ashes  
 No heavy burden, ere I suffer death,  
 For the restoring of Merione's honour,  
 Let me be married to her; and then die  
 For you, Beliza.

*Queen.* Thou hast made in this  
 Part of amends to me, and to the world:  
 Thy suit is granted. Call a Flamen forth  
 To do this holy work; with him a headsmán.

*Enter Flamen and Executioner.*

Raise up thy weeping eyes, Merione;  
 With this hand I confirm thy marriage,  
 Wishing that now the gods would shew some miracle,  
 That this might not divorce it.

*Cra.* To that purpose  
 I am their minister. Stand not amaz'd;  
 To all your comforts, I will do this wonder.  
 Your majesty (with your pardon I must speak it)  
 Allow'd once heretofore of such a contract,  
 Which you repenting afterwards, revok'd it,  
 Being fully bent to match her with Agenor;  
 The griev'd prince knowing this, and yet not daring  
 To cross what you determin'd, by an oath  
 Bound me and these his followers to do something  
 That he might once enjoy her; we, sworn to it,  
 And easily persuaded, being assur'd  
 She was his wife before the face of Heaven,  
 Altho' some ceremonious forms were wanting,  
 Committed the first rape, and brought her to him,  
 Which broke the marriage; but when we perceiv'd  
 He purpos'd to abuse our ready service

In the same kind, upon the chaste Beliza,  
 Holding ourselves less tied to him than goodness,  
 I made discovery of it to my brother,  
 Who can relate the rest.

*Euph.* It is most true.

*Queen.* I would it were !

*Euph.* In ev'ry circumstance

It is, upon my soul: For this known to me,  
 I won Merione, in my lady's habit  
 To be again (but willingly) surpriz'd ;  
 But with Agenor, and her noble brother,  
 With my approv'd friend Conon, with such speed  
 She was pursued, that, the lewd act scarce ended,  
 The prince (assur'd he had enjoy'd Beliza,  
 For all the time Merione's face was cover'd)  
 Was apprehended and brought to your presence,  
 But not 'till now discover'd, in respect  
 I hop'd the imminent danger of the prince;  
 To which his loose unquenched heats had brought him,  
 Being pursued unto the latest trial,  
 Would work in him compunction, which it has done ;  
 And these two ladies, in their feign'd contentions,  
 To your delight I hope have serv'd as masquers  
 To their own nuptials.

*Queen.* My choice was worthy

When first I look'd on thee : As thou hast order'd,  
 All shall be done ; and not the meanest that  
 Play'd in this unexpected comedy,  
 But shall partake our bounty. And, my lord,  
 That with the rest you may seem satisfied,  
 If you dare venture on a Queen, not yet  
 So far in debt to years but that she may  
 Bring you a lusty boy, I offer up  
 Myself and kingdom, during my life, to you.

*Age.* It is a blessing which I durst not hope for,  
 But with all joy receive.

*All.* We all applaud it.

*Queen.* Then on unto the temple, where the rites  
 Of marriage ended, we'll find new delights. [*Exeunt.*

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the United States from its discovery by Columbus in 1492 to the present time. It covers the period of the discovery, the early settlement, the struggle for independence, the formation of the Constitution, and the progress of the Union to the present day.

The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the discovery of gold in California in 1848 to the present time. It covers the period of the discovery, the gold rush, the settlement of the West, and the progress of the Union to the present day.

The third part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the discovery of oil in Texas in 1859 to the present time. It covers the period of the discovery, the oil boom, the settlement of the West, and the progress of the Union to the present day.

The fourth part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the discovery of silver in Nevada in 1859 to the present time. It covers the period of the discovery, the silver boom, the settlement of the West, and the progress of the Union to the present day.

The fifth part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the discovery of copper in Arizona in 1851 to the present time. It covers the period of the discovery, the copper boom, the settlement of the West, and the progress of the Union to the present day.

The sixth part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the discovery of iron in Michigan in 1845 to the present time. It covers the period of the discovery, the iron boom, the settlement of the West, and the progress of the Union to the present day.

The seventh part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the discovery of coal in Pennsylvania in 1791 to the present time. It covers the period of the discovery, the coal boom, the settlement of the West, and the progress of the Union to the present day.

The eighth part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the discovery of natural gas in Ohio in 1825 to the present time. It covers the period of the discovery, the natural gas boom, the settlement of the West, and the progress of the Union to the present day.

The ninth part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the discovery of petroleum in Pennsylvania in 1859 to the present time. It covers the period of the discovery, the petroleum boom, the settlement of the West, and the progress of the Union to the present day.

The tenth part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the discovery of uranium in Colorado in 1938 to the present time. It covers the period of the discovery, the uranium boom, the settlement of the West, and the progress of the Union to the present day.

T H E  
T R A G E D Y

O F

B O N D U C A.

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*This Tragedy was first printed in the folio edition of 1647. In the year 1696, a friend of George Powell the player, but whose name is now unknown, made many alterations in it, and particularly in the first two acts. It was then acted at the Theatre-Royal, and printed in quarto in the same year. Since that time, two other plays on the same subject have been brought on the stage; one by Charles Hopkins, at the Theatre-Royal in Lincoln's Inn, in the succeeding year 1697; and the other by Richard Glover, Esq. at Drury-Lane Theatre, in the year 1753, under the title of Boadicea.*

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

Caratach, *general of the Britons, cousin to Bonduca.*

Nennius, *a great soldier, a British commander.*

Hengo, *a brave boy, nephew to Caratach.*

Suetonius, *general to the Roman army in Britain.*

Penius, *a brave Roman commander, but stubborn to the general.*

Junius, *a Roman captain, in love with Bonduca's daughter.*

Petillius, *another Roman captain.*

Demetrius, } *Roman commanders.*

Decius,

Regulus,

Drufius,

Macer,

Curius,

Judas, *a corporal, a cowardly hungry knave.*

Herald.

Druids.

Soldiers.

## W O M E N.

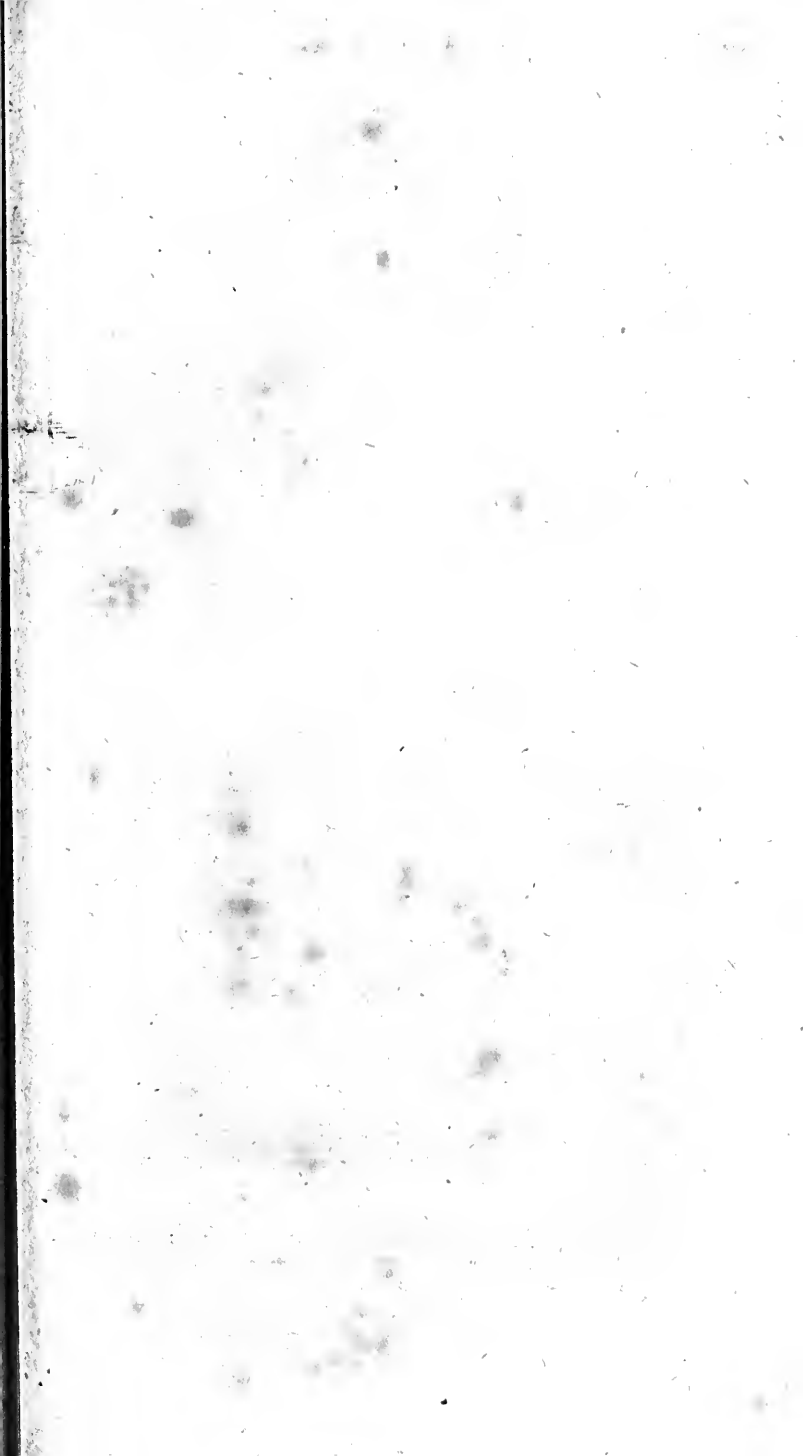
Bonduca, *queen of the Iceni, a brave virago.*

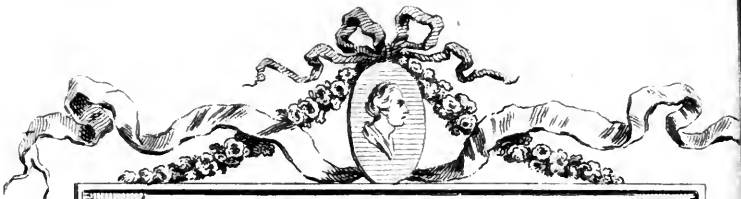
*Her two Daughters, by Prasutagus*<sup>1</sup>.

## SCENE, BRITAIN.

<sup>1</sup> *Bonduca, queen of the Iceni, a brave virago, by Prasutagus.*

*Her two daughters.*] Thus runs the folio of 1679, from which the editor of the octavo inconsiderately copied. The reader will see by the course of the play, that the alteration made here is undoubtedly what the drawer-up of the *Dramatis Personæ* intended. *Sympson.*





THE TRAGEDY OF BONDUCA.



*We powerful gods of Britain, hear our prayers.  
Hear us, ye great revengers! — Act III.*





T H E

T R A G E D Y

O F

B O N D U C A.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Enter Bonduca, Daughters, Hengo, Nennius, and Soldiers.*

*Bonduca.* **T**HE hardy Romans? Oh, ye gods of  
Britain,  
The rust of arms, the blushing  
shame of soldiers!

Are these the men that conquer by inheritance?  
The fortune-makers? these the Julians,

*Enter Caratach.*

That with the sun measure the end of nature,  
Making the world but one Rome, and one Cæsar?  
Shame, how they flee! Cæsar's soft soul dwells in 'em,  
Their mothers got 'em sleeping, Pleasure nurs'd em;  
Their bodies sweat with sweet oils, love's allurements,  
Not lusty arms. Dare they send these to seek us,  
These Roman girls? is Britain grown so wanton?

Twice

282 THE TRAGEDY OF BONDUCA.

Twice we have beat 'em, Nennius, scatter'd 'em;  
 And thro' their big-bon'd Germans, on whose pikes  
 The honour of their actions sits in triumph,  
 Made themes for songs to shame 'em: And a woman,  
 A woman beat 'em, Nennius; a weak woman,  
 A woman, beat these Romans!

*Car.* So it seems;

A man would shame to talk so.

*Bond.* Who's that?

*Car.* I.

*Bond.* Cousin, d'you grieve my fortunes?

*Car.* No, Bonduca;

If I grieve, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes:  
 You put too much wind to your sail; discretion  
 And hardy valour are the twins of honour,  
 And, nurs'd together, make a conqueror;  
 Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,  
 That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed;  
 A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,  
 And not our tongues; a truth is none of ours,  
 Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing;  
 For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady;  
 And we that have been victors, beat ourselves,  
 When we insult upon our honour's subject.

*Bond.* My valiant cousin, is it foul to say  
 What liberty and honour bid us do,  
 And what the gods allow us?

*Car.* No, Bonduca;  
 So what we say exceed not what we do.  
 You call the Romans 'fearful, fleeing Romans,  
 'And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleasures':  
 Does this become a doer? are they such?

*Bond.* They are no more.

*Car.* Where is your conquest then?  
 Why are your altars crown'd with wreaths of flowers?  
 The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire?  
 The holy Druides composing songs  
 Of everlasting life to victory?  
 Why are these triumphs, lady? for a May-game?

For

For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans?  
 Is it no more? Shut up your temples, Britons,  
 And let the husbandman redeem his heifers,  
 Put out our holy fires, no timbrel ring,  
 Let's home and sleep; for such great overthrows,  
 A candle burns too bright a sacrifice,  
 A glow-worm's tail too full of flame. Oh, Nennius,  
 Thou hadst a noble uncle knew a Roman,  
 And how to speak him, how to give him weight  
 In both his fortunes.

*Bond.* By the gods, I think

You dote upon these Romans, Caratach!

*Car.* Witness these wounds, I do; they were fairly  
 giv'n:

I love an enemy; I was born a soldier;  
 And he that in the head on's troop defies me,  
 Bending my manly body with his sword,  
 I make a mistress. Yellow-tressed Hymen  
 Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,  
 Than I am married to that man that wounds me:  
 And are not all these Roman? Ten struck battles  
 I suck'd these honour'd scars from, and all Roman;  
 Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches,  
 (When many a frozen storm sung thro' my cuirass,  
 And made it doubtful whether that or I  
 Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought thro',  
 And all to try these Romans. Ten times a-night  
 I've swam the rivers, when the stars<sup>2</sup> of Rome  
 Shot at me as I floated, and the billows  
 Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders,  
 Charging my batter'd sides with troops of agues;  
 And still to try these Romans, whom I found  
 (And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,  
 And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers)

<sup>2</sup> *When the stars of Rome.*] Mr. Theobald in his margin gives us *bafts* or *darts*, as thinking the place corrupted. I have not, however, ventured to disturb the text; as thinking the passage right as it stands.

*Sympson.*

We think Theobald's conjecture very plausible.

As

As ready, and as full of that I brought,  
 (Which was not fear, nor flight) as valiant,  
 As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,  
 Ever advanc'd as forward as the Britons,  
 Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,  
 Ay, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonour,  
 And, follow'd, will be impudence, Bonduca,  
 And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.  
 Have not I seen the Britons——

*Bond.* What?

*Car.* Dishearten'd,  
 Run, run, Bonduca! not the quick rack<sup>3</sup> swifter;  
 The virgin from the hated ravisher  
 Not half so fearful; not a flight<sup>4</sup> drawn home,  
 A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,  
 E'er made that haste that they have. By the gods,  
 I've seen these Britons, that you magnify,  
 Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring,  
 Safely for mercy roaring; the light shadows,  
 That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,  
 Halted on crutches to 'em.

*Bond.* Oh, ye powers,  
 What scandals do I suffer!

*Car.* Yes, Bonduca,  
 I've seen thee run too; and thee, Nennius;  
 Yea, run apace, both; then when Penius  
 (The Roman girl!) cut thro' your armed carts,  
 And drove 'em headlong on ye, down the hill;  
 Then when he hunted ye like Britain foxes,  
 More by the scent than fight; then did I see  
 These valiant and approved men of Britain,  
 Like boding owls, creep into tods of ivy,  
 And hoot their fears to one another nightly.

*Nen.* And what did you then, Caratach?

*Car.* I fled too,

<sup>3</sup> *The quick rack.] i. e. The clouds.*

<sup>4</sup> *Not a flight]* Here means *arrow*. So Shakespeare in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act i. sc. i. makes Beatrice say,  
*He (Benedick) challeng'd Cupid at the flight.*

*Symphon.*  
 But

But not so fast; your jewel had been lost then,  
 Young Hengo there; he trasht me, Nennius<sup>5</sup>:  
 For when your fears out-run him, then stept I,  
 And in the head of all the Roman fury  
 Took him, and, with my tough belt, to my back  
 I buckled him; behind him, my sure shield;  
 And then I follow'd. If I say I fought  
 Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,  
 I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard  
 Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,  
 But that the son of Virtue, Penius,  
 Seeing me steer thro' all these storms of danger,  
 My helm still in my hand (my sword), my prow  
 Turn'd to my foe (my face), he cried out nobly,  
 Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely;  
 Thy manly sword has ransom'd thee; grow strong,  
 And let me meet thee once again in arms;  
 Then if thou stand'st, thou'rt mine. I took his offer,  
 And here I am to honour him.

*Bond.* Oh, cousin,

From what a flight of honour hast thou check'd me!  
 What wouldst thou make me, Caratach?

*Car.* See, lady,

The noble use of others in our losses<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> *He trasht me, Nennius.*] The more natural as well as usual word in this place, should have been *trac'd*, *i. e.* followed, and probably the line run so in the Authors MSS. for if I remember right *trash* absolutely taken, is not to be met with in the sense here required.

*Symphon.*

TO TRASH a *bound* is a term of hunting still used in the north, and perhaps not uncommon in other parts of England: It is, to *correct*, to *rate*.—Caratach says, 'It is very true, Nennius, that I fled from the Romans. But recollect, I did not run so fast as you pretend: I soon stood still, to defend your favourite youth Hengo: HE STOPPED my flight, and I saved his life.' In this passage, where *trash* properly signifies *check*, the commentators substitute *trace*; a correction which entirely destroys the force of the context, and the spirit of the reply.

*Warton.*

<sup>6</sup> ————— see, lady,

*The noble use of others in our losses.*] *i. e.* Observe the noble behaviour of the Romans when they conquer.

Does

Does this afflict you? Had the Romans cried this,  
 And, as we have done theirs, fung out these fortunes,  
 Rail'd on our base condition, hooted at us,  
 Made marks as far as th' earth was ours, to shew us  
 Nothing but sea could stop our flights, despis'd us,  
 And held it equal whether banqueting  
 Or beating of the Britons were more business,  
 It would have gall'd you.

*Bond.* Let me think we conquer'd.

*Car.* Do; but so think, as we may be conquer'd;  
 And where we have found virtue, tho' in those  
 That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.  
 There's not a blow we gave since Julius landed,  
 That was of strength and worth, but, like records,  
 They file to after-ages. Our registers  
 The Romans are, for noble deeds of honour;  
 And shall we brand their mentions with upbraidings?<sup>7</sup>

*Bond.* No more; I see myself. Th' hast made me,  
 cousin,  
 More than my fortunes durst, for they abus'd me,  
 And wound me up so high, I swell'd with glory:  
 Thy temperance has cur'd that tympany,  
 And giv'n me health again, nay more, discretion.  
 Shall we have peace? for now I love these Romans.

*Car.* Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, lady.

*Bond.* Your reason?

*Nen.* Is not peace the end of arms?

*Car.* Not where the cause implies a general  
 conquest:

Had we a diff'rence with some petty isle,  
 Or with our neighbours, lady, for our landmarks,  
 The taking in of some rebellious lord,  
 Or making head against commotions,  
 After a day of blood, peace might be argued;  
 But where we grapple for the ground we live on,  
 The liberty we hold as dear as life,  
 The gods we worship, and next those, our honours,

<sup>7</sup> *And shall we burn their mentions.]* The variation in the text,  
 proposed by Symphon.

And with those swords that know no end of battle :  
 Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour ;  
 Those minds that where the day is, claim inheritance,  
 And where the sun makes ripe the fruits, their harvest,  
 And where they march, but measure out more ground  
 To add to Rome, and here i'th' bowels on us ;  
 It must not be. No, as they are our foes,  
 And those that must be so until we tire 'em ;  
 Let's use the peace of honour, that's fair dealing,  
 But in our ends our swords<sup>8</sup>. That hardy Roman  
 That hopes to graft himself into my stock,  
 Must first begin his kindred under-ground,  
 And be allied in ashes.

*Bond.* Caratach,  
 As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done ;  
 And Hengo to thy charge I here deliver :  
 The Romans shall have worthy wars.

*Car.* They shall :  
 And, little Sir, when your young bones grow stiffer,  
 And when I see you able in a morning  
 To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,  
 I'll tie you to a sword.

*Hengo.* And what then, uncle ?

*Car.* Then you must kill, Sir, the next valiant  
 Roman  
 That calls you knave.

*Hengo.* And must I kill but one ?

*Car.* An hundred, boy, I hope.

*Hengo.* I hope five hundred.

*Car.* That is a noble boy ! Come, worthy lady,  
 Let's to our several charges, and henceforth  
 Allow an enemy both weight and worth. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> Ends *our swords.*] The sense seems to labour here ; what I have offer'd [*hands for ends*] is clear and absolute. Let us use the peace of honour, but not tamely and submissively desire it : No, let us seek it with our swords in our *hands*, as tho' we cou'd carve it out for ourselves, if the conditions offer'd are not honourable. *Sympson.*

*Ends* here means *purposes* : ' We may deal honourably, but our *end* ' must be war.' This is the sum of the whole speech ; and the propriety of this interpretation is confirmed by *Bonduca* afterwards saying,

*The Romans shall have WORTHY WARS.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Junius and Petillius.*

*Pet.* What ail'st thou, man? dost thou want meat?

*Jun.* No.

*Pet.* Cloaths?

*Jun.* Neither. For Heav'ns love, leave me!

*Pet.* Drink?

*Jun.* You tire me.

*Pet.* Come, it is drink; I know 'tis drink.

*Jun.* 'Tis no drink.

*Pet.* I say, 'tis drink; for what affliction  
Can light so heavy on a soldier,  
To dry him up as thou art, but no drink?  
Thou shalt have drink.

*Jun.* Prithee, Petillius——

*Pet.* And, by mine honour, much drink, valiant  
drink:

Never tell me, thou shalt have drink. I see,  
Like a true friend, into thy wants; 'tis drink;  
And when I leave thee to a desolation,  
Especially of that dry nature, hang me.

*Jun.* Why do you do this to me?

*Pet.* For I see,

Altho' your modesty would fain conceal it,  
Which fits as sweetly on a soldier  
As an old side-saddle——

*Jun.* What do you see?

*Pet.* I see as fair as day<sup>9</sup>, that thou want'st drink.  
Did I not find thee gaping like an oyster  
For a new tide? Thy very thoughts lie bare,  
Like a low ebb; thy soul, that rid in sack,  
Lies moor'd for want of liquor. Do but see  
Into thyself; for, by the gods, I do;  
For all thy body's chap'd and crack'd like timber,  
For want of moisture: What is't thou want'st there,  
Junius,

<sup>9</sup> *As far as day.*] Amended in 1750.



An if it be not drink ?

*Jun.* You have too much on't.

*Pet.* It may be a whore too; say it be; come, meeche<sup>10</sup>,  
Thou shalt have both; a pretty valiant fellow,  
Die for a little lap and lechery?

No, it shall ne'er be said in our country,  
Thou diedst o'th' chin-cough. Hear, thou noble Roman,  
The son of her that loves a soldier,  
Hear what I promis'd for thee! thus I said:

Lady, I take thy son to my companion;

Lady, I love thy son, thy son loves war,  
The war loves danger, danger drink, drink discipline,  
Which is society and lechery;

These two beget commanders: Fear not, lady;  
Thy son shall lead.

*Jun.* 'Tis a strange thing, Petillius,  
That so ridiculous and loose a mirth  
Can master your affections.

*Pet.* Any mirth,  
And any way, of any subject, Junius,  
Is better than unmanly mustiness.

What harm's in drink? in a good wholesome wench?  
I do beseech you, Sir, what error? Yet  
It cannot out of my head handsomely,  
But thou wouldst fain be drunk; come, no more fooling;  
The general has new wine, new come over.

*Jun.* He must have new acquaintance for it too,  
For I will none, I thank ye.

*Pet.* 'None, I thank you?'  
A short and touchy answer! 'None, I thank you?'  
You do not scorn it, do you?

*Jun.* Gods defend, Sir!  
I owe him still more honour.

*Pet.* 'None, I thank you?'  
No company, no drink, no wench, 'I thank you?'  
You shall be worse entreated, Sir.

*Jun.* Petillius,  
As thou art honest, leave me!

*Pet.* 'None, I thank you?'

<sup>10</sup> *Meecher.*] See note 55 on the Scornful Lady.

A modest and a decent resolution,  
 And well put on. Yes; I will leave you, Junius,  
 And leave you to the boys, that very shortly  
 Shall all salute you, by your new surname  
 Of Junius 'None I thank you.' I would starve now,  
 Hang, drown, despair, deserve the forks<sup>11</sup>, lie open  
 To all the dangerous passes of a wench,  
 Bound to believe her tears, and wed her aches,  
 Ere I would own thy follies. I have found you,  
 Your lays, and out-leaps, Junius, haunts, and lodges;  
 I've view'd you, and I've found you by my skill  
 To be a fool o'th' first head, Junius,  
 And I will hunt you: You're in love, I know it;  
 You are an ass, and all the camp shall know it;  
 A peevish idle boy, your dame shall know it;  
 A wronger of my care, yourself shall know it.

*Enter Judas and four Soldiers.*

*Judas.* A bean? a princely diet, a full banquet,  
 To what we compass.

*1 Sold.* Fight like hogs for acorns?

*2 Sold.* Venture our lives for pig-nuts?

*Pet.* What ail these rascals?

*3 Sold.* If this hold, we're starv'd.

*Judas.* For my part, friends,  
 Which is but twenty beans a-day, (a hard world  
 For officers, and men of action!)  
 And those so clipt by master Mause, and rotten—  
 (For understand 'em French beans, where the fruits  
 Are ripen'd like the people, in old tubs)  
 For mine own part, I say, I'm starv'd already,  
 Not worth another bean, consum'd to nothing,  
 Nothing but flesh<sup>12</sup> and bones left, miserable:

<sup>11</sup> Forks.] *i. e.* The gallows.

*Sympson.*

<sup>12</sup> Flesh and bones left.] This is really a merry description of a man hunger-starv'd; he was reduced to flesh and bones! Why what would he be at? Would he be more than so? Modes of speech are strangely altered, if we should not read and the Poets have wrote,

*Skin and bones.*

*Sympson.*

It is meant to be a merry description, as the rest of the scene proves.

Now if this musty provender can prick me  
To honourable matters of atchievement, Gentlemen,  
Why, there's the point.

4 *Sold.* I'll fight no more.

*Pet.* You'll hang then!

A sovereign help for hunger. Ye eating rascals,  
Whose gods are beef and brewis! whose brave angers  
Do execution upon these, and chibbals<sup>13</sup>!

Ye dog's heads in the porridge-pot! ye fight no more?  
Does Rome depend upon your resolution  
For eating mouldy pie-crust?

3 *Sold.* 'Would we had it!

*Judas.* I may do service, captain.

*Pet.* In a fish-market.

You, corporal Curry-comb, what will your fighting  
Profit the commonwealth? d' you hope to triumph?  
Or dare your vamping valour, goodman Cobler,  
Clap a new sole to th' kingdom? 'Sdeath, ye dog-  
whelps,

You fight, or not fight?

*Judas.* Captain!

*Pet.* Out, ye flesh-flies!

Nothing but noise and nastiness!

*Judas.* Give us meat,

Whereby we may do.

*Pet.* Whereby hangs your valour?

*Judas.* Good bits afford good blows.

*Pet.* A good position:

How long is't since thou eat'st last? Wipe thy mouth,

<sup>13</sup> *Chibbals.*] A sort of onions. So Ben Johnson, in his *Gipsies Metamorphosed*.

' Where the cacklers, but no grunterns,  
' Shall uncas'd be for the hunters:  
' Those we still must keep alive;  
' I, and put them out to thrive  
' In the parks, and in the chafes,  
' And the finer walled places;  
' As Saint James's, Greenwich, Tibbals;  
' Where the acorns plump as *chibbals*,  
' Soon shall change both kind and name,  
' And proclaim 'em the king's game.'

*Symphon.*

And

And then tell truth.

*Judas.* I have not eat to th' purpose——

*Pet.* ' To th' purpose?' what's that? half a cow,  
and garlick?

Ye rogues, my company eat turf, and talk not;  
Timber they can digest, and fight upon't;  
Old mats, and mud with spoons, rare meats. Your  
shoes, slaves;

Dare ye cry out for hunger, and those extant?  
Suck your sword-hilts, ye slaves; if ye be valiant,  
Honour will make 'em marchpane. ' To the purpose?'  
A grievous penance! Dost thou see that gentleman,  
That melancholy monsieur?

*Jun.* Pray you, Petillius!

*Pet.* He has not eat these three weeks.

*2 Sold.* H' has drunk the more then.

*3 Sold.* And that's all one.

*Pet.* Nor drunk nor slept these two months.

*Judas.* Captain, we do beseech you, as poor soldiers,  
Men that have seen good days, whose mortal stomachs  
May sometime feel afflictions—— [To Junius.

*Jun.* This, Petillius,  
Is not so nobly done.

*Pet.* 'Tis common profit;  
Urge him to th' point, he'll find you out a food  
That needs no teeth nor stomach; a strange firmity  
Will feed you up as fat as hens i' th' foreheads,  
And make ye fight like fihoks; to him.

*Judas.* Captain——

*Jun.* Do you long to have your throats cut?

*Pet.* See what mettle

It makes in him; Two meals more of this melancholy,  
And there lies Caratach.

*Judas.* We do beseech you——

*2 Sold.* Humbly beseech your valour——

*Jun.* Am I only

Become your sport, Petillius?

*Judas.* But to render

In way of general good, in preservation——

*Jun.*

*Jun.* Out of my thoughts, ye slaves!

*4 Sold.* Or rather pity——

*3 Sold.* Your warlike remedy against the maw-worms.

*Judas.* Or notable receipt: to live by nothing.

*Pet.* Out with your table-books!

*Jun.* Is this true friendship?

And must my killing griefs make others May-games?  
Stand from my sword's point, slaves! your poor  
starv'd spirits

Can make me no oblations; else, oh, Love,  
Thou proudly-blind destruction, I would send thee  
Whole hecatombs of hearts, to bleed my sorrows.

*Judas.* Alas, he lives by love, Sir. [*Exit Junius.*]

*Pet.* So he does, Sir;

And cannot you do so too? All my company  
Are now in love; ne'er think of meat, nor talk  
Of what provant is: *Aymes*, and hearty *hey-boes*  
Are fallads fit for soldiers. Live by meat?  
By larding up your bodies? 'tis lewd, and lazy,  
And shews ye merely mortal, dull, and drives ye  
To fight, like camels, with baskets at your noses.  
Get ye in love! Ye can whore well enough,  
That all the world knows; fast ye into famine,  
Yet ye can crawl like crabs to wenches; handsomely  
Fall but in love now, as ye see example,  
And follow't but with all your thoughts, *probatum*,  
There's so much charge sav'd, and your hunger's  
ended. [*Drum afar off.*]

Away! I hear the general. Get ye in love all,  
Up to the ears in love, that I may hear  
No more of these rude murmurings; and discretely  
Carry your stomachs, or I prophesy  
A pickled rope will choke ye. Jog, and talk not!  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, Decius, drum and colours.*

*Suet.* Demetrius, is the messenger dispatch'd  
To Penius, to command him to bring up  
The Volans regiment?

*Dem.* He's there by this time.

*Suet.* And are the horse well view'd we brought  
from Mona<sup>14</sup>?

*Dec.* The troops are full and lusty.

*Suet.* Good Petillius,

Look to those eating rogues, that bawl for victuals,  
And stop their throats a day or two: Provision  
Waits but the wind to reach us.

*Pet.* Sir, already

I have been tampering with their stomachs, which I find  
As deaf as adders to delays: Your clemency  
Hath made their murmurs, mutinies; nay, rebellions;  
Now, an they want but mustard, they're in uproars!  
No oil but Candy, Lusitanian figs,  
And wine from Lesbos, now can satisfy 'em;  
The British waters are grown dull and muddy,  
The fruit disgustful; Orontes<sup>15</sup> must be sought for,  
And apples from the Happy Isles; the truth is,  
They are more curious now in having nothing,  
Than if the sea and land turn'd up their treasures.  
This lost the colonies, and gave Bonduca  
(With shame we must record it) time and strength  
To look into our fortunes; great discretion  
To follow offer'd vict'ry; and last, full pride  
To brave us to our teeth, and scorn our ruins.

*Suet.* Nay, chide not, good Petillius! I confess  
My will to conquer Mona, and long stay  
To execute that will, let in these losses:  
All shall be right again, and as a pine  
Rent from Oeta by a sweeping tempest,  
Jointed again, and made a mast, defies

---

<sup>14</sup> *Mona.*] *i. e.* The Isle of Anglesea.

<sup>15</sup> *Orontes.*] Our Poets are sadly out here in their choice of pleasant waters for drinking. Mr. Maundrell says, the waters of this river are thick and turbid, as unfit to be drunk, as its fish to be eaten. *Cboaspes* was undoubtedly what they would have said, but trusting to memory they made this mistake. The waters of this river were famous for their fineness, &c. and as *Ælian* tells us were drunk by the Persian monarchs, let 'em be in what part of their dominions they would.

*Symphon.*

Those

Those angry winds that split him; so will I,  
Piec'd to my never-failing strength and fortune,  
Steer thro' these swelling dangers, plow their prides up,  
And bear like thunder thro' their loudest tempests.  
They keep the field still?

*Dem.* Confident and full.

*Pet.* In such a number, one would swear they grew:  
The hills are wooded with their partizans<sup>16</sup>,  
And all the vallies overgrown with darts,  
As moors are with rank rushes; no ground left us  
To charge upon, no room to strike. Say fortune  
And our endeavours bring us into 'em,  
They are so infinite, so ever-springing,  
We shall be kill'd with killing; of desperate women,  
That neither fear or shame e'er found, the devil  
Has rank'd amongst 'em multitudes; say the men fail,  
They'll poison us with their petticoats; say they fail,  
They've priests enough to pray us into nothing.

*Suet.* These are imaginations, dreams of nothing;  
The man that doubts or fears —

*Dec.* I'm free of both.

*Dem.* The self-same I.

*Pet.* And I as free as any;  
As careless of my flesh, of that we call life,  
So I may lose it nobly, as indifferent  
As if it were my diet. Yet, noble general,  
It was a wisdom learn'd from you, I learn'd it;  
And worthy of a soldier's care, most worthy,  
To weigh with most deliberate circumstance  
The ends of accidents, above their offers;  
How to go on and get<sup>17</sup>; to save a Roman;

<sup>16</sup> *Partizans.*] Pikes or halberts.

<sup>17</sup> *Go on and get.*] *To go on and get* is a little favouring of tautology; for if a man *goes on*, in the sense of this passage, he cannot chuse but *get*. *But to go on, and yet not lose a Roman*, is an expression which the words immediately following would induce us to believe the Poets wrote here. I have not however disturbed the text, and only humbly offer this innovation to the judgment of the reader.

*Sympson.*

*To go on and get* is, we think, right, and means simply *to proceed with advantage*.

Whose one life is more worth in way of doing,  
 Than millions of these painted wasps; how, viewing,  
 To find advantage out; how, found, to follow it  
 With counsel and discretion, lest mere fortune  
 Should claim the victory.

*Suet.* 'Tis true, Petillius,  
 And worthily remember'd: The rule is certain,  
 Their uses no less excellent; but where time  
 Cuts off occasions, danger, time and all  
 Tend to a present peril<sup>18</sup>, 'tis requir'd  
 Our swords and manhoods be best counsellors,  
 Our expeditions, precedents. To win is nothing,  
 Where Reason, Time, and Counsel are our camp-  
 masters:

But there to bear the field, then to be conquerors,  
 Where pale Destruction takes us, takes us beaten,  
 In wants and mutinies, ourselves but handfulls,  
 And to ourselves our own fears, needs a new way,  
 A sudden and a desperate execution:  
 Here, how to save, is loss; to be wise, dangerous;  
 Only a present well-united strength,  
 And minds made up for all attempts, dispatch it:  
 Disputing and delay here cool the courage;  
 Necessity gives time for doubts<sup>19</sup>; (things infinite,  
 According to the spirit they are preach'd to:)  
 Rewards like them<sup>20</sup>, and names for after-ages,  
 Must steel the soldier, his own shame help to arm him:  
 And having forc'd his spirit, ere he cools,  
 Fling him upon his enemies; sudden and swift,  
 Like tigers amongst foxes, we must fight for't:

<sup>18</sup> — danger, time and all

*Tend to a present peril.*] i. e. *Danger* tends to a present *danger*.  
 Our Poets might have been guilty of such inaccuracy, and they might  
 not. *Evil* is very near in letters to *peril*, taking away the *p*, and  
 might probably have been the word. *Seward*.

<sup>19</sup> *Necessity gives time for doubts.*] The whole context seems to  
 require *gives no time for doubts*:

DISPUTING and DELAY here cool the courage.  
 See the whole speech.

<sup>20</sup> *Rewards LIKE THEM.*] This seems to be corrupt; or, which  
 is more probable, there seems to be a line lost here.



Fury must be our fortune; shame we've lost  
 Spurs ever in our sides to prick us forward:  
 There is no other wisdom nor discretion  
 Due to this day of ruin, but destruction;  
 The soldier's order first, and then his anger.

*Dem.* No doubt they dare redeem all.

*Suet.* Then no doubt

The day must needs be ours. That the proud woman  
 Is infinite in number better likes me,  
 Than if we dealt with squadrons; half her army  
 Shall choke themselves, their own swords dig their  
 graves.

I'll tell ye all my fears; one single valour,  
 The virtues of the valiant Caratach,  
 More doubts me than all Britain: He's a soldier  
 So forg'd out, and so temper'd for great fortunes,  
 So much man thrust into him, so old in dangers,  
 So fortunate in all attempts, that his mere name  
 Fights in a thousand men, himself in millions,  
 To make him Roman: But no more. Petillius,  
 How stands your charge?

*Pet.* Ready for all employments,  
 To be commanded too, Sir.

*Suet.* 'Tis well govern'd;  
 Tomorrow we'll draw out, and view the cohorts:  
 I' th' mean time, all apply their offices.  
 Where's Junius?

*Pet.* In's cabin, sick o' th' mumps, Sir.

*Suet.* How?

*Pet.* In love, indeed in love, most lamentably  
 loving,  
 To the tune of Queen Dido.

*Dec.* Alas poor gentleman!

*Suet.* 'Twill make him fight the nobler. With  
 what lady?  
 I'll be a spokesman for him.

*Pet.* You'll scant speed, Sir.

*Suet.* Who is't?

*Pet.* The devil's dam, Bonduca's Daughter,

Her

Her youngest, crack'd i' th' ring.

*Suet.* I'm sorry for him :

But sure his own discretion will reclaim him ;  
 He must deserve our anger else. Good captains,  
 Apply yourselves in all the pleasing forms  
 Ye can, unto the soldiers ; fire their spirits,  
 And set 'em fit to run this action ;  
 Mine own provisions shall be shar'd amongst 'em,  
 'Till more come in ; tell 'em, if now they conquer,  
 The fat of all the kingdom lies before 'em.  
 Their shames forgot, their honours infinite,  
 And want for ever banish'd. Two days hence,  
 Our fortunes, and our swords, and gods be for us !

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter Penius, Regulus, Macer, and Drufius.*

*Pen.* **I** MUST come ?

*Macer.* So the general commands, Sir.

*Pen.* I *must* bring up my regiment ?

*Macer.* Believe, Sir,

I bring no lie.

*Pen.* But did he say, I *must* come ?

*Macer.* So delivered.

*Pen.* How long is't, Regulus, since I commanded  
 In Britain here ?

*Reg.* About five years, great Penius.

*Pen.* The general some five months. Are all my  
 actions

So poor and lost, my services so barren,  
 That I'm remember'd in no nobler language  
 But *must* come up ?

*Macer.* I do beseech you, Sir,  
 Weigh but the time's estate.

*Pen.* Yes, good lieutenant,

I do,

I do, and his that fways it. *Must*, come up?  
Am I turn'd bare centurion? *Must*, and *shall*,  
Fit embassies to court my honour?

*Macer.* Sir——

*Pen.* Set me to lead a handful of my men  
Against an hundred thousand barbarous slaves  
That have march'd name by name with Rome's best  
doers?

Serve 'em up some other meat; I'll bring no food  
To stop the jaws of all those hungry wolves;  
My regiment's mine own. I *must*, my language?

*Enter Curius.*

*Cur.* Penius, where lies the host?

*Pen.* Where Fate may find 'em.

*Cur.* Are they ingirt?

*Pen.* The battle's lost.

*Cur.* So soon?

*Pen.* No; but 'tis lost, because it must be won;  
The Britons must be victors. Whoe'er saw  
A troop of bloody vultures hovering  
About a few corrupted carcasses,  
Let him behold the silly Roman host,  
Girded with millions of fierce Britain's swains,  
With deaths as many as they have had hopes;  
And then go thither, he that loves his shame!  
I scorn my life, yet dare not lose my name.

*Cur.* Do not you hold it a most famous end,  
When both our names and lives are sacrific'd  
For Rome's encrease?

*Pen.* Yes, Curius; but mark this too:  
What glory is there, or what lasting fame  
Can be to Rome or us, what full example,  
When one is smother'd with a multitude,  
And crouded in amongst a nameless press?  
Honour got out of flint, and on their heads  
Whose virtues, like the sun, exhal'd all valours<sup>21</sup>,

<sup>21</sup> Like the sun, exhal'd all valours.] The simile, and the argument, both seem to require us to read vapours.

Must not be lost in mists and fogs of people,  
 Noteless, and out of name, both rude and naked<sup>22</sup> :  
 Nor can Rome task us with impossibilities,  
 Or bid us fight against a flood ; we serve her,  
 That she may proudly say she has good soldiers,  
 Not slaves to choke all hazards. Who but fools,  
 That make no difference betwixt certain dying,  
 And dying well, would fling their fames and fortunes  
 Into this Britain gulf, this quicksand ruin,  
 That, sinking, swallows us ? what noble hand  
 Can find a subject fit for blood there ? or what sword  
 Room for his execution ? what air to cool us,  
 But poison'd with their blasting breaths and curses,  
 Where we lie buried quick above the ground,  
 And are with labouring sweat, and breathless pain,  
 Kill'd like to slaves, and cannot kill again ?

*Druf.* Penius, mark antient wars, and know that then  
 A captain weigh'd an hundred thousand men<sup>23</sup>.

*Pen.* Drufius, mark antient wisdom, and you'll find  
 then,

He gave the overthrow that fav'd his men.  
 I must not go.

*Reg.* The soldiers are desirous,  
 Their eagles all drawn out, Sir.

*Pen.* Who drew up, Regulus ?

Ha ? speak ! did you ? whose bold will durst attempt  
 this ?

Drawn out ? why, who commands, Sir ? on whose  
 warrant

<sup>22</sup> But *rude and naked.*] Amended by Symphon.

<sup>23</sup> ——— *that then*

*Captains weigh'd.*] The corruption here is very evident, but  
 little trouble will set all right. We may read thus,

————— *that then*

*Ten captains weigh'd.*

Or thus, ——— *that ten*

*Captains out-weigh'd*—The number has either been dropt  
 upon us, or the verb suffered a mutilation of its first syllable: I am  
 for the first, and have altered the text accordingly. *Symphon.*

We do not like either of these conjectures, and hope our reading  
 will meet with approbation.

Durst they advance ?

*Reg.* I keep mine own obedience.

*Druf.* 'Tis like the general cause, their love of honour,

Relieving of their wants——

*Pen.* Without my knowledge ?

Am I no more ? my place but at their pleasures ?

Come, who did this ?

*Druf.* By Heaven, Sir, I am ignorant.

[*Drum softly within, then enter Soldiers with drum and colours.*]

*Pen.* What ! am I grown a shadow ?—Hark ! they march.

I'll know, and will be myself. Stand ! Disobedience ?

He that advances one foot higher, dies for't.

Run thro' the regiment, upon your duties,

And charge 'em, on command, beat back again ;

By Heaven, I'll tithe 'em all else !

*Reg.* We'll do our best. [*Exe. Druf. and Reg.*]

*Pen.* Back ! cease your bawling drums there,

I'll beat the tubs about your brains else. Back !

Do I speak with less fear than thunder to ye ?

Must I stand to beseech ye ? Home, home !—Ha !

D'ye stare upon me ? Are those minds I moulded,

Those honest valiant tempers I was proud

To be a fellow to, those great discretions

Made your names fear'd and honour'd, turn'd to wild-fires ?

Oh, gods, to disobedience ? Command, farewell !

And ye be witness with me, all things sacred ;

I have no share in these mens' shames ! March, soldiers,

And seek your own sad ruins ; your old Penius

Dares not behold your murders.

1 *Sold.* Captain !

2 *Sold.* Captain !

3 *Sold.* Dear, honour'd captain !

*Pen.* Too, too dear-lov'd soldiers,

Which made ye weary of me, and Heav'n yet knows,

Tho' in your mutinies, I dare not hate you ;

Take

Take your own wills ! 'tis fit your long experience  
 Should now know how to rule yourselves; I wrong ye,  
 In wishing ye to save your lives and credits,  
 To keep your necks whole from the axe hangs o'er ye :  
 Alas, I much dishonour'd ye ; go, seek the Britons,  
 And say ye come to glut their sacrifices ;  
 But do not say I sent ye. What ye have been,  
 How excellent in all parts, good, and govern'd,  
 Is only left of my command, for story ;  
 What now ye are, for pity. Fare ye well !

*Enter Drusus and Regulus.*

*Drus.* Oh, turn again, great Penius ! see the soldier  
 In all points apt for duty.

*Reg.* See his sorrow  
 For's disobedience, which he says was haste,  
 And haste, he thought, to please you with. See,  
 captain,  
 The toughness of his courage turn'd to water ;  
 See how his manly heart melts.

*Pen.* Go ; beat homeward ;  
 There learn to eat your little with obedience ;  
 And henceforth strive to do as I direct ye.

*Macer.* My answer, Sir. [*Exeunt soldiers.*

*Pen.* Tell the great general,  
 My companies are no faggots to fill breaches ;  
 Myself no man that *must*, or *shall*, can carry :  
 Bid him be wise, and where he is, he's safe then ;  
 And when he finds out possibilities,  
 He may command me. Commend me to the captains.

*Macer.* All this I shall deliver.

*Pen.* Farewell, Macer ! [*Exit.*

*Cur.* Pray gods this breed no mischief !

*Reg.* It must needs,  
 If stout Suetonius win ; for then his anger,  
 Besides the soldiers' loss of due and honour,  
 Will break together on him.

*Drus.* He's a brave fellow ;  
 And but a little hide his haughtiness,

(Which

(Which is but sometimes neither, on some causes)

He shews the worthiest Roman this day living.

You may, good Curius, to the general

Make all things seem the best.

*Cur.* I shall endeavour.

Pray for our fortunes, gentlemen; if we fall,

This one farewell serves for a funeral.

The gods make sharp our swords, and steel our hearts!

*Reg.* We dare, alas, but cannot fight our parts<sup>24</sup>.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*Enter Junius, Petillius, and a Herald.*

*Pet.* Let him go on. Stay; now he talks.

*Jun.* Why,

Why should I love mine enemy? what's beauty?

Of what strange violence, that, like the plague,

It works upon our spirits? Blind they feign him;

I'm sure, I find it so——

*Pet.* A dog shall lead you.

*Jun.* His fond affections blinder——

*Pet.* Hold you there still!

*Jun.* It takes away my sleep——

*Pet.* Alas, poor chicken!

*Jun.* My company, content, almost my fashion——

*Pet.* Yes, and your weight too, if you follow it.

*Jun.* 'Tis sure the plague, for no man dare come  
near me

Without an antidote; 'tis far worse, hell.——

*Pet.* Thou'rt damn'd without redemption then.

*Jun.* The way to't

Strew'd with fair Western smiles, and April blushes,

Led by the brightest constellations; eyes,

And sweet proportions, envying Heaven; but from  
thence

<sup>24</sup> *We dare, alas, &c.*] This has hitherto been made a continuation of *Curius's* speech; but it is impossible that this line and that which precedes it should belong to any one person. *Curius* is going to the engagement, therefore properly speaks the former, but the latter must be spoke by either *Drusus* or *Regulus* (who are subordinate to *Penius*), and is expressive of their discontent at being kept from the field.

No way to guide, no path, no wisdom brings us.

*Pet.* Yes, a smart water, Junius.

*Jun.* Do I fool?

Know all this, and fool still? Do I know further,  
That when we have enjoy'd our ends we lose 'em,  
And all our appetites are but as dreams

We laugh at in our ages?—

*Pet.* Sweet philosopher!

*Jun.* Do I know on still, and yet know nothing?

Mercy, gods!

Why am I thus ridiculous?

*Pet.* Motley on thee!

Thou art an arrant afs.

*Jun.* Can red and white,

An eye, a nose, a cheek—

*Pet.* But one cheek, Junius?

An half-fac'd mistress?

*Jun.* With a little trim,

That wanton fools call fashion, thus abuse me?

Take me beyond my reason? Why should not I

Dote on my horse well trapt, my sword well hatch'd?

They are as handsome things, to me more useful,

And possible to rule too. Did I but love,

Yet 'twere excusable, my youth would bear it;

But to love there, and that no time can give me,

Mine honour dare not ask (she has been ravish'd),

My nature must not know (she hates our nation),

Thus to dispose my spirit!

*Pet.* Stay a little; he will declaim again.

*Jun.* I will not love! I am a man, have reason,

And I will use it; I'll no more tormenting,

Nor whining for a wench; there are a thousand—

*Pet.* Hold thee there, boy!

*Jun.* A thousand will entreat me.

*Pet.* Ten thousand, Junius.

*Jun.* I am young and lusty,

And to my fashion valiant; can please nightly.

*Pet.* I'll swear thy back's *probatum*, for I've known  
thee



Leap at sixteen like a strong stallion.

*Jun.* I will be man again.

*Pet.* Now mark the working!

The devil and the spirit tug for't: Twenty pound  
Upon the devil's head!

*Jun.* I must be wretched!

*Pet.* I knew I'd won.

*Jun.* Nor have I so much power  
To shun my fortune.

*Pet.* I will hunt thy fortune

With all the shapes imagination breeds, [*Musick.*  
But I will fright thy devil. Stay, he sings now.

[*Song, by Junius, and Petillius after him in mockage.*

*Jun.* Must I be thus abus'd?

*Pet.* Yes, marry must you.

Let's follow him close: Oh, there he is; now read it.

*Herald* [*reading*]. It is the general's command,  
that all sick persons, old and unable, retire within  
the trenches; he that fears has liberty to leave the  
field<sup>25</sup>: Fools, boys, and cowards<sup>26</sup> must not come  
near the regiments, for fear of their infections; espe-  
cially those cowards they call lovers.

*Jun.* Ha?

*Pet.* Read on.

*Herald* [*reading*]. If any common soldier love an  
enemy, he's whip'd and made a slave: If any cap-  
tain<sup>27</sup>, cast, with loss of honours, flung out of the  
army, and made unable ever after to bear the name  
of a soldier.

*Jun.* The pox consume ye all, rogues! [*Exit.*

*Pet.* Let this work;

He's something now to chew upon. He's gone;  
Come, shake no more.

<sup>25</sup> *He that fears his liberty.*] Amended by Symphon.

<sup>26</sup> *Fools, boys, and lovers.*] Symphon, to avoid the repetition of  
*lovers*, reads *cowards*.

<sup>27</sup> *Captain, cast.*] The restoring of the verb here to its ancient  
undoubted right, makes full and compleat sense, which it could not be  
said to be before this insertion.

Symphon reads, *HE'S cast*; but the verb may be very well *understood*:

*Herald.* Well, Sir, you may command me,  
But not to do the like again for Europe;  
I would have given my life for a bent two-pence.  
If I e'er read to lovers whilst I live again,  
Or come within their confines——

*Pet.* There's your payment,  
And keep this private.

*Herald.* I am school'd for talking.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Demetrius.*

*Pet.* How now, Demetrius? are we drawn?

*Dem.* 'Tis doing;  
Your company stands fair. But pray you, where's Junius?  
Half his command are wanting, with some forty  
That Decius leads.

*Pet.* Hunting for victuals.  
Upon my life, free-booting rogues! their stomachs  
Are like a widow's lust, ne'er satisfied.

*Dem.* I wonder how they dare stir, knowing the enemy  
Master of all the country.

*Pet.* Resolute hungers  
Know neither fears nor faiths; they tread on ladders,  
Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers<sup>28</sup>.

*Dem.* They may be hang'd tho'.

*Pet.* There's their joyful supper;  
And no doubt they are at it.

*Dem.* But, for Heaven's sake,  
How does young Junius?

*Pet.* Drawing on, poor gentleman.

*Dem.* What, to his end?

*Pet.* To the end of all flesh, woman.

*Dem.* This love has made him a stout soldier.

*Pet.* Oh, a great one,

<sup>28</sup> *Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers.*] The verse and the sense here both seem to labour: I hope I have supplied the one, and remedied the other. *To overdo a danger* is an expression I don't remember, but *to overlook one* common.

*Sympson.*

*Sympson* reads, *ropes, gallows's, and overlook all danger.* *To OVERDO all danger* is to *run more risques than the occasion requires.* We see no need of altering the old text.

Fit to command young gossings. But what news?

*Dem.* I think the messenger's come back from Penius  
By this time; let's go know.

*Pet.* What will you say now  
If he deny to come, and take exceptions  
At some half syllable, or sound deliver'd  
With an ill accent, or some stile left out?

*Dem.* I cannot think he dare.

*Pet.* He dare speak treason,  
Dare say what no man dares believe, dares do——  
But that's all one: I'll lay you my black armour  
To twenty crowns, he comes not.

*Dem.* Done.

*Pet.* You'll pay?

*Dem.* I will.

*Pet.* Then keep thine old use, Penius!  
Be stubborn and vainglorious, and I thank thee.  
Come, let's go pray for six hours; most of us  
I fear will trouble Heav'n no more: Two good blows  
Struck home at two commanders of the Britons,  
And my part's done.

*Dem.* I do not think of dying.

*Pet.* 'Tis possible we may live; but, Demetrius,  
With what strange legs, and arms, and eyes, and noses,  
Let carpenters and copper-smiths consider.  
If I can keep my heart whole, and my windpipe,  
That I may drink yet like a soldier——

*Dem.* Come, let's have better thoughts; mine's on  
your armour.

*Pet.* Mine's in your purse, Sir; let's go try the  
wager! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Judas and his four companions (halters about  
their necks), Bonduca, her Daughters, and Nennius  
following.*

*Bond.* Come, hang 'em presently.

*Nen.* What made your rogueships

Harrying<sup>29</sup> for victuals here? are we your friends?  
Or do you come for spies? Tell me directly,  
Would you not willingly be hang'd now? Don't ye  
long for't?

*Judas.* What say ye? shall we hang in this vein?  
Hang we must,

And 'tis as good to dispatch it merrily,  
As pull an arse like dogs to't.

*1 Sold.* Any way,  
So it be handsome.

*3 Sold.* I had as lieve 'twere toothsome too:  
But all agree, and I'll not stick out, boys<sup>30</sup>.

*4 Sold.* Let us hang pleasantly.

*Judas.* Then pleasantly be't:

Captain, the truth is, we had as lieve hang  
With meat in our mouths, as ask your pardon empty.

*Bond.* These are brave hungers.

What say you to a leg of beef now, sirrah?

*Judas.* Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell ye.

*Bond.* Torment 'em, wenches, (I must back) then  
hang 'em. [Exit.

*Judas.* We humbly thank your Grace!

*1 Daugh.* The rogues laugh at us.

*2 Daugh.* Sirrah, what think you of a wench now?

*Judas.* A wench, lady?

I do beseech your ladyship, retire;

I'll tell you presently: You see the time's short;  
One crash, even to the settling of my conscience.

*Nen.* Why, is't no more but up, boys?

*Judas.* Yes, ride too, captain;

Will you but see my feat?

*1 Daugh.* Ye shall be set, Sir,

Upon a jade shall shake ye.

*Judas.* Sheets, good madam,

Will do it ten times better.

*1 Daugh.* Whips, good foldier,

<sup>29</sup> *Harrying.*] To harry is to plunder or oppress.

*Johnson.*

<sup>30</sup> *I'll not out, boys.*] Here seems to be a deficiency in the expression,  
which by the insertion of a monosyllable, I hope I have made up.

*Sympton.*

Which

Which you shall taste before you hang, to mortify you;  
'Tis pity you should die thus desperate.

2 *Daugh.* These are the merry Romans, the brave  
madcaps:

'Tis ten to one we'll cool your resolutions.

Bring out the whips.

*Judas.* 'Would your good ladyships  
Would exercise 'em too!

4 *Sold.* Surely, ladies<sup>31</sup>,  
We'll shew you a strange patience.

*Nen.* Hang 'em, rascals!  
They'll talk thus on the wheel.

*Enter Caratach.*

*Car.* Now, what's the matter?  
What are these fellows? what's the crime committed,  
That they wear necklaces?

*Nen.* They're Roman rogues,  
Taken a-foraging.

*Car.* Is that all, Nennius?

*Judas.* 'Would I were fairly hang'd! This is the devil,  
The kill-cow Caratach.

*Car.* And you would hang 'em?

*Nen.* Are they not enemies?

1 *Sold.* My breech makes buttons.

1 *Daugh.* Are they not our tormentors?

*Car.* Tormentors? flea-traps!  
Pluck off your halters, fellows.

*Nen.* Take heed, Caratach;  
Taint not your wisdom.

*Car.* Wisdom, Nennius?  
Why, who shall fight against us, make our honours,  
And give a glorious day into our hands,  
If we dispatch our foes thus? What's their offence?  
Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger?  
A piece of greasy bacon, or a pudding?  
Do these deserve the gallows? They are hungry,  
Poor hungry knaves, no meat at home left, starv'd:

<sup>31</sup> Surely, ladies.] Seward reads, Securely, ladies.

Art thou not hungry?

*Judas.* Monstrous hungry.

*Car.* He looks

Like Hunger's self. Get 'em some victuals,  
And wine to cheer their hearts; quick! Hang up  
poor pilchers?

*2 Sold.* This is the bravest captain——

*Nen.* Caratach,

I'll leave you to your will.

*Car.* I'll answer all, Sir.

*2 Daugh.* Let's up and view his entertainment of 'em!  
I am glad they're shifted any way; their tongues else  
Would still have murder'd us.

*1 Daugh.* Let's up and see it! [Exeunt.]

*Enter Hengo.*

*Car.* Sit down, poor knaves! Why, where's this wine  
and victuals?

Who waits there?

*Serv.* [within.] Sir, 'tis coming.

*Hengo.* Who are these, uncle?

*Car.* They are Romans, boy.

*Hengo.* Are these they

That vex mine aunt so? can these fight? they look  
Like empty scabbards all, no mettle in 'em;  
Like men of clouts, set to keep crows from orchards:  
Why, I dare fight with these.

*Car.* That's my good chicken!—

And how d'ye? how d'ye feel your stomachs?

*Judas.* Wondrous apt, Sir;

As shall appear when time calls.

*Car.* That's well; down with't.

A little grace will serve your turns. Eat softly!  
You'll choke, ye knaves, else. Give 'em wine!

*Judas.* Not yet, Sir;

We're even a little busy.

*Hengo.* Can that fellow

Do any thing but eat? Thou fellow!

*Judas.* Away, boy;

Away;

Away; this is no boy's play.

*Hengo.* By Heaven, uncle,

If his valour lie in's teeth, he's the most valiant.

*Car.* I am glad to hear you talk, Sir.

*Hengo.* Good uncle, tell me,

What's the price of a couple of cramm'd Romans?

*Car.* Some twenty Britons, boy; these are good  
foldiers.

*Hengo.* Do not the cowards eat hard too?

*Car.* No more, boy.

Come, I'll sit with you too. Sit down by me, boy.

*Judas.* Pray bring your dish then.

*Car.* Hearty knaves! more meat there.

1 *Sold.* That's a good hearing.

*Car.* Stay now, and pledge me.

*Judas.* This little piece, Sir.

*Car.* By Heaven, square eaters!

More meat, I say! Upon my conscience,

The poor rogues have not eat this month! how terribly

They charge upon their victuals! Dare ye fight thus?

*Judas.* Believe it, Sir, like devils.

*Car.* Well said, Famine!

Here's to thy general.

*Judas.* Most excellent captain,

I will now pledge thee.

*Car.* And tomorrow-night, say to him,

His head is mine.

*Judas.* I can assure you, captain,

He will not give it for this washing.

*Car.* Well said.

[*Daughters above.*

1 *Daugh.* Here's a strange entertainment: How  
the thieves drink!

2 *Daugh.* Danger is dry; they look'd for colder  
liquor.

*Car.* Fill 'em more wine; give 'em full bowls.

Which of you all now,

In recompense of this good, dare but give me

A sound knock in the battle?

*Judas.* Delicate captain,

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To do thee a sufficient recompense,  
I'll knock thy brains out.

*Car.* Do it.

*Hengo.* Thou dar'st as well  
Be damn'd! thou knock his brains out? thou skin  
of man?

Uncle, I will not hear this.

*Judas.* Tie up your whelp.

*Hengo.* Thou kill my uncle?' Would I had but a sword  
For thy sake, thou dried dog!

*Car.* What a mettle

This little vermin carries!

*Hengo.* Kill mine uncle?

*Car.* He shall not, child.

*Hengo.* He cannot; he's a rogue,  
An only eating rogue! kill my sweet uncle?  
Oh, that I were a man!

*Judas.* By this wine, which I  
Will drink to captain Junius, who loves  
The queen's most excellent majesty's little daughter  
Most sweetly, and most fearfully, I'll do it.

*Hengo.* Uncle, I'll kill him with a great pin.

*Car.* No more, boy!

I'll pledge thy captain. To ye all, good fellows!

*2 Daugh.* In love with me? that love shall cost your  
lives all.

Come, sister, and advise me; I have here  
A way to make an easy conquest of 'em,  
If fortune favour me.

[*Exeunt Daughters.*]

*Car.* Let's see you sweat  
Tomorrow blood and spirit, boys, this wine  
Turn'd to stern valour.

*1 Sold.* Hark you, Judas;  
If he should hang us after all this?

*Judas.* Let him:

I'll hang like a gentleman, and a Roman.

*Car.* Take away there;  
They have enough.

*Judas.* Captain, we thank you heartily

For



For your good cheer; and if we meet tomorrow,  
One of us pays for't.

*Car.* Get 'em guides; their wine  
Has over-master'd 'em.

*Enter Second Daughter and a Servant.*

*2 Daugh.* That hungry fellow  
With the red beard there, give it him, and this,  
To see it well deliver'd.

*Car.* Farewell, knaves!  
Speak nobly of us; keep your words tomorrow,

*Enter a Guide.*

And do something worthy your meat. Go, guide 'em.  
And see 'em fairly onward.

*Judas.* Meaning me, Sir?

*Serv.* The same.

The youngest daughter to the queen entreats you  
To give this privately to captain Junius;  
This for your pains!

*Judas.* I rest her humble servant;

Commend me to thy lady. Keep your files, boys.

*Serv.* I must instruct you further.

*Judas.* Keep your files there!

Order, sweet friends; faces about<sup>32</sup> now.

*Guide.* Here, Sir;

Here lies your way.

*Judas.* Bless the founders, I say!

Fairly, good soldiers, fairly march now; close, boys!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, Decius, and Macer.*

*Suet.* Bid me be wise, and keep me where I am,  
And so be safe? not come, because commanded?  
Was it not thus?

<sup>32</sup> *Faces about.*] See note 63, on Scornful Lady.

*Macer.*

*Macer.* It was, Sir.

*Pet.* What now think you?

*Suet.* *Must* come so heinous to him, so distasteful?

*Pet.* Give me my money.

*Dem.* I confess 'tis due, Sir,  
And presently I'll pay it.

*Suet.* His obedience  
So blind at his years and experience,  
It cannot find where to be tender'd?

*Macer.* Sir,  
The regiment was willing, and advanc'd too,  
The captains at all points steel'd up; their preparations  
Full of resolve and confidence; youth and fire,  
Like the fair breaking of a glorious day,  
Gilded their phalanx; when the angry Penius  
Stept like a stormy cloud 'twixt them and hopes.

*Suet.* And stopt their resolutions.

*Macer.* True; his reason  
To them was odds, and odds so infinite,  
Discretion durst not look upon.

*Suet.* Well, Penius,  
I cannot think thee coward yet; and treacherous  
I dare not think; th' hast lopt a limb off from me;  
And let it be thy glory, thou was stubborn,  
Thy wisdom, that thou left'st thy general naked!  
Yet, ere the sun set, I shall make thee see  
All valour dwells not in thee, all command  
In one experience. Thou'lt too late repent this,  
And wish 'I *must* come up' had been thy blessing.

*Pet.* Let's force him.

*Suet.* No, by no means; he's a torrent  
We cannot easily stem.

*Pet.* I think, a traitor.

*Suet.* No ill words! let his own shame first revile  
him.

That wine I have, see it, Demetrius,  
Distributed amongst the soldiers,  
To make 'em high and lusty; when that's done,  
Petillius, give the word thro', that the eagles

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May presently advance; no man discover,  
Upon his life, the enemies' full strength,  
But make it of no value. Decius,  
Are your starv'd people yet come home?

*Dec.* I hope so.

*Suet.* Keep 'em in more obedience: This is no time  
To chide, I could be angry else, and say more to you;  
But come, let's order all. Whose sword is sharpest,  
And valour equal to his sword this day,  
Shall be my saint.

*Pet.* We shall be holy all then. [Exeunt.

*Manet Decius. Enter Judas and his company.*

*Judas.* Captain, captain, I've brought 'em off again;  
The drunkenest slaves!

*Dec.* Fox confound your rogueships!  
I'll call the general, and have ye hang'd all.

*Judas.* Pray who will you command then?

*Dec.* For you, firrah,  
That are the ringleader to these devices,  
Whose maw is never cramm'd, I'll have an engine—

*Judas.* A wench, sweet captain.

*Dec.* Sweet Judas, even the forks,  
Where you shall have two listors with two whips  
Hammer your hide.

*Judas.* Captain, good words, fair words,  
Sweet words, good captain; if you like not us,  
Farewell! we have employment.

*Dec.* Where hast thou been?

*Judas.* There where you dare not be, with all your  
valour.

*Dec.* Where's that?

*Judas.* With the best good fellow living.

*Sold.* The king of all good fellows.

*Dec.* Who's that?

*Judas.* Caratach.

Shake now, and say, we have done something worthy!  
Mark me, with Caratach; by this Heaven, Caratach!  
Do you as much now, as you dare. Sweet Caratach!

You

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You talk of a good fellow, of true drinking;  
Well, go thy ways, old Caratach! Besides the drink,  
captain,

The bravest running banquet of black puddings,  
Pieces of glorious beef——

*Dec.* How scap'd ye hanging?

*Judas.* Hanging's a dog's death, we are gentlemen;  
And I say still, old Caratach!

*Dec.* Belike then,  
You are turn'd rebels all.

*Judas.* We're Roman boys all,  
And boys of mettle. I must do that, captain,  
This day, this very day——

*Dec.* Away, ye rascal!

*Judas.* Fair words, I say again!

*Dec.* What must you do, Sir?

*Judas.* I must do that my heart-strings yern to do;  
But my word's past.

*Dec.* What is it?

*Judas.* Why, kill Caratach.  
That's all he ask'd us for our entertainment.

*Dec.* More than you'll pay.

*Judas.* 'Would I had sold myself  
Unto the skin I had not promis'd it!  
For such another Caratach——

*Dec.* Come, fool,  
Have you done your country service?

*Judas.* I've brought that  
To captain Junius——

*Dec.* How?

*Judas.* I think will do all;  
I cannot tell; I think so.

*Dec.* How! to Junius?  
I'll more enquire of this. You'll fight now?

*Judas.* Promise,  
Take heed of promise, captain!

*Dec.* Away, and rank then.

*Judas.* But, hark ye, captain; there is wine  
distributing

I would

I would fain know what share I have.

*Dec.* Be gone;

You have too much.

*Judas.* Captain, no wine, no fighting:  
There's one call'd Caratach that has wine.

*Dec.* Well, Sir,

If you'll be rul'd now, and do well——

*Judas.* Do excellent.

*Dec.* You shall have wine, or any thing. Go file;  
I'll see you have your share. Drag out your dormise,  
And stow 'em somewhere, where they may sleep hand-  
somely;

They'll hear a hunts-up shortly.

*Judas.* Now I love thee;  
But no more forks nor whips!

*Dec.* Deserve 'em not then.

Up with your men; I'll meet you presently;  
And get 'em sober quickly.

*Judas.* Arm, arm, bullies!  
All's right again and straight; and, which is more,  
More wine, more wine. Awake, ye men of Memphis.  
Be sober and discreet; we've much to do, boys.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* **P**REPARE there for the sacrifice! the  
queen comes.

*Musick.* Enter in solemnity the Druids singing, the  
Second Daughter strewing flowers; then Bonduca,  
Caratach, Nennius, and others.

*Bond.* Ye powerful gods of Britain, hear our prayers;  
Hear us, ye great revengers; and this day  
Take pity from our swords, doubt from our valours;  
Double

Double the sad remembrance of our wrongs  
 In every breast; the vengeance due to those  
 Make infinite and endless! On our pikes  
 This day pale Terror sit, horrors and ruins  
 Upon our executions; claps of thunder  
 Hang on our armed carts; and 'fore our troops  
 Despair and Death; Shame beyond these attend 'em!  
 Rise from the dust, ye relicks of the dead,  
 Whose noble deeds our holy Druids sing;  
 Oh, rise, ye valiant bones! let not base earth  
 Oppress your honours, whilst the pride of Rome  
 Treads on your stocks, and wipes out all your stories!

*Nen.* Thou great Tiraness<sup>33</sup>, whom our sacred priests,  
 Armed with dreadful thunder, place on high  
 Above the rest of the immortal gods,  
 Send thy consuming fires and deadly bolts,  
 And shoot 'em home; stick in each Roman heart  
 A fear fit for confusion; blast their spirits,  
 Dwell in 'em to destruction; thro' their phalanx  
 Strike, as thou strik'st a proud tree; shake their bodies,  
 Make their strengths totter, and their topless<sup>34</sup> fortunes  
 Unroot, and reel to ruin!

*I Daugh.* Oh, thou god,  
 Thou feared god, if ever to thy justice  
 Insulting wrongs, and ravishments of women,  
 (Women deriv'd from thee) their shames<sup>35</sup>, the  
 sufferings

<sup>33</sup> *Thou great Tiraness.*] Thus wrote our Authors, though the antiquarians of latter days have not follow'd their example.

Mr. Sammes in his *Britannia Antiqua Illustrata*, calls this god *Taramis*: Toland in his *Remains*, *Taramis* or *Taranis*, but Mr. Baxter allows neither the one or the other. *Jupiter Tonans verò sive Tanarus Lucano Taranis Gallorum lingua dicitur. Nam vitiosum esse Taramis, Britannorum hodierna lingua clarissimo est argumento, cui Tonitrua dicuntur Taraneu, ut sit singulari numero Taran. Vid. Glossar. Antiq. Britannic. in voc. Tanarus.* From so great a choice of names as I have here serv'd up, the reader may take which pleases him best.

*Sympson.*

<sup>34</sup> *Their topless fortunes.*] This epithet is by no means agreeable to the context; probably we should read *sapless*.

<sup>35</sup> *Their shames.*] *Sympson* and *Seward*, *THE shames*.

Of those that daily fill'd thy sacrifice  
 With virgin incense, have access, now hear me!  
 Now snatch thy thunder up, now on these Romans,  
 Despisers of thy power, of us defacers,  
 Revenge thyself; take to thy killing anger,  
 To make thy great work full, thy justice spoken,  
 An utter rooting from this blessed isle  
 Of what Rome is or has been!

*Bond.* Give more incense!

The gods are deaf and drowsy, no happy flame  
 Rises to raise our thoughts. Pour on.

2. *Daugh.* See, Heav'n,

And all you pow'rs that guide us, see and shame,  
 We kneel so long for pity. O'er your altars,  
 Since 'tis no light oblation that you look for,  
 No incense-offering, will I hang mine eyes;  
 And as I wear these stones with hourly weeping,  
 So will I melt your powers into compassion.  
 This tear for Profutagus my brave father;  
 (Ye gods, now think on Rome!) this for my mother,  
 And all her miseries; yet see, and save us!  
 But now ye must be open-ey'd. See, Heaven,  
 Oh, see thy show'rs stol'n from thee; our dishonours,

[*A smoke from the altar.*

Oh, sister, our dishonours! Can ye be gods,  
 And these sins smother'd?

*Bond.* The fire takes.

*Car.* It does so,

But no flame rises. Cease your fretful prayers,  
 Your whinings, and your tame petitions;  
 The gods love courage arm'd with confidence,  
 And prayers fit to pull them down: Weak tears  
 And troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold spirits,  
 They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute em:  
 Divine Andate<sup>36</sup>, thou who holdst the reins

<sup>36</sup> *Divine Andate.*] The real name of this goddess, says Mr. Baxter from Xiphilin, is not *Andate* but *Andraستا*; and so I have ventured to alter the text.

*Sympson.*

Whether the real name of the goddess was *Andate* or *Andraستا*, there can be little doubt but that the Authors wrote *Andate*; and therefore

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Of furious battles, and disorder'd war,  
 And proudly roll'ft thy fwarty chariot-wheels  
 Over the heaps of wounds and carcasses,  
 Sailing thro' seas of blood; thou sure-steel'd stern-  
 nefs,

Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,  
 Good blows o' both fides, wounds that fear or flight  
 Can claim no share in; steel us both with angers  
 And warlike executions fit thy viewing;  
 Let Rome put on her best strength, and thy Britain,  
 Thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,  
 Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as daring!  
 And then look on, thou red-ey'd god<sup>37</sup>; who does best,  
 Reward with honour; who despair makes fly,  
 Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy!  
 Grant this, divine Andate! 'tis but justice;  
 And my first blow thus on thy holy altar  
 I sacrifice unto thee.

[*A flame arifes.*

*Bond.* It flames out.

[*Musick.*

*Car.* Now sing, ye Druids.

[*Song.*

*Bond.* It is out again.

*Car.* H'has giv'n us leave to fight yet; we ask no  
 more;

The rest hangs in our resolutions:

Tempt him no more.

*Bond.* I would know further, cousin.

*Car.* His hidden meaning dwells in our endeavours,  
 Our valours are our best gods. Chear the foldier,  
 And let him eat.

*Mef.* He's at it, Sir.

*Car.* Away then;

---

it is scarce warrantable to alter it. We cannot but observe, that Mr. Glover, who wrote a tragedy on this story, follows the Authors in their name of the goddesses, act i. scene i.

' May stern *Andate*, war's victorious goddess,

' Again resign me to your impious rage,

' If e'er I blot my sufferings from remembrance.' R.

<sup>37</sup> *Thou red-ey'd God.*] As the Greeks use Θεός, and the Latins *Deus*, both for god and goddess; so our Poets here have taken the same liberty; and call *Andraستا red ey'd God*, though she was really a goddess.

*Sympson.*

When



THE TRAGEDY OF BONDUCA. 321

When he has done, let's march. Come, fear not, lady;  
This day the Roman gains no more ground here,  
But what his body lies in.

*Bond.* Now I'm confident. [*Exeunt. Recorders.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Junius, Curius, and Decius.*

*Dec.* We dare not hazard it; beside our lives,  
It forfeits all our understandings.

*Jun.* Gentlemen,  
Can ye forsake me in so just a service,  
A service for the commonwealth, for honour?  
Read but the letter; you may love too.

*Dec.* Read it.  
If there be any safety in the circumstance,  
Or likelihood 'tis love, we will not fail you:  
Read it, good Curius.

*Cur.* Willingly.

*Jun.* Now mark it.

*Cur.* [*reading.*] Health to thy heart, my honour'd  
Junius,

And all thy love requited! I am thine,  
Thine everlastingly; thy love has won me;  
And let it breed no doubt, our new acquaintance  
Compels this; 'tis the gods' decree to bless us.  
The times are dangerous to meet, yet fail not;  
By all the love thou bear'st me I conjure thee,  
Without distrust of danger, to come to me!  
For I have purpos'd a delivery  
Both of myself and fortune this bless'd day  
Into thy hands, if thou think'st good. To shew thee  
How infinite my love is, ev'n my mother  
Shall be thy prisoner, the day yours without hazard;  
For I beheld your danger like a lover,  
A just affecter of thy faith: Thy goodness,  
I know, will use us nobly; and our marriage,  
If not redeem<sup>38</sup>, yet lessen Rome's ambition:

<sup>38</sup> *Redeem.*] Probably we should read, *reclaim*. In this place, *redeem* is hardly sense.

I'm weary of these miseries. Use my mother  
 (If you intend to take her) with all honour;  
 And let this disobedience to my parent  
 Be laid on love, not me. Bring with thee, Junius,  
 Spirits resolv'd to fetch me off, the noblest,  
 Forty will serve the turn, just at the joining  
 Of both the battles; we will be weakly guarded,  
 And for a guide, within this hour, shall reach thee  
 A faithful friend of mine. The gods, my Junius,  
 Keep thee, and me to serve thee! Young Bonvica.

*Cur.* This letter carries much belief, and most objections

*Answer'd*<sup>39</sup>, we must have doubted.

*Dec.* Is that fellow

Come to you for a guide yet?

*Jun.* Yes.

*Dec.* And examin'd?

*Jun.* Far more than that; he has felt tortures, yet  
 He vows he knows no more than this truth.

*Dec.* Strange!

*Cur.* If she mean what she writes, as't may be  
 probable,

'Twill be the happiest vantage we can lean to.

*Jun.* I'll pawn my soul she means truth.

*Dec.* Think an hour more;

<sup>39</sup> ——— and most objections

*Answer'd, we must have doubted.*] This is not grammar, without being made an imperfect sentence: But I believe the original run thus,

————— and those objections

*Answers, we must have doubted.*

or,

————— and those

*Objections answers, which we must have doubted.*

The former makes the following verses most complete. *Seward.*

Perhaps we should read,

*This letter carries much belief, and most*

*Objections answer'd, else we must have doubted.*

The simplest mode of correction is by inserting the word *that*, which was probably dropt at press,

*This letter carries much belief, and most*

*Objections answer'd that we must have doubted;*

*are* is understood, according to the elliptical stile of our Authors.

Then if your confidence grow stronger on you,  
We'll set in with you.

*Jun.* Nobly done! I thank ye.  
Ye know the time.

*Cur.* We will be either ready  
To give you present counsel, or join with you.

*Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, and Macer.*

*Jun.* No more, as ye are gentlemen. The general!

*Suet.* Draw out apace; the enemy waits for us.  
Are ye all ready?

*Jun.* All our troops attend, Sir.

*Suet.* I'm glad to hear you say so, Junius;  
I hope you're dispossest'd.

*Jun.* I hope so too, Sir.

*Suet.* Continue so. And, gentlemen, to you now!  
To bid you fight is needless; ye are Romans,  
The name will fight itself: To tell ye who  
You go to fight against, his power, and nature,  
But loss of time; ye know it <sup>40</sup>, know it poor,  
And oft have made it so: To tell ye further,  
His body shews more dreadful than it has done,  
To him that fears less possible to deal with,  
Is but to stick more honour on your actions,  
Load ye with virtuous names, and to your memories  
Tie never-dying Time and Fortune constant.  
Go on in full assurance! draw your swords  
As daring and as confident as justice;  
The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,  
Pitch'd on the tops of Apennine<sup>41</sup>, where the snow dwells,

<sup>40</sup> Yet know it.] Mr. Theobald, Mr. Seward and myself, all concurred in this slight alteration of the text: Not that I should have taken notice of so small a matter, but out of a desire that the world should know the very minutest thing that Mr. Theobald had done in his intended edition of our Authors.

*Symphon.*

Very kind to Mr. Theobald's memory indeed! and very honourable to themselves! since the word YE is not an 'alteration of the text,' but the lesson of the old books. For an account of other falshoods in the annotations on this play, see p. 329.

<sup>41</sup> ——— loud fame calls ye,

*Pitch'd on the tops of Apennine, and blows*

And blows to all the under-world, all nations,  
 The seas and unfrequented desarts; wakens  
 The ruin'd monuments; and there where nothing  
 But eternal death and sleep is, informs again  
 The dead bones with your virtues. Go on, I say:  
 Valiant and wise rule Heav'n, and all the great  
 Aspects! attend 'em, do but blow upon  
 This enemy, who but that we want foes,  
 Cannot deserve that name; and like a mist,  
 A lazy fog, before your burning valours  
 You'll find him fly to nothing. This is all,  
 We've swords, and are the sons of antient Romans,  
 Heirs to their endless valours; fight and conquer!

*Dec. Dem.* It is done.

*Pet.* That man that loves not this day,  
 And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,  
 May he die fameless and forgot!

*Suet.* Sufficient!

Up to your troops, and let your drums beat thunder;  
 March close and sudden, like a tempest: All executions  
[*March.*

Done without sparkling<sup>42</sup> of the body; keep your  
 phalanx

Sure lin'd, and piec'd together, your pikes forward,  
 And so march like a moving fort. Ere this day run,  
 We shall have ground to add to Rome, well won. [*Exe.*

*To all the under world, all nations,  
 The seas, and unfrequented desarts, where the snow dwells;  
 Wakens the ruin'd monuments, and there  
 Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,  
 Informs again the dead bones With your virtues,  
 Go on, I say: Valiant and wise, rule Heav'n,  
 And all the great aspects attend 'em. Do but blow  
 Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes, &c.]*

So run the former editions.—The words, *where the snow dwells*, seem by some accident to have got out of their place. Their transposition, the new arrangement of the verses, and punctuation, we hope will be allowed to throw new beauties on the passage. The abolition of the period after the words *dead bones* is also recommended by Mr. Seward in his Preface.

<sup>42</sup> *Sparkling.*] i. e. *Scattering.* See note 12 on the Loyal Subject; and note 6 on the Humorous Lieutenant.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

*Enter Caratach and Nennius.*

*Nen.* The Roman is advanc'd; from yond' hill's  
brow

We may behold him, Caratach. *[A march.*

*Car.* Let's thither; *[Drums within at one place afar off.*  
I see the dust fly. Now I see the body.

Observe 'em, Nennius; by Heaven, a handsome body,  
And, of a few, strongly and wisely jointed!  
Suetonius is a soldier.

*Nen.* As I take it,  
That's he that gallops by the regiments,  
Viewing their preparations.

*Car.* Very likely;  
He shews no less than general. See how bravely  
The body moves, and in the head how proudly  
The captains stick like plumes; he comes apace on.  
Good Nennius, go, and bid my stout lieutenant  
Bring on the first square body to oppose 'em,  
And, as he charges, open to enclose 'em;  
The queen move next with hers, and wheel about,  
To gain their backs, in which I'll lead the vanguard!  
We shall have bloody crowns this day, I see by't.  
Haste thee, good Nennius; I'll follow instantly.

*[Exit Nennius.*

How close they march, as if they grew together,  
*[March.*

No place but lin'd alike, sure from oppression!  
They will not change this figure; we must charge 'em,  
And charge 'em home at both ends; van and rear;

*[Drums in another place afar off.*

They never totter else. I hear our musick,  
And must attend it: Hold, good sword, but this day,  
And bite hard where I hound thee! and hereafter  
I'll make a relick of thee, for young soldiers  
To come like pilgrims to, and kiss for conquests.

*[Exit.*

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Junius, Curius, and Decius.*

*Jun.* Now is the time; the fellow stays.

*Dec.* What think ye?

*Cur.* I think 'tis true.

*Jun.* Alas, if 'twere a question,  
If any doubt or hazard fell into't,  
D'ye think mine own discretion so self-blind,  
My care of ye so naked, to run headlong?

*Dec.* Let's take Petillius with us!

*Jun.* By no means;

He's never wise but to himself, nor courteous,  
But where the end's his own: We're strong enough,  
If not too many. Behind yonder hill,  
The fellow tells me, she attends, weak guarded,  
Her mother and her sister.

*Cur.* I would venture.

*Jun.* We shall not strike five blows for't. Weigh  
the good,

The general good may come.

*Dec.* Away! I'll with ye;

But with what doubt——

*Jun.* Fear not; my soul for all!

*[Exeunt. Alarms, drums and trumpets in several  
places afar off, as at a main battle.]*

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Drusius and Penius above.*

*Drus.* Here you may see 'em all, Sir; from this hill  
The country shews off level.

*Pen.* Gods defend me,  
What multitudes they are, what infinites!  
The Roman power shews like a little star

Hedg'd

Hedg'd with a double halo <sup>43</sup>.—Now the knell rings :

[*Loud shouts.*]

Hark, how they shout to th' battle! how the air  
Totters and reels, and rends apieces, Drufius,  
With the huge-vollied clamours!

*Druf.* Now they charge  
(Oh, gods!) of all sides, fearfully.

*Pen.* Little Rome,  
Stand but this growing Hydra one short hour,  
And thou hast out-done Hercules!

*Druf.* The dust  
Hides 'em; we cannot see what follows.

*Pen.* They're gone,  
Gone, swallow'd, Drufius; this eternal sun  
Shall never see 'em march more.

*Druf.* Oh, turn this way,  
And see a model of the field! some forty,  
Against four hundred!

*Pen.* Well fought, bravely follow'd!  
Oh, nobly charg'd again, charg'd home too! Drufius,  
They seem to carry it. Now they charge all; [*Loud shouts.*]  
Close, close, I say! they follow it. Ye gods,  
Can there be more in men? more daring spirits?  
Still they make good their fortunes. Now they're  
gone too,

For ever gone! see, Drufius, at their backs  
A fearful ambush rises. Farewell, valours,  
Excellent valours! oh, Rome, where's thy wisdom?

*Druf.* They're gone indeed, Sir.

*Pen.* Look out toward the army;  
I'm heavy with these slaughters.

*Druf.* 'Tis the same still,  
Cover'd with dust and fury.

<sup>43</sup> ——— *little star*

[*Hedg'd with a double hollow.*] Thus the octavo of 1711: The folio of 1679 has *hollo*, that of 1647 *balloa*; which last led me to conjecture the real word was *halo*, a well-known term in astronomy, and to my great pleasure I found afterward, Mr. Theobald had placed this very correction in his margin.

*Symphon.*

*Enter the two Daughters, with Junius, Curius, Decius,  
Soldiers, and Servants.*

*2 Daugh.* Bring 'em in ;  
Tie 'em, and then unarm 'em.

*1 Daugh.* Valiant Romans,  
Ye're welcome to your loves !

*2 Daugh.* Your death, fools !

*Dec.* We deserve 'em ;

And, women, do your worst.

*1 Daugh.* Ye need not beg it.

*2 Daugh.* Which is kind Junius ?

*Serv.* This.

*2 Daugh.* Are you my sweetheart ?

It looks ill on't ! How long is't, pretty soul,  
Since you and I first lov'd ? Had we not reason  
To dote extremely upon one another ?

How does my love ? This is not he ; my chicken  
Could prate finely, sing a love-song.

*Jun.* Monster——

*2 Daugh.* Oh, now it courts !

*Jun.* Arm'd with more malice  
Than he that got thee has, the devil.

*2 Daugh.* Good !

Proceed, sweet chick.

*Jun.* I hate thee ; that's my last.

*2 Daugh.* Nay, an you love me, forward !—No ?  
Come, sister,

Let's prick our answers on our arrows' points,  
And make 'em laugh a little. Ye damn'd lechers,  
Ye proud improvident fools, have we now caught ye ?  
Are ye i'th' noose ? Since ye're such loving creatures,  
We'll be your Cupids : Do ye see these arrows ?  
We'll send them to your wanton livers, goats.

*1 Daugh.* Oh, how I'll trample on your hearts, ye  
villains,

Ambitious salt-itch slaves, Rome's master-sins !  
The mountain-rams tupt your hot mothers.

*2 Daugh.* Dogs,



To whose brave founders a salt whore gave suck !  
 Thieves, honour's hangmen, do ye grin ? Perdition  
 Take me for ever, if in my fell anger <sup>44</sup>,  
 I do not out-do all example.

*Enter Caratach.*

*Car.* Where,  
 Where are these ladies ? Ye keep noble quarter !  
 Your mother thinks you dead or taken, upon which  
 She will not move her battle.—Sure these faces  
 I have beheld and known ; they're Roman leaders !  
 How came they here ?

*2 Daugh.* A trick, Sir, that we us'd ;  
 A certain policy conducted 'em  
 Unto our snare : We've done you no small service.  
 These us'd as we intend, we are for th' battle.

*Car.* As you intend ? Taken by treachery ?

*1 Daugh.* Is't not allow'd ?

*Car.* Those that should gild our conquest,  
 Make up a battle worthy of our winning,  
 Catch'd up by craft ?

*2 Daugh.* By any means that's lawful.

*Car.* A woman's wisdom in our triumphs ? Out !  
 Out, out, ye sluts <sup>45</sup>, ye follies ! From our swords  
 Filch our revenges basely ?—Arm again, gentlemen !  
 Soldiers, I charge ye help 'em.

*2 Daugh.* By Heaven, Uncle,  
 We will have vengeance for our rapes !

---

<sup>44</sup> *My self-anger.*] *Fell*, as I have corrected the text, and as Mr. Seward likewise reads, is undoubtedly the genuine lection. *Sympson*.

*Sympson* may be credited in the assertion that *FELL* is 'undoubtedly the genuine lection,' though not in the other, that he has 'corrected the text ;' since the first folio reads *FELL*, not *SELF* !—In the same file, he tells us, that he and Seward join'd in making *Suetonius* (p. 331) speak of *Honour's golden FACE*, instead of *FATE*, when the first folio exhibits *FACE* !—And also, that 'the other copies' make *Caratach* say to *Hengo*, (p. 333) *THE fortune's mine*, and he and Seward 'agreed in correcting the place,' by altering *THE* to *THY* ; though the first folio reads *THY* !

<sup>45</sup> *Out, ye sluts* ] We have added the word *out* here, which we have no doubt was dropt by the compositor or transcriber.

*Car.*

*Car.* By Heaven,  
Ye should have kept your legs close then. Dispatch  
there!

1 *Daugh.* I will not off thus!

*Car.* He that stirs to execute,  
Or she, tho' it be yourselves, by him that got me,  
Shall quickly feel mine anger! One great day given us,  
Not to be snatch'd out of our hands but basely,  
And must we shame the gods from whence we have it,  
With setting snares for soldiers? I'll run away first,  
Be hooted at, and children call me coward,  
Before I set up stales for victories<sup>46</sup>.  
Give 'em their swords.

2 *Daugh.* Oh, Gods!

*Car.* Bear off the women  
Unto their mother!

2 *Daugh.* One shot, gentle uncle!

*Car.* One cut her fiddle-string! Bear 'em off, I say.

1 *Daugh.* The devil take this fortune!

*Car.* Learn to spin, [*Exeunt Daughters.*  
And curie your knotted hemp!—Go, gentlemen,  
Safely go off, up to your troops; be wiser;  
There thank me like tall soldiers: I shall seek ye. [*Ex.*

*Cur.* A noble worth!

*Dec.* Well, Junius?

*Jun.* Pray ye, no more!

*Cur.* He blushes; do not load him.

*Dec.* Where's your love now? [*Drums loud again.*

*Jun.* Puff! there it flies. Come, let's redeem our  
follies. [*Exeunt Junius, Curius, and Decius.*

*Drus.* Awake, Sir; yet the Roman body's whole;  
I see 'em clear again.

*Pen.* Whole? 'tis not possible;

*Drusius,* they must be lost.

*Drus.* By Heav'n, they're whole, Sir,  
And in brave doing; see, they wheel about  
To gain more ground.

*Pen.* But see there, *Drusius,* see,

<sup>46</sup> Set up stales for victories.] Amended in 1750.

THE TRAGEDY OF BONDUCA. 331

See that huge battle moving from the mountains!  
Their gilt coats shine like dragons' scales, their march  
Like a rough tumbling storm; see 'em, and view 'em,  
And then see Rome no more. Say they fail, look,  
Look where the armed carts stand; a new army!  
Look how they hang like falling rocks! as murdering  
Death rides in triumph, Drusus, fell Destruction  
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him  
His many thousand ways to let out souls.  
Move me again when they charge, when the mountain  
Melts under their hot wheels, and from their ax'trees  
Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before 'em!  
'Till then, I'll dream what Rome was.

*Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, and Macer.*

*Suet.* Oh, bravely fought!

Honour 'till now ne'er shew'd her golden face  
I'th' field: Like lions, gentlemen, you've held  
Your heads up this day. Where's young Junius,  
Curius and Decius?

*Pet.* Gone to Heav'n, I think, Sir.

*Suet.* Their worths go with 'em! Breathe a while.  
How do ye?

*Pet.* Well; some few scurvy wounds; my heart's  
whole yet.

*Dem.* 'Would they would give us more ground!

*Suet.* Give? we'll have it.

*Pet.* Have it, and hold it too, despite the devil.

*Enter Junius, Decius, and Curius.*

*Jun.* Lead up to th' head, and line sure! The  
queen's battle

Begins to charge like wildfire. Where's the general?

*Suet.* Oh, they are living yet. Come, my brave  
soldiers,

Come, let me pour Rome's blessing on ye: Live,  
Live, and lead armies all! Ye bleed hard.

*Jun.* Best;

We shall appear the sterner to the foe.

*Dec.*

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*Dec.* More wounds, more honour.

*Pet.* Lose no time.

*Suet.* Away then;

And stand this shock, ye've stood the world.

*Pet.* We'll grow to't.

Is not this better now than lowly loving?

*Jun.* I am myself, Petillius.

*Pet.* 'Tis I love thee <sup>47</sup>. [*Exeunt Romans.*

*Enter Bonduca, Caratach, Daughters, and Nennius.*

*Car.* Charge 'em i' th' flanks! Oh, you have play'd  
the fool,

The fool extremely, the mad fool!

*Bond.* Why, cousin?

*Car.* The woman fool! Why did you give the word  
Unto the carts to charge down, and our people,  
In grofs before the enemy? We pay for't;  
Our own swords cut our throats! Why, pox on't!  
Why do you offer to command? The devil,  
The devil, and his dam too! who bid you  
Meddle in mens' affairs?

*Bond.* I'll help all.

*Car.* Home, [*Exeunt Queen, &c.*  
Home and spin, woman, spin, go spin! you trifle.  
Open before there, or all's ruin'd!—How?

[*Shouts within.*]  
Now comes the tempest on ourselves, by Heaven!

*Within.* Victoria!

*Car.* Oh, woman, scurvy woman, beastly woman!

[*Exeunt omnes præter Drufius and Penius.*]

*Druf.* Victoria, victoria!

*Pen.* How's that, Drufius?

*Druf.* They win, they win, they win! Oh, look,  
look, look, Sir,  
For Heav'n's sake, look! The Britons fly, the Britons  
fly! Victoria!

<sup>47</sup> 'Tis I love thee.] So the former copies. Mr. Seward and myself agreed in filling up the deficiency of the sense by the insertion of *now* into the present text.

Symphon.

They read, 'Tis now I love thee; but the former copies are right, as Petillius means to oppose *his* love to that of Bonvica.

*Enter*

*Enter Suetonius, Soldiers, and Captains.*

*Suet.* Soft, soft, pursue it soft, excellent foldiers !  
Close, my brave fellows, honourable Romans !  
Oh, cool thy mettle, Junius ; they are ours,  
The world cannot redeem 'em : Stern Petillius,  
Govern the conquest nobly. Soft, good foldiers !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Bonduca, Daughters, and Britons.*

*Bond.* Shame ! whither fly ye, ye unlucky Britons ?  
Will ye creep into your mothers' wombs again ? Back,  
cowards !  
Hares, fearful hares, doves in your angers ! leave me ?  
Leave your queen desolate ? her hapless children,

*Enter Caratach and Hengo.*

To Roman rape again, and fury ?

*Car.* Fly, ye buzzards !

Ye've wings enough, ye fear ! Get thee gone, woman,  
[*Loud shout within.*]

Shame tread upon thy heels ! All's lost, all's lost !

Hark,

Hark how the Romans ring our knells ! [*Ex. Bond. &c.*]

*Hengo.* Good uncle,

Let me go too.

*Car.* No, boy ; thy fortune's mine ;

I must not leave thee. Get behind me ; shake not ;

*Enter Petillius, Junius, and Decius.*

I'll breech you, if you do, boy.—Come, brave Romans !  
All is not lost yet.

*Jun.* Now I'll thank thee, Caratach. [*Fight. Drums.*]

*Car.* Thou art a foldier ; strike home, home ! have at  
you !

*Pen.* His blows fall like huge sledges on an anvil.

*Dec.* I'm weary.

*Pet.* So am I.

*Car.*

*Car.* Send more swords to me.

*Jun.* Let's sit and rest.

[*Sit down.*]

*Druf.* What think you now?

*Pen.* Oh, Drufius,

I've lost mine honour, lost my name, lost all  
That was my light: These are true Romans, and I  
A Briton coward, a base coward! Guide me  
Where nothing is but desolation,  
That I may never more behold the face  
Of man, or mankind know me! Oh, blind Fortune,  
Hast thou abus'd me thus!

*Druf.* Good Sir, be comforted;  
It was your wisdom rul'd you. Pray you go home;  
Your day is yet to come, when this great fortune  
Shall be but foil unto it. [*Retreat.*]

*Pen.* Fool, fool, coward! [*Exe. Penius and Drufius.*]

*Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, soldiers, drum and colours.*

*Suet.* Draw in, draw in!—Well have you fought,  
and worthy

Rome's noble recompense. Look to your wounds;  
The ground is cold and hurtful. The proud queen  
Has got a fort, and there she and her daughters  
Defy us once again: Tomorrow morning  
We'll seek her out, and make her know our fortunes  
Stop at no stubborn walls. Come, sons of Honour,  
True Virtue's heirs, thus hatch'd with Britain blood,  
Let's march to rest, and set in gules like suns.  
Beat a soft march, and each one ease his neighbours!

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Enter Petillius, Junius, Decius, and Demetrius, singing.*

*Pet.* SMOOTH was his cheek,

*Dec.* And his chin it was sleek,

*Jun.* With, whoop, he has done wooing!

*Dem.* Junius was this captain's name,  
A lad for a lass's viewing.

*Pet.* Full black his eye, and plump his thigh,

*Dec.* Made up for love's pursuing.

*Dem.* Smooth was his cheek,

*Pet.* And his chin it was sleek,

*Jun.* With, whoop, he has done wooing!

*Pet.* Oh, my vex'd thief, art thou come home again?  
Are thy brains perfect?

*Jun.* Sound as bells.

*Pet.* Thy back-worm  
Quiet, and cast his sting, boy?

*Jun.* Dead, Petillius,  
Dead to all folly, and now my anger only——

*Pet.* Why, that's well said; hang Cupid and his  
quiver,

A drunken brawling boy! Thy honour'd faint  
Be thy ten shillings, Junius; there's the money,  
And there's the ware; square dealing: This but sweats  
thee

Like a nesh nag<sup>48</sup>, and makes thee look pin-buttock'd;

<sup>48</sup> Like a nesh nag.] *Nesh*, i. e. tender, delicate, from the *A. S.* *nesc*,  
*mollis*, *delicatus*. *Sympson.*

So in Chaucer's Court of Love,

- ‘ Than flatiry bespake and said iwis,
- ‘ Se so she goth on patins faire and fete,
- ‘ It doth right well, what pretty man is this,
- ‘ That romith here? now truly drink ne mete
- ‘ Nede I not have, mine herte for joy doth bete
- ‘ Him to beholde, so is he godely freshe,
- ‘ It semeth for love his herte is tendre and *neslike*.

## 336 THE TRAGEDY OF BONDUCA.

The other runs thee whining up and down  
 Like a pig in a storm, fills thy brains full of ballads,  
 And shews thee like a long Lent, thy brave body  
 Turn'd to a tail of green fish without butter.

*Dec.* When thou lov'st next, love a good cup of wine,  
 A mistress for a king! she leaps to kiss thee,  
 Her red and white's her own, she makes good blood,  
 Takes none away; what she heats sleep can help,  
 Without a groping surgeon.

*Jun.* I am counsel'd;  
 And henceforth, when I dote again——

*Dem.* Take heed;  
 Y'had almost paid for't.

*Pet.* Love no more great ladies;  
 Thou can'st not step amiss then; there's no delight in  
 'em:

All's in the whistling of their snatcht-up silks;  
 They're only made for handsome view, not handling;  
 Their bodies of so weak and wash a temper,  
 A rough-pac'd bed will shake them all to pieces;  
 A tough hen pulls their teeth out, tires their souls;  
*Plenæ rimarum sunt*, they're full of rennet,  
 And take the skin off where they're tasted: Shun 'em;  
 They live in culisses, like rotten cocks,  
 Stew'd to a tenderness that holds no tack;  
 Give me a thing I may crush.

*Jun.* Thou speak'st truly:  
 The wars shall be my mistress now.

*Pet.* Well chosen!  
 For she's a bouncing lass; she'll kiss thee at night, boy,  
 And break thy pate i' th' morning.

*Jun.* Yesterday  
 I found those favours infinite.

*Dem.* Wench good enough,  
 But that she talks too loud.

*Pet.* She talks to th' purpose,  
 Which never woman did yet. She'll hold grappling,  
 And he that lays on best is her best servant;  
 All other loves are mere catching of dottrels,

Stretching



Stretching of legs out only, and trim laziness.  
Here comes the general.

*Enter Suetonius, Curius, and Macer.*

*Suet.* I'm glad I've found ye:

Are those come in yet that pursued bold Caratach?

*Pet.* Not yet, Sir, for I think they mean to lodge  
him;

Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be dangerous.

*Suet.* Then haste, Petillius, haste to Penius:

I fear the strong conceit of what disgrace

H' has pull'd upon himself, will be his ruin;

I fear his soldiers' fury too: Haste presently;

I would not lose him for all Britain. Give him,  
Petillius——

*Pet.* That that shall choke him. [*Aside.*

*Suet.* All the noble counsel,

His fault forgiven too, his place, his honour——

*Pet.* For me, I think, as handsome—— [*Aside.*

*Suet.* All the comfort;

And tell the foldier, 'twas on our command

He drew not to the battle.

*Pet.* I conceive, Sir,

And will do that shall cure all.

*Suet.* Bring him with you

Before the queen's fort, and his forces with him;

There you shall find us following of our conquest.

Make haste!

*Pet.* The best I may. [*Exit.*

*Suet.* And, noble gentlemen,

Up to your companies! we'll presently

Upon the queen's pursuit. There's nothing done

'Till she be seiz'd; without her, nothing won.

[*Exeunt. Short flourish.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Caratach and Hengo.*

*Car.* How does my boy?

*Hengo.* I would do well ; my heart's well ;  
I do not fear.

*Car.* My good boy !

*Hengo.* I know, uncle,  
We must all die ; my little brother died,  
I saw him die, and he died smiling ; sure  
There's no great pain in't, uncle. But pray tell me,  
Whither must we go when we're dead ?

*Car.* Strange questions !—  
Why, to the blessed'st place, boy—Ever-sweetness  
And happiness dwells there.

*Hengo.* Will you come to me ?

*Car.* Yes, my sweet boy.

*Hengo.* Mine aunt too, and my cousins ?

*Car.* All, my good child.

*Hengo.* No Romans, uncle ?

*Car.* No, boy.

*Hengo.* I should be loath to meet them there.

*Car.* No ill men,  
That live by violence, and strong oppression,  
Come thither ; 'tis for those the gods love, good men.

*Hengo.* Why, then, I care not when I go, for surely  
I am persuaded they love me : I never  
Blasphem'd 'em uncle, nor transgress'd my parents<sup>49</sup> ;  
I always said my prayers.

*Car.* Thou shalt go then,  
Indeed thou shalt.

*Hengo.* When they please.

*Car.* That's my good boy !  
Art thou not weary, Hengo ?

*Hengo.* Weary, uncle ?  
I've heard you say you've march'd all day in armour.

*Car.* I have, boy.

*Hengo.* Am not I your kinsman ?

<sup>49</sup> Transgress'd my parents.] The sense here is clear, though the phrase be unusual : However we find it occur again in *Women Pleas'd*, act iii. sc. i. Pelvidere says to her mother the Duchefs,

————— *You are too loyal to me,  
To me that have so foolishly transgress'd you.*

*Symphon.*  
*Car.*

*Car.* Yes.

*Hengo.* And am not I as fully allied unto you  
In those brave things, as blood?

*Car.* Thou art too tender.

*Hengo.* To go upon my legs? they were made to  
bear me.

I can play twenty mile a-day; I see no reason,  
But, to preserve my country and myself,  
I should march forty.

*Car.* What wouldst thou be living  
To wear a man's strength?

*Hengo.* Why, a Caratach,  
A Roman-hater, a scourge sent from Heaven  
To whip these proud thieves from our kingdom.

Hark, [*Drum.*

Hark, uncle, hark! I hear a drum.

*Enter Judas and his people to the door.*

*Judas.* Beat softly,  
Softly, I say; they're here. Who dare charge?

*1 Sold.* He

That dares be knock'd o' th' head: I'll not come  
near him.

*Judas.* Retire again, and watch then. How he  
stares!

H' has eyes would kill a dragon. Mark the boy well;  
If we could take or kill him—A pox on ye,  
How fierce ye look! See, how he broods the boy?  
The devil dwells in's scabbard. Back, I say!

Apace, apace! h' has found us. [*They retire.*

*Car.* Do ye hunt us?

*Hengo.* Uncle, good uncle, see! the thin starv'd  
rascal,

The eating Roman, see where he thrids the thickets:  
Kill him, dear uncle, kill him! one good blow  
To knock his brains into his breech; strike's head off,  
That I may piss in's face.

*Car.* Do ye make us foxes?

Here, hold my charging-staff, and keep the place, boy!

I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me.

Stand, stand, ye rogues, ye squirrels!

[*Exit.*

*Hengo.* Now he pays 'em;

Oh, that I had a man's strength!

*Enter Judas, &c.*

*Judas.* Here's the boy;

Mine own, I thank my fortune.

*Hengo.* Uncle, uncle!

Famine<sup>50</sup> is fall'n upon me, uncle.

*Judas.* Come, Sir,

Yield willingly, (your uncle's out of hearing)

I'll tickle your young tail else.

*Hengo.* I defy thee,

Thou mock-made man of mat! Charge home,  
firrah!

Hang thee, base slave, thou shak'ft.

*Judas.* Upon my conscience,

The boy will beat me! how it looks, how bravely,

How confident the worm is! a scab'd boy

To handle me thus! Yield, or I cut thy head off.

*Hengo.* Thou dar'ft not cut my finger; here 'tis,  
touch it.

*Judas.* The boy speaks sword and buckler! Prithee  
yield, boy;

Come, here's an apple, yield.

*Hengo.* By Heav'n, he fears me!

I'll give you sharper language: When, ye coward,

When come ye up?

*Judas.* If he should beat me——

*Hengo.* When, Sir?

I long to kill thee! Come, thou canst not scape me;

I've twenty ways to charge thee, twenty deaths

Attend my bloody staff.

*Judas.* Sure 'tis the devil,

A dwarf devil in a doublet!

*Hengo.* I have kill'd

---

<sup>50</sup> *Famine.*] Meaning Judas, whom he before calls, *the thin scab'd rascal*, and afterwards, *Hunger.*

A captain, firrah, a brave captain, and when I've done,  
I've kick'd him thus. Look here; see how I charge  
This staff!

*Judas.* Most certain this boy will cut my throat  
yet.

*Enter two Soldiers running.*

*1 Sold.* Flee, flee! he kills us.

*2 Sold.* He comes, he comes!

*Judas.* The devil take the hindmost!

*[Exeunt Judas, &c.]*

*Hengo.* Run, run, ye rogues, ye precious rogues,  
ye rank rogues!

A comes, a comes, a comes, a comes! that's he, boys!  
What a brave cry they make!

*Enter Caratach, with a head.*

*Car.* How does my chicken?

*Hengo.* 'Faith, uncle, grown a soldier, a great  
soldier;

For, by the virtue of your charging-staff,  
And a strange fighting face I put upon't,  
I've out-brav'd Hunger.

*Car.* That's my boy, my sweet boy!  
Here, here's a Roman's head for thee.

*Hengo.* Good provision!  
Before I starve, my sweet-fac'd gentleman,  
I'll try your favour.

*Car.* A right complete soldier!  
Come, chicken, let's go seek some place of strength  
(The country's full of scouts) to rest a while in;  
Thou wilt not else be able to endure  
The journey to my country. Fruits and water  
Must be your food a while, boy.

*Hengo.* Any thing;  
I can eat moss, nay, I can live on anger,  
To vex these Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.

*Car.* I warrant thee; come cheerfully.

*Hengo.* And boldly!

*[Exeunt.]*

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Penius, Drufus, and Regulus.*

*Reg.* The foldier fhall not grieve you.

*Pen.* Pray ye forfake me ;

Look not upon me, as ye love your honours !  
I am fo cold a coward, my infection  
Will choke your virtues like a damp elfe.

*Druf.* Dear captain !

*Reg.* Moft honour'd Sir !

*Pen.* Moft hated, moft abhorr'd !

Say fo, and then ye know me, nay, ye please me.  
Oh, my dear credit, my dear credit !

*Reg.* Sure

His mind is dangerous.

*Druf.* The good gods cure it !

*Pen.* My honour got thro' fire, thro' stubborn  
breaches,

Thro' battles that have been as hard to win as Heaven,  
Thro' Death himfelf, in all his horrid trims,  
Is gone for ever, ever, ever, gentlemen !

And now I'm left to scornful tales and laughters,  
To hootings at, pointing with fingers, ' That's he,  
' That's the brave gentleman forfook the battle,  
' The moft wife Penius, the difputing coward.'

Oh, my good fword, break from my fide, and kill me ;  
Cut out the coward from my heart !

*Reg.* You are none.

*Pen.* He lies that fays fo; by Heaven, he lies, lies bafely,  
Bafely than I have done ! Come, foldiers, feek me ;  
I've robb'd ye of your virtues ! Juftice feek me ;  
I've broke my fair obedience ! laft<sup>50</sup>, Shame take me,  
Take me, and fwallow me, make ballads of me,  
Shame, endless Shame ! and pray do you forfake me !

*Druf.* What fhall we do ?

*Pen.* Good gentlemen, forfake me ;

<sup>50</sup> Obedience, loft: *foame take me.*] This feems an evident corruption, which the alteration of one letter rectifies.

You were not wont to be commanded. Friends, pray  
do it,

And do not fear ; for as I am a coward  
I will not hurt myself, (when that mind takes me,  
I'll call to you, and ask your help) I dare not.

*[Throws himself upon the ground.*

*Enter Petillius.*

*Pet.* Good-morrow, gentlemen! Where's the tri-  
bune?

*Reg.* There.

*Druf.* Whence come you, good Petillius?

*Pet.* From the general.

*Druf.* With what, for Heaven's sake?

*Pet.* With good counsel, Drufius,  
And love, to comfort him.

*Druf.* Good Regulus,  
Step to the soldier and allay his anger ;  
For he is wild as winter. *[Exeunt Druf. and Reg.*

*Pet.* Oh, are you there? have at you!—Sure he's  
dead,

It cannot be he dare out-live this fortune ;  
He must die, 'tis most necessary ; men expect it,  
And thought of life in him goes beyond coward.  
ForfAKE the field so basely? Fy upon't !  
So poorly to betray his worth, so coldly  
To cut all credit from the soldier? Sure  
If this man mean to live, (as I should think it  
Beyond belief) he must retire where never  
The name of Rome, the voice of arms, or honour,  
Was known or heard of yet. He's certain dead,  
Or strongly means it; he's no soldier else,  
No Roman in him; all h' has done but outside,  
Fought either drunk or desp'rate. Now he rises.—  
How does lord Penius?

*Pen.* As you see.

*Pet.* I'm glad on't ;  
Continue so still. The lord general,  
The valiant general, great Suetonius——

*Pen.* No more of me is spoken; my name's perish'd.

*Pet.* He that commanded fortune and the day,  
By his own valour and discretion,  
(When, as some say, Penius refus'd to come,  
But I believe 'em not) sent me to see you.

*Pen.* Ye're welcome; and pray see me, see me well;  
You shall not see me long.

*Pet.* I hope so, Penius.—  
The gods defend, Sir!

*Pen.* See me and understand me: This is he  
Left to fill up your triumph; he that basely  
Whistled his honour off to th' wind, that coldly  
Shrunk in his politick head, when Rome, like reapers,  
Sweat blood and spirit for a glorious harvest,  
And bound it up, and brought it off; that fool,  
That having gold and copper offer'd him,  
Refus'd the wealth, and took the waste; that soldier,  
That being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,  
Labour in one hand that propounds us gods,  
And in the other Glory that creates us,  
Yet durst doubt and be damn'd!

*Pet.* It was an error.

*Pen.* A foul one, and a black one.

*Pet.* Yet the blackest  
May be wash'd white again.

*Pen.* Never.

*Pet.* Your leave, Sir;  
And I beseech you note me, for I love you,  
And bring along all comfort: Are we gods,  
Allied to no infirmities? are our natures  
More than mens' natures? When we slip a little  
Out of the way of virtue, are we lost?  
Is there no medicine call'd sweet mercy?

*Pen.* None, Petillius;  
There is no mercy in mankind can reach me,  
Nor is it fit it should; I've sinn'd beyond it,

*Pet.* Forgiveness meets with all faults.

*Pen.* 'Tis all faults,  
All sins I can commit, to be forgiven;



'Tis los of whole man in me, my discretion,  
To be so stupid, to arrive at pardon!

*Pet.* Oh, but the general——

*Pen.* He's a brave gentleman,  
A valiant, and a loving; and I dare say  
He would, as far as Honour durst direct him,  
Make even with my fault; but 'tis not honest,  
Nor in his power: Examples that may nourish  
Neglect and disobedience in whole bodies,  
And totter the estates and faiths of armies,  
Must not be play'd withal; nor out of pity  
Make a general forget his duty;  
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.

*Pet.* What would you do?

*Pen.* Die.

*Pet.* So would fullen children,  
Women that want their wills, slaves disobedient,  
That fear the law. Die? Fy, great captain! you  
A man to rule men, to have thousand lives  
Under your regiment, and let your passion  
Betray your reason? I bring you all forgiveness,  
The noblest kind commends, your place, your honour——

*Pen.* Prithee no more; 'tis foolish. Didst not thou  
(By Heaven, thou didst; I over-heard thee, there,  
There where thou stand'st now) deliver me for rascal,  
Poor, dead, cold coward, miserable, wretched,  
If I out-liv'd this ruin?

*Pet.* I?

*Pen.* And thou didst it nobly,  
Like a true man, a soldier; and I thank thee,  
I thank thee, good Petillius, thus I thank thee!

*Pet.* Since you're so justly made up, let me tell you,  
'Tis fit you die indeed.

*Pen.* Oh, how thou lov'st me!

*Pet.* For say he had forgiven you, say the peoples'  
whispers

Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,  
What must your own command think, from whose  
swords

You've

You've taken off the edges, from whose valours  
 The due and recompense of arms; nay, made it doubtful  
 Whether they knew obedience? must not these kill you?  
 Say they are won to pardon you, by mere miracle  
 Brought to forgive you, what old valiant soldier,  
 What man that loves to fight, and fight for Rome,  
 Will ever follow you more? Dare you know these  
 ventures?

If so, I bring you comfort; dare you take it?

*Pen.* No, no, Petillius, no.

*Pet.* If your mind serve you,  
 You may live still; but how? yet pardon me:  
 You may out-wear all too; but when? and certain  
 There is a mercy for each fault, if tamely  
 A man will take't upon conditions.

*Pen.* No, by no means: I'm only thinking now, Sir,  
 (For I'm resolv'd to go) of a most base death,  
 Fitting the baseness of my fault. I'll hang.

*Pet.* You shall not; you're a gentleman I honour,  
 I would else flatter you, and force you live,  
 Which is far baser. Hanging? 'tis a dog's death,  
 An end for slaves.

*Pen.* The fitter for my baseness.

*Pet.* Besides, the man that's hang'd preaches his end,  
 And sits a sign for all the world to gape at<sup>51</sup>.

*Pen.* That's true; I'll take a fitter; poison.

*Pet.* No,  
 'Tis equal ill; the death of rats and women,  
 Lovers, and lazy boys, that fear correction;  
 Die like a man.

*Pen.* Why, my sword then.

*Pet.* Ay, if your sword be sharp, Sir.  
 There's nothing under Heaven that's like your sword;  
 Your sword's a death indeed!

*Pen.* It shall be sharp, Sir.

<sup>51</sup> *And sits a sign.*] This reading is certainly against all the notions any one can have of a man's being hanged. *To set a sign* bids fairest for the true lesson, though I have not dared to disturb the text.

*Sympson.*

*Pet.*

*Pet.* Why, Mithridates was an arrant afs  
To die by poison<sup>52</sup>, if all Bosphorus  
Could lend him swords: Your sword must do the deed:  
'Tis shame to die choak'd, fame to die and bleed.

*Pen.* Thou hast confirm'd me; and, my good  
Petillius,  
Tell me no more I may live.

*Pet.* 'Twas my commission;  
But now I see you in a nobler way,  
A way to make all even.

*Pen.* Farewell, captain!  
Be a good man, and fight well; be obedient;  
Command thyself, and then thy men. Why shakest  
thou?

*Pet.* I do not, Sir.

*Pen.* I would thou hadst, Petillius!  
I would find something to forsake the world with  
Worthy the man that dies: A kind of earthquake  
Thro' all stern valours but mine own.

*Pet.* I feel now  
A kind of trembling in me.

*Pen.* Keep it still;  
As thou lov'st virtue, keep it.

*Pet.* And, brave captain,  
The great and honour'd Penius!——

*Pen.* That again!  
Oh, how it heightens me! again, Petillius!

*Pet.* Most excellent commander!——

*Pen.* Those were mine,  
Mine, only mine!

*Pet.* They are still.

*Pen.* Then, to keep 'em  
For ever falling more, have at ye! Heavens,

<sup>52</sup> *Mithridates was an arrant afs*

*To die by poison, if all Bosphorus*

*Could lend him swords.]* The assertion in this passage is a manifest contradiction to the truth of history. For Mithridates did not end his days by poison, but by the sword. Another instance this of inattention in our Authors, or trusting too much to an *uninfallible* memory.

*Symphon.*

Ye everlasting powers, I'm yours : The work is done,  
[Kills himself.]

That neither fire, nor age, nor melting envy<sup>53</sup>,  
 Shall ever conquer. Carry my last words  
 To the great gen'ral : Kiss his hands, and say,  
 My soul I give to Heav'n, my fault to justice,  
 Which I have done upon myself; my virtue,  
 If ever there was any in poor Penius,  
 Made more, and happier, light on him ! (I faint)  
 And where there is a foe, I wish him fortune.  
 I die : Lie lightly on my ashes<sup>54</sup>, gentle earth ! [Dies.]  
*Pet.* And on my sin ! Farewell, great Penius !  
 The soldier is in fury ; now I'm glad [Noise within.]  
 'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,  
 The way of toil ; for thee, the way of honour ! [Exit.]

*Enter Drufius and Regulus, with Soldiers.*

*Sold.* Kill him, kill him, kill him !

*Druf.* What will ye do ?

*Reg.* Good soldiers, honest soldiers——

<sup>53</sup> Melting *envy*.] This epithet seems a little stiff and obscure. It was a custom of the Romans to deface the marble, and melt down the brazen statues of those who were become detestable to them ; and to the melting of these brazen ones this epithet must refer. *Seward.*

We do not enter into *Seward's* explanation of this epithet. The Poets seem to mean to refer to *Ovid's*,

——quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,

Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

<sup>54</sup> Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth ] In the beautiful Ode to the Memory of Col. George Villiers, drowned in the river Piava, in the county of Friuli, 1703, the Author, Mr. Prior, seems to have been indebted to this line for the thought in the following :

- Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave ;
- (The only honour he can now receive)
- And fragrant mould upon his body throw ;
- And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow :
- Light lie the earth ; and flourish green the bough.

So also Mr. Pope, in the Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady :

- What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
- Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb,
- Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
- And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.

*Sold.* Kill him, kill him, kill him!

*Druf.* Kill us first; we command too.

*Reg.* Valiant soldiers,

Consider but whose life ye seek.—Oh, Drufius,

Did him be gone; he dies else.—Shall Rome say,

The most approved soldiers, her dear children

Devoured the fathers of the fights? shall rage

And stubborn fury guide those swords to slaughter,

To slaughter of their own, to civil ruin?

*Druf.* Oh, let 'em in; all's done, all's ended,

Regulus;

Penius has found his last eclipse. Come, soldiers,

Come, and behold your miseries; come bravely,

Full of your mutinous and bloody angers,

And here bestow your darts. Oh, only Roman,

Oh, father of the wars!

*Reg.* Why stand ye stupid?

Where be your killing furies? whose sword now

Shall first be sheath'd in Penius? Do ye weep?

Howl out, ye wretches, ye have cause; howl ever!

Who shall now lead ye fortunate? whose valour

Preserve ye to the glory of your country?

Who shall march out before ye, coy'd and courted

By all the mistresses of war, care, counsel,

Quick-ey'd experience, and victory twin'd to him?

Who shall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance

To speak your names, and keep your honours living,

When children fail, and Time, that takes all with him,

Build houses for ye to oblivion?

*Druf.* Oh, ye poor desp'rate fools, no more now

soldiers,

Go home, and hang your arms up; let rust rot 'em;

And humble your stern valours to soft prayers!

For ye have sunk the frame of all your virtues;

The sun that warm'd your bloods is set for ever.—

I'll kiss thy honour'd cheek. Farewell, great Penius,

Thou thunder-bolt, farewell!—Take up the body:

Tomorrow mourning<sup>55</sup> to the camp convey it,

<sup>55</sup> *Tomorrow morning.*] The variation in the text is recommended in the edition of 1750.

There to receive due ceremonies. That eye  
That blinds himself with weeping, gets most glory.  
[*Exeunt with a dead march.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Suetonius; Junius, Decius, Demetrius, Curius, and  
Soldiers: Bonduca, two Daughters, and Nennius above.  
Drum and colours.*

*Suet.* Bring up the catapults, and shake the wall;  
We will not be out-brav'd thus.

*Nen.* Shake the earth,  
Ye cannot shake our souls. Bring up your rams,  
And with their armed heads make the fort totter,  
Ye do but rock us into death. [Exit *Nen.*]

*Jun.* See, Sir,  
See the Icenian queen in all her glory,  
From the strong battlements proudly appearing,  
As if she meant to give us lashes!

*Dec.* Yield, queen.

*Bond.* I'm unacquainted with that language, Roman.

*Suet.* Yield, honour'd lady, and expect our mercy;  
We love thy nobleness. [Exit *Decius.*]

*Bond.* I thank ye! ye say well;  
But mercy and love are sins in Rome and hell.

*Suet.* You cannot 'scape our strength; you must  
yield, lady;

You must adore and fear the power of Rome.

*Bond.* If Rome be earthly, why should any knee  
With bending adoration worship her?

She's vicious; and, your partial selves confess,  
Aspires the height of all impiety;

Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence

The thatched houses where the Britons dwell

In careless mirth; where the bless'd household gods

See nought but chaste and simple purity.

'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,

Nor that the men from gods derive their line;

But sacred thoughts, in holy bosoms stor'd,

Make people noble, and the place ador'd.

*Suet.*

*Suet.* Beat the wall deeper!

*Bond.* Beat it to the centre,

We will not sink one thought.

*Suet.* I'll make ye.

*Bond.* No.

*2 Daugh.* Oh, mother, these are fearful hours;  
    speak gently

*Enter Petillius, who whispers Suetonius.*

To these fierce men, they will afford ye pity.

*Bond.* Pity? Thou fearful girl, 'tis for those  
    wretches

That misery makes tame. Wouldst thou live less?

Wast not thou born a princess? Can my blood,

And thy brave father's spirit, suffer in thee

So base a separation from thyself,

As mercy from these tyrants? Thou lov'st lust sure,

And long'st to prostitute thy youth and beauty

To common slaves for bread. Say they had mercy,

The devil a relenting conscience,

The lives of kings rest in their diadems,

Which to their bodies lively souls do give,

And, ceasing to be kings, they cease to live.

Shew such another fear, and, by the Gods,

I'll fling thee to their fury.

*Suet.* He is dead then?

*Pet.* I think so certainly; yet all my means, Sir,  
Even to the hazard of my life——

*Suet.* No more:

We must not seem to mourn here.

*Enter Decius.*

*Dec.* There's a breach made;

Is it your will we charge, Sir?

*Suet.* Once more, mercy,

Mercy to all that yield!

*Bond.* I scorn to answer;

Speak to him, girl, and hear thy sister.

*1 Daugh.* General,

Hear

Hare me, and mark me well, and look upon me,  
 Directly in my face, my woman's face,  
 Whose only beauty is the hate it bears ye;  
 See with thy narrowest eyes, thy sharpest wishes,  
 Into my soul, and see what there inhabits;  
 See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,  
 One paleness dare appear but from my anger,  
 To lay hold on your mercies. No, ye fools,  
 Poor fortune's fools, we were not born for triumphs,  
 To follow your gay sports, and fill your slaves  
 With hoots and acclamations.

*Pet.* Brave behaviour!

*Daugh.* The children of as great as Rome, as noble,  
 Our names before her, and our deeds her envy,  
 Must we gild o'er your conquest, make your state,  
 That is not fairly strong, but fortunate?  
 No, no, ye Romans, we have ways to scape ye,  
 To make ye poor again, indeed our prisoners,  
 And stick our triumphs full.

*Pet.* 'Sdeath, I shall love her.

*Daugh.* To torture ye with suffering, like our slaves;  
 To make ye curse our patience, wish the world  
 Were lost again, to win us only, and esteem  
 The end of all ambitions.

*Bond.* Do ye wonder?

We'll make our monuments in spite of fortune;  
 In spite of all your eagles' wings, we'll work  
 A pitch above ye; and from our height we'll stoop  
 As fearless of your bloody soars, and fortunate,  
 As if we prey'd on heartless doves.

*Suet.* Strange stiffness!

*Decius,* go charge the breach. [*Exit Decius.*]

*Bond.* Charge it home, Roman;  
 We shall deceive thee else. Where's Nennius?

*Enter Nennius.*

*Nen.* They've made a mighty breach.

*Bond.* Stick in thy body,  
 And make it good but half an hour.

*Nen.*



*Nen.* I'll do it.

*1 Daugh.* And then be sure to die.

*Nen.* It shall go hard else.

*Bond.* Farewell, with all my heart! We shall meet  
yonder,

Where few of these must come.

*Nen.* Gods take thee, lady! [Exit *Nennius.*

*Bond.* Bring up the swords, and poison.

*Enter one with swords and a great cup.*

*2 Daugh.* Oh, my fortune!

*Bond.* How, how, ye whore?

*2 Daugh.* Good mother, nothing to offend you.

*Bond.* Here, wench.

Behold us, Romans!

*Suet.* Mercy yet.

*Bond.* No talking!

Puff! there goes all your pity. Come, short prayers,  
And let's dispatch the business! You begin;  
Shrink not, I'll see you do't.

*2 Daugh.* Oh, gentle mother!

Oh, Romans! oh, my heart! I dare not.

*Suet.* Woman, woman,

Unnatural woman!

*2 Daugh.* Oh, persuade her, Romans!

Alas, I'm young, and would live. Noble mother,  
Can ye kill that ye gave life? Are my years  
Fit for destruction?

*Suet.* Yield, and be a queen still,  
A mother, and a friend.

*Bond.* Ye talk!—Come, hold it,  
And put it home.

*1 Daugh.* Fy, sister, fy!  
What would you live to be?

*Bond.* A whore still?

*2 Daugh.* Mercy!

*Suet.* Hear her, thou wretched woman!

*2 Daugh.* Mercy, mother!

Oh, whither will you send me? I was once

Your darling, your delight.

*Bond.* Oh, gods! fear in my family?

Do it, and nobly.

*2 Daugh.* Oh, do not frown then.

*1 Daugh.* Do it, worthy sifter;

'Tis nothing; 'tis a pleasure: We'll go with you.

*2 Daugh.* Oh, if I knew but whither!

*1 Daugh.* To the blessed;

Where we shall meet our father——

*Suet.* Woman!

*Bond.* Talk not.

*1 Daugh.* Where nothing but true joy is——

*Bond.* That's a good wench!

Mine own sweet girl! put it close to thee.

*2 Daugh.* Oh,

Comfort me still, for Heav'n's sake.

*1 Daugh.* Where eternal

Our youths are, and our beauties; where no wars  
come,

Nor lustful slaves to ravish us.

*2 Daugh.* That steels me;

A long farewell to this world!

[*Dies.*

*Bond.* Good; I'll help thee.

*1 Daugh.* The next is mine. Shew me a Roman  
lady

In all your stories, dare do this for her honour;

They are cowards, eat coals like compell'd cats:

Your great saint, Lucrece,

Died not for honour; Tarquin tupt her well,

And, mad she could not hold him, bled.

*Pet.* By Heaven,

I am in love! I'd give an hundred pound now

But to lie with this woman's behaviour. Oh, the devil!

*1 Daugh.* Ye shall see me example: All your Rome,  
If I were proud and lov'd ambition,

If I were lustful, all your ways of pleasure,

If I were greedy, all the wealth ye conquer——

*Bond.* Make haste.

*1 Daugh.* I will.—Could not entice to live,

But

But two short hours, this frailty. Would ye learn  
How to die bravely, Romans, to fling off  
This case of flesh, lose all your cares for ever?  
Live as we have done, well, and fear the gods;  
Hunt honour, and not nations, with your swords;  
Keep your minds humble, your devotions high;  
So shall ye learn the noblest part, to die. [*Dies.*

*Bond.* I come, wench.—To ye all, Fate's hangmen, you  
That ease the aged destinies, and cut  
The threads of kingdoms as they draw 'em! here,  
Here is a draught would ask no less than Cæsar  
To pledge it for the glory's sake!

*Cur.* Great lady!

*Suet.* Make up your own conditions.

*Bond.* So we will.

*Suet.* Stay!

*Dem.* Stay!

*Suet.* Be any thing.

*Bond.* A faint, Suetonius,  
When thou shalt fear, and die like a slave. Ye fools,  
Ye should have tied up death first, when ye conquer'd;  
Ye sweat for us in vain else: See him here,  
He's ours still, and our friend; laughs at your pities;  
And we command him with as easy reins  
As do our enemies.—I feel the poison.—  
Poor vanquish'd Romans, with what matchless tortures  
Could I now rack ye! But I pity ye,  
Desiring to die quiet: Nay, so much  
I hate to prosecute my victory,  
That I will give ye counsel ere I die:  
If you will keep your laws and empire whole,  
Place in your Roman flesh a Briton soul. [*Dies.*

*Enter Decius.*

*Suet.* Desperate and strange!

*Dec.* 'Tis won, Sir, and the Britons  
All put to th' sword.

*Suet.* Give her fair funeral;  
She was truly noble, and a queen.

*Pet.* Pox take it,

A love-mange grown upon me? What a spirit!

*Jun.* I'm glad of this! I've found you.

*Pet.* In my belly,

Oh, how it tumbles!

*Jun.* Ye good gods, I thank ye!

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Caratach upon a rock, and Hengo by him sleeping.*

*Car.* **T**HUS we afflicted Britons climb for safeties,  
And to avoid our dangers, seek destructions;  
Thus we awake to sorrows. Oh, thou woman,  
Thou agent for adversities, what curses  
This day belong to thy improvidence!  
To Britaine, by thy means, what sad millions  
Of widows' weeping eyes! The strong man's valour  
Thou hast betray'd to fury, the child's fortune  
To fear, and want of friends; whose pieties  
Might wipe his mournings off, and build his sorrows  
A house of rest by his bless'd ancestors:  
The virgins thou hast robb'd of all their wishes,  
Blasted their blowing hopes, turned their songs,  
Their mirthful marriage-songs, to funerals;  
The land th' hast left a wilderness of wretches.—  
The boy begins to stir; thy safety made,  
'Would my soul were in Heav'n!

*Hengo.* Oh, noble uncle,  
Look out; I dream'd we were betray'd.

*Car.* No harm, boy; [*A soft dead march within.*]  
'Tis but thy emptiness that breeds these fancies:  
Thou shalt have meat anon.

*Hengo.* A little, uncle,  
And I shall hold out bravely.—What are those,  
(Look, uncle, look!) those multitudes that march there?  
They come upon us stealing by.

*Car.*

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*Car.* I see 'em ;

And prithee be not fearful.

*Hengo.* Now you hate me ;

'Would I were dead !

*Car.* Thou know'st I love thee dearly.

*Hengo.* Did I e'er shrink yet, uncle ? Were I a man  
now,

I should be angry with you.

*Enter Drufius, Regulus, and Soldiers, with Penius's  
bearse, drums and colours.*

*Car.* My sweet chicken !—

See, they have reach'd us ; and, as it seems, they bear  
Some soldier's body, by their solemn gestures,

And sad solemnities ; it well appears too

To be of eminence.—Most worthy soldiers,

Let me entreat your knowledge to inform me

What noble body that is which you bear

With such a sad and ceremonious grief,

As if ye meant to wooe the world and Nature

To be in love with death ? Most honourable

Excellent Romans, by your ancient valours,

As ye love fame, resolve me !

*Sold.* 'Tis the body

Of the great captain Penius, by himself

Made cold and spiritless.

*Car.* Oh, stay, ye Romans,

By the religion which ye owe those gods

That lead ye on to victories ! by those glories

Which made even pride a virtue in ye !

*Druf.* Stay.

What's thy will, Caratach ?

*Car.* Set down the body,

The body of the noblest of all Romans ;

As ye expect an offering at your graves.

From your friends' sorrows, set it down awhile,

That with your griefs an enemy may mingle,

(A noble enemy, that loves a soldier)

And lend a tear to Virtue ! Ev'n your foes,

Your wild foes, as you call'd us, are yet stor'd  
 With fair affections, our hearts fresh, our spirits,  
 Tho' sometime stubborn, yet, when Virtue dies,  
 Soft and relenting as a virgin's prayers :  
 Oh, set it down !

*Druf.* Set down the body, soldiers.

*Car.* Thou hallow'd relick, thou rich diamond  
 Cut with thine own dust ; thou for whose wide fame  
 The world appears too narrow, man's all thoughts,  
 Had they all tongues, too silent ; thus I bow  
 To thy most honour'd ashes ! Tho' an enemy,  
 Yet friend to all thy worths, sleep peaceably ;  
 Happiness crown thy soul, and in thy earth  
 Some laurel fix his seat, there grow and flourish,  
 And make thy grave an everlasting triumph !  
 Farewell all glorious wars, now thou art gone,  
 And honest arms adieu ! All noble battles,  
 Maintain'd in thirst of honour, not of blood,  
 Farewell for ever !

*Hengo.* Was this Roman, uncle,  
 So good a man ?

*Car.* Thou never knew'st thy father.

*Hengo.* He died 'fore I was born.

*Car.* This worthy Roman  
 Was such another piece of endless honour,  
 Such a brave soul dwelt in him ; their proportions  
 And faces were not much unlike, boy. Excellent nature !  
 See how it works into his eyes ! mine own boy !

*Hengo.* The multitudes of these men, and their  
 fortunes,  
 Could never make me fear yet ; one man's goodness—

*Car.* Oh, now thou pleasest me ; weep still, my child,  
 As if thou saw'st me dead ! with such a flux  
 Or flood of sorrow, still thou pleasest me.  
 And, worthy soldiers, pray receive these pledges,  
 These hatchments of our griefs, and grace us so much  
 To place 'em on his hearse. Now, if ye please,  
 Bear off the noble burden ; raise his pile  
 High as Olympus, making Heav'n to wonder

To see a star upon earth out-shining theirs :  
 And ever-loved, ever-living be  
 Thy honour'd and most sacred memory !

*Druf.* Thou hast done honestly, good Caratach ;  
 And when thou diëst, a thousand virtuous Romans  
 Shall sing thy soul to Heaven. Now march on, soldiers.  
 [*Exeunt. A dead march.*]

*Car.* Now dry thine eyes, my boy.

*Hengo.* Are they all gone ?  
 I could have wept this hour yet.

*Car.* Come, take cheer,  
 And raise thy spirit, child ; if but this day  
 Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the night coming  
 I'll fashion our escape.

*Hengo.* Pray fear not me ;  
 Indeed I'm very hearty.

*Car.* Be so still ;  
 His mischiefs lessen, that controls his ill. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Petillius.*

*Pet.* What do I ail, i' th' name of Heav'n ? I did but  
 see her,  
 And see her die ; she stinks by this time strongly,  
 Abominably stinks. She was a woman,  
 A thing I never car'd for ; but to die so,  
 So confidently, bravely, strongly—Oh, the devil,  
 I have the bots ! by Heaven, she scorn'd us strangely,  
 All we could do, or durst do ; threaten'd us  
 With such a noble anger, and so govern'd  
 With such a fiery spirit—The plain bots<sup>56</sup> !  
 A pox upon the bots, the love-bots ! Hang me,  
 Hang me ev'n out o' th' way, directly hang me !  
 Oh, penny pipers, and most painful penners  
 Of bountiful new ballads, what a subject,  
 What a sweet subject for your silver sounds,

<sup>56</sup> *Bots.*] See note 50 on the Humourous Lieutenant.

Is crept upon ye<sup>57</sup>!

*Enter Junius.*

*Jun.* Here is he; have at him! [Sings.

She set the sword unto her breast,  
Great pity it was to see,  
That three drops of her life-warm blood,  
Run trickling down her knee.

Art thou there, bonny boy? And i'faith how dost thou?

*Pet.* Well, gramercy; how dost thou? H'as found me,  
Scented me out; the shame the devil ow'd me,  
H'as kept his day with. And what news, Junius?

*Jun.* It was an old tale ten thousand times told,  
Of a young lady was turn'd into mould,  
Her life it was lovely, her death it was bold.

*Pet.* A cruel rogue! now he has drawn pursuitt on me<sup>58</sup>,  
He hunts me like a devil. No more singing!  
Th'haft got a cold: Come, let's go drink some sack,  
boy.

*Jun.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Pet.* Why dost thou laugh?  
What mare's nest hast thou found?

*Jun.* Ha, ha, ha!  
I cannot laugh alone: Decius! Demetrius!  
Curius! oh, my sides! ha, ha, ha, ha!  
The strangest jest!

*Pet.* Prithee no more.

*Jun.* The admirablest fooling!

*Pet.* Thou art the prettiest fellow!

*Jun.* Sirs!

*Pet.* Why, Junius,  
Prithee away, sweet Junius!

*Jun.* Let me sing then.

<sup>57</sup> *Crept upon ye.*] Sympfon calls this nonsense, and reads, *crept upon me*; for, says he, 'Love was not crept upon *them*, but *himself*.' Petillius means, 'What a sweet subject is fallen in *your* way.'

<sup>58</sup> *H'as drawn pursue IT on me.*] What strange stuff is this? By a small change of letters and a comma, I hope I have restor'd this place to its ancient purity. *Seward.*

First folio says, *now h'has drawn pursue on me.*

*Pet.*



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*Pet.* Whoa, here's a stir now! Sing a song o' sixpence!  
By Heaven, if—prithee—pox on't, Junius!

*Jun.* I must either sing or laugh.

*Pet.* And what's your reason?

*Jun.* What's that to you?

*Pet.* And I must whistle.

*Jun.* Do so.

Oh, I hear 'em coming.

*Pet.* I've a little business.

*Jun.* Thou shalt not go, believe it: What! a  
gentleman

Of thy sweet conversation?

*Pet.* Captain Junius,

Sweet captain, let me go with all celerity!

Things are not always one; and do not question,  
Nor jeer, nor gibe: None of your doleful ditties,  
Nor your sweet conversation; you will find then  
I may be anger'd.

*Jun.* By no means, Petillius;  
Anger a man that never knew passion?  
'Tis most impossible: A noble captain,  
A wise and generous gentleman?

*Pet.* Tom Puppy,  
Leave this way to abuse me: I have found you,  
But, for your mother's sake, I will forgive you.  
Your subtle understanding may discover,  
As you think, some trim toy to make you merry,  
Some straw to tickle you; but do not trust to't;  
You're a young man, and may do well; be sober,  
Carry yourself discreetly.

*Enter Decius, Demetrius, and Curius.*

*Jun.* Yes, forsooth.

*Dem.* How does the brave Petillius?

*Jun.* Monstrous merry.

We two were talking what a kind of thing  
I was when I was in love; what a strange monster  
For little boys and girls to wonder at;  
How like a fool I look'd!

*Dec.*

*Dec.* So they do-all,  
Like great dull flaving fools.

*Jun.* Petillius saw too.

*Pet.* No more of this; 'tis scurvy; peace!

*Jun.* How nastily,  
Indeed how beastly, all I did became me!  
How I forgot to blow my nose! There he stands,  
An honest and a wise man; if himself  
(I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)  
Should find himself in love——

*Pet.* I'm angry.

*Jun.* Surely  
His wife self would hang his beastly self;  
His understanding self so mawl his ass self——

*Dec.* He's bound to do it; for he knows the follies,  
The poverties, and baseness, that belongs to't;  
H'has read upon the reformations long.

*Pet.* He has so.

*Jun.* 'Tis true, and he must do't: Nor is it fit indeed  
Any such coward——

*Pet.* You'll leave prating?

*Jun.* Should dare  
Come near the regiments, especially  
Those curious puppies (for believe there are such):  
That only love behaviours: Those are dog-whelps,  
Dwindle away because a woman dies well;  
Commit with passions only; fornicate  
With the free spirit merely. You, Petillius,  
For you have long observ'd the world——

*Pet.* Dost thou hear?

I'll beat thee damnably within these three hours!  
Go pray; may be I'll kill thee. Farewell, Jack-daws!

*Dec.* What a strange thing he's grown! [*Exit Pet.*]

*Jun.* I'm glad he is so;  
And stranger he shall be before I leave him.

*Cur.* Is't possible her mere death——

*Jun.* I observ'd him,  
And found him taken, infinitely taken,  
With her bravery; I have follow'd him,

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And seen him kifs his sword since, court his scabbard,  
 Call *dying* dainty dear, her *brave mind* mistress;  
 Casting a thousand ways to give those forms,  
 That he might lie with 'em, and get old armours.  
 He had got me o'th' hip once; it shall go hard, friends,  
 But he shall find his own coin.

*Enter Macer.*

*Dec.* How now, Macer?  
 Is Judas yet come in?

*Enter Judas.*

*Macer.* Yes, and has lost  
 Most of his men too. Here he is.

*Cur.* What news?

*Jun.* I've lodg'd him; rouse him, he that dares!

*Dem.* Where, Judas?

*Judas.* On a steep rock i'th' woods, the boy too  
 with him;

And there he swears he'll keep his Christmas, gentlemen,  
 But he will come away with full conditions,  
 Bravely, and like a Briton. He paid part of us;  
 Yet I think we fought bravely: For mine own part,  
 I was four several times at half-sword with him,  
 Twice stood his partizan; but the plain truth is,  
 He's a mere devil, and no man. I'th' end, he swing'd us,  
 And swing'd us soundly too: He fights by witchcraft;  
 Yet for all that I saw him lodg'd.

*Jun.* Take more men,  
 And scout him round. Macer, march you along.  
 What victuals has he?

*Judas.* Not a piece of biscuit,  
 Not so much as will stop a tooth, nor water  
 More than they make themselves: They lie  
 Just like a brace of bear-whelps, close, and crafty,  
 Sucking their fingers for their food.

*Dec.* Cut off then  
 All hope of that way; take sufficient forces.

*Jun.* But use no foul play, on your lives! that man  
 That does him mischief by deceit, I'll kill him.

*Macer.* He shall have fair play; he deserves it.

*Judas.*

*Judas.* Hark ye!

What should I do there then? You are brave captains,  
Most valiant men: Go up yourselves; use virtue;  
See what will come on't; pray the gentleman  
To come down, and be taken. Ye all know him,  
I think ye've felt him too: There ye shall find him,  
His sword by's side, plums of a pound weight by him,  
Will make your chops ache: You'll find it a more labour  
To win him living, than climbing of a crow's nest.

*Dec.* Away, and compass him; we shall come up  
I'm sure within these two hours. Watch him close.

*Macer.* He shall flee thro' the air, if he escape us.

*Jun.* What's this loud lamentation? [*Sad noise within.*]

*Macer.* The dead body

Of the great Penius is new come to th' camp, Sir.

*Dem.* Dead?

*Macer.* By himself, they say.

*Jun.* I fear'd that fortune.

*Cur.* Peace guide him up to Heaven!

*Jun.* Away, good Macer. [*Exe. Macer and Judas.*]

*Enter Suetonius, Drusius, Regulus, and Petillius.*

*Suet.* If thou be'st guilty,  
Some fullen plague, thou hat'st most, light upon thee!  
The regiment return on Junius;  
He well deserves it.

*Pet.* So!

*Suet.* Draw out three companies,  
(Yours, Decius, Junius, and thou, Petillius)  
And make up instantly to Caratach;  
He's in the wood before ye: We shall follow,  
After due ceremony done to th' dead,  
The noble dead. Come, let's go burn the body.

[*Exeunt all but Petillius.*]

*Pet.* The regiment giv'n from me? disgrac'd openly?  
In love too with a trifle to abuse me?

A merry world, a fine world! serv'd seven years  
To be an ass o' both sides? sweet Petillius,  
You've brought your hogs to a fine market! You are  
wife, Sir,

Your

Your honourable brain-pan full of crotchets,  
 An understanding gentleman; your projects  
 Cast with assurance ever! Wouldst not thou now  
 Be bang'd about the pate, Petillius?  
 Answer to that, sweet soldier! surely, surely,  
 I think you would; pull'd by the nose, kick'd?  
 Hang thee,  
 Thou art the arrant'st rascal! Trust thy wisdom  
 With any thing of weight? the wind with feathers!  
 Out, you blind puppy! you command? you govern?  
 Dig for a groat a-day, or serve a swine-herd,  
 Too noble for thy nature too!—I must up;  
 But what I shall do there, let time discover. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Macer and Judas, with meat and a bottle.*

*Macer.* Hang it o'th' side o'th' rock, as tho' the Britons  
 Stole hither to relieve him: Who first ventures  
 To fetch it off, is ours. I cannot see him.

*Judas.* He lies close in a hole above, I know it,  
 Gnawing upon his anger. Ha! no; 'tis not he.

*Macer.* 'Tis but the shaking of the boughs.

*Judas.* Pox shake 'em!  
 I'm sure they shake me soundly.—There!

*Macer.* 'Tis nothing.

*Judas.* Make no noise; if he stir, a deadly tempest  
 Of huge stones falls upon's. 'Tis done! away, close!  
 [Exeunt.

*Enter Caratach.*

*Car.* Sleep still, sleep sweetly, child; 'tis all thou  
 feed'st on!

No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity,  
 To bring thee food? Poor knave, thou'rt sick, ex-  
 treme sick,

Almost grown wild for meat; and yet thy goodness  
 Will not confess, nor shew it. All the woods  
 Are double lin'd with soldiers; no way left us  
 To make a noble 'scape. I'll sit down by thee,

And,

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And, when thou wak'st, either get meat to save thee,  
Or lose my life i' th' purchase; good Gods comfort thee!

*Enter Junius, Decius, Petillius, and Guide.*

*Guide.* You are not far off now, Sir.

*Jun.* Draw the companies

The closest way thro' the woods; we'll keep on this  
way.

*Guide.* I will, Sir: Half a furlong more you'll come  
Within the sight o'th' rock. Keep on the left side;  
You'll be discover'd else: I'll lodge your companies  
In the wild vines beyond ye.

*Dec.* Do you mark him?

*Jun.* Yes, and am sorry for him.

*Pet.* Junius,

Pray let me speak two words with you.

*Jun.* Walk afore;

I'll overtake you straight.

*Dec.* I will.

[*Exit.*

*Jun.* Now, captain?

*Pet.* You have oft told me, you have lov'd me, Junius.

*Jun.* Most sure I told you truth then.

*Pet.* And that love

Should not deny me any honest thing.

*Jun.* It shall not.

*Pet.* Dare you swear it?

I have forgot all passages between us

That have been ill, forgiven too; forget you<sup>59</sup>.

*Jun.* What would this man have?—By the Gods,  
I do, Sir,

So it be fit to grant you.

*Pet.* 'Tis most honest.

*Jun.* Why, then I'll do it.

*Pet.* Kill me.

*Jun.* How!

*Pet.* Pray kill me.

*Jun.* Kill you?

*Pet.* Ay, kill me quickly, suddenly;  
Now kill me.

<sup>59</sup> Forgot you.] Antended in 1750.

*Jun.*

*Jun.* On what reason? You amaze me!

*Pet.* If you do love me, kill me; ask me not why:  
I would be kill'd, and by you.

*Jun.* Mercy on me!

What ails this man? Petillius!

*Pet.* Pray you dispatch me;  
You are not safe whilst I live: I am dangerous,  
Troubled extremely, ev'n to mischief, Junius,  
An enemy to all good men. Fear not; 'tis justice;  
I shall kill you else.

*Jun.* Tell me but the cause,  
And I will do it.

*Pet.* I'm disgrac'd, my service  
Slighted and unrewarded by the general,  
My hopes left wild and naked; besides these,  
I'm grown ridiculous, an ass, a folly,  
I dare not trust myself with: Prithee, kill me!

*Jun.* All these may be redeem'd as easily  
As you would heal your finger.

*Pet.* Nay——

*Jun.* Stay, I'll do it;  
You shall not need your anger. But first, Petillius,  
You shall unarm yourself; I dare not trust  
A man so bent to mischief.

*Pet.* There's my sword,  
And do it handsomely.

*Jun.* Yes, I will kill you,  
Believe that certain; but first I'll lay before you  
The most extreme fool you have play'd in this,  
The honour purpos'd for you, the great honour  
The general intended you.

*Pet.* How?

*Jun.* And then I'll kill you,  
Because you shall die miserable. Know, Sir,  
The regiment was giv'n me, but 'till time  
Call'd you to do some worthy deed, might stop  
The peoples' ill thoughts of you for lord Penius,  
I mean his death. How soon this time's come to you,  
And hasted by Suetonius! Go, says he,  
Junius and Decius, and go thou, Petillius,

(Distinctly,

368 THE TRAGEDY OF BONDUCA.

(Distinctly, *thou, Petillius*) and draw up,  
 To take stout Caratach; there's the deed purpos'd,  
 A deed to take off all faults, of all natures:  
 And *thou, Petillius*, mark it! there's the honour;  
 And that done, all made even.

*Pet.* Stay!

*Jun.* No, I'll kill you.

He knew thee absolute, and full in soldier,  
 Daring beyond all dangers, found thee out  
 According to the boldness of thy spirit,  
 A subject, such a subject——

*Pet.* Hark you, Junius!

I will live now.

*Jun.* By no means.—Woo'd thy worth,  
 Held thee by the chin up, as thou funk'st, and shew'd  
 thee

How Honour held her arms out. Come, make ready,  
 Since you will die an ass.

*Pet.* Thou wilt not kill me?

*Jun.* By Heaven, but I will, Sir. I'll have no man  
 dangerous

Live to destroy me afterward. Besides, you have gotten  
 Honour enough; let young men rise now. Nay,  
 I do perceive too by the general, (which is  
 One main cause you shall die, how'er he carry it)  
 Such a strong doting on you, that I fear  
 You shall command in chief; how are we paid then?  
 Come, if you'll pray, dispatch it.

*Pet.* Is there no way?

*Jun.* Not any way to live.

*Pet.* I will do any thing,  
 Redeem myself at any price: Good Junius,  
 Let me but die upon the rock, but offer  
 My life up like a soldier!

*Jun.* You will seek then  
 To out-do every man.

*Pet.* Believe it, Junius,  
 You shall go stroke by stroke with me.

*Jun.* You'll leave off too,  
 As you are noble, and a soldier,



For ever these mad fancies.

*Pet.* Dare you trust me?

By all that's good and honest——

*Jun.* There's your sword then;

And now, come on a new man: Virtue guide thee! [*Exe.*]

*Enter Caratach and Hengo, on the rock.*

*Car.* Courage, my boy! I have found meat: Look,  
Hengo,

Look where some blessed Briton, to preserve thee,  
Has hung a little food and drink: Cheer up, boy;  
Do not forsake me now!

*Hengo.* Oh, uncle, uncle,  
I feel I cannot stay long; yet I'll fetch it,  
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I'm heart-whole,  
And would live.

*Car.* Thou shalt, long I hope.

*Hengo.* But my head, uncle!  
Methinks the rock goes round.

*Enter Macer and Judas.*

*Macer.* Mark 'em well, Judas.

*Judas.* Peace, as you love your life!

*Hengo.* Do not you hear  
The noise of bells?

*Car.* Of bells, boy? 'Tis thy fancy;  
Alas, thy body's full of wind.

*Hengo.* Methinks, Sir,  
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation  
To some near funeral of state: Nay, weep not,  
Mine own sweet uncle! you will kill me sooner.

*Car.* Oh, my poor chicken!

*Hengo.* Fy, faint-hearted uncle!  
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.

*Car.* I'll go myself, boy.

*Hengo.* No, as you love me, uncle!  
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;  
The danger only I desire; pray tie me.

*Car.* I will, and all my care hang o'er thee! Come, child,  
My valiant child!

*Hengo.* Let me down apace, uncle,

And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it  
From all their policies; for 'tis most certain  
A Roman train: And you must hold me sure too,  
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, uncle,  
We'll be as merry——

*Car.* Go, i' th' name of Heav'n, boy!

*Hengo.* Quick, quick, uncle! I have it.—Oh!

*Car.* What ail'st thou? [*Judas shoots Hengo.*]

*Hengo.* Oh, my best uncle, I am slain!

*Car.* I see you, [*Car. kills Judas with a stone.*]

And Heav'n direct my hand!—Destruction  
Go with thy coward soul!—How dost thou, boy?—  
Oh, villain, pocky villain!

*Hengo.* Oh, uncle, uncle,

Oh, how it pricks me (am I preserv'd for this?)  
Extremely pricks me!

*Car.* Coward, rascal coward!

Dogs eat thy flesh!

*Hengo.* Oh, I bleed hard; I faint too; out upon't,  
How sick I am!—The lean rogue, uncle!

*Car.* Look, boy;

I've laid him sure enough.

*Hengo.* Have you knock'd his brains out?

*Car.* I warrant thee for stirring more: Cheer up, child.

*Hengo.* Hold my sides hard; stop, stop, oh, wretched  
fortune,

Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, uncle.

*Car.* Heaven look upon this noble child!

*Hengo.* I once hop'd.

I should have liv'd to have met these bloody Romans  
At my sword's point, to have reveng'd my father,  
To have beaten 'em. Oh, hold me hard! But, uncle—

*Car.* Thou shalt live still I hope, boy. Shall I draw it?

*Hengo.* You draw away my soul then; I would live  
A little longer, (spare me, Heavens!) but only  
To thank you for your tender love! Good uncle,  
Good noble uncle, weep not!

*Car.* Oh, my chicken,

My dear boy, what shall I lose?

*Hengo.* Why, a child,

That must have died however; had this 'scap'd me,  
Fever or famine——I was born to die, Sir.

*Car.* But thus unblown, my boy?

*Hengo.* I go the straighter

My journey to the gods. Sure I shall know you  
When you come, uncle?

*Car.* Yes, boy.

*Hengo.* And I hope

We shall enjoy together that great blessedness  
You told me of.

*Car.* Most certain, child.

*Hengo.* I grow cold;

Mine eyes are going.

*Car.* Lift 'em up!

*Hengo.* Pray for me;

And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,  
Think of your little nephew! Mercy!

*Car.* Mercy!

You blessed angels, take him!

*Hengo.* Kifs me! fo.

Farewell, farewell!

[*Dies.*]

*Car.* Farewell the hopes of Britain!

Thou royal graft, farewell forever!—Time and Death,  
Ye've done your worst. Fortune, now see, now proudly  
Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph: Look,  
Look what th' hast brought this land to. Oh, fair flower,  
How lovely yet thy ruins shew, how sweetly  
Ev'n death embraces thee! The peace of Heaven,  
The fellowship of all great souls, be with thee!

*Enter Petillius and Junius on the rock.*

Ha! Dare ye, Romans? Ye shall win me bravely.

Thou'rt mine!

[*Fight.*]

*Jun.* Not yet, Sir.

*Car.* Breathe ye, ye poor Romans,

And come up all, with all your antient valours;  
Like a rough wind I'll shake your souls, and send 'em—

*Enter Suetonius, and all the Roman captains.*

*Suet.* Yield thee, bold Caratach! By all the gods;  
As I am soldier, as I envy thee,

I'll use thee like thyself, the valiant Briton.

*Pet.* Brave soldier, yield, thou stock of arms and honour,

Thou filler of the world with fame and glory !

*Jun.* Most worthy man, we'll wooe thee, be thy prisoners.

*Suet.* Excellent Briton, do me but that honour, That more to me than conquests, that true happiness, To be my friend !

*Car.* Oh, Romans, see what here is !  
Had this boy liv'd——

*Suet.* For Fame's sake, for thy sword's sake,  
As thou desir'st to build thy virtues greater !  
By all that's excellent in man, and honest——

*Car.* I do believe. Ye've had me a brave foe ;  
Make me a noble friend, and from your goodness,  
Give this boy honourable earth to lie in !

*Suet.* He shall have fitting funeral.

*Car.* I yield then ;  
Not to your blows, but your brave courtesies.

*Pet.* Thus we conduct then to the arms of peace.  
The wonder of the world !

*Suet.* Thus I embrace thee ; [Flourish.]  
And let it be no flatt'ry that I tell thee,  
Thou art the only soldier !

*Car.* How to thank ye,  
I must hereafter find upon your usage.  
I am for Rome ?

*Suet.* You must.

*Car.* Then Rome shall know  
The man that makes her spring of glory grow.

*Suet.* Petillius, you have shewn much worth this day,  
Redeem'd much error ; you have my love again ;  
Preserve it. Junius, with you I make him  
Equal in the regiment.

*Jun.* The elder and the nobler ;  
I will give place, Sir.

*Suet.* You shew a friend's soul.  
March on, and thro' the camp, in every tongue,  
The virtues of great Caratach be sung ! [Exeunt.]

THE KNIGHT OF THE  
BURNING PESTLE.

---

*Quod si  
Judicium subtile, videndis artibus illud  
Ad libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares:  
Bæotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.*

Horat. in Epist. ad Oct. Aug.

---

*This Play was first printed in quarto, in the year 1613. The title-page, edit. 1635, ascribes it to both Authors: The preface and the prologue, however, attribute it to one only. Langbaine says, it was in vogue some years since, being revived at the King's House, and a new prologue, instead of the old one in prose, spoken by Mrs. Ellen Guin. He likewise conjectures, that the idea of bringing the Citizen and his Wife upon the stage was in imitation of Ben Jonson's Staple of News. We do not know of any revival of it since the time Langbaine mentions above.*

TO THE READERS OF THIS  
COMEDY.

**G**ENTLEMEN, the world is so nice in these our times, that for apparel there is no fashion; for musick (which is a rare art, though now slighted) no instrument; for diet, none but the French *quelque chose* that are delicate; and for plays, no invention but that which now runneth an invective way, touching some particular persons, or else it is contemned before it is thoroughly understood. This is all that I have to say, That the Author had no intent to wrong any one in this Comedy; but, as a merry passage, here and there interlaced it with delight, which he hopes will please all, and be hurtful to none.

P R O L O G U E.

WHERE the bee can suck no honey, she leaves her sting behind; and where the bear cannot find *origanum* to heal his grief, he blasteth all other leaves with his breath. We fear, it is like to fare so with us; that seeing you cannot draw from our labours sweet content, you leave behind you a sour mislike, and with open reproach blame our good meaning, because you cannot reap the wonted mirth. Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, not outward lightness; and to breed (if it might be) soft smiling, not loud laughing; knowing it, to the wise, to be a great pleasure to hear counsel mixed with wit, as, to the foolish, to have sport mingled with rudeness. They were banished the theatre of Athens, and from Rome hissed, that brought parasites on the stage with apish actions, or fools with uncivil habits, or courtezans with immodest words. We have endeavoured to be as far from unseemly speeches, to make your ears glow, as we hope you will be free from unkind reports, or mistaking the author's intention, who never aimed at any one particular in this play, to make our cheeks blush. And thus I leave it, and thee to thine own censure, to like or dislike.

*Vale* <sup>1</sup>.

---

<sup>1</sup> *And thus I leave it, &c.*] These words seem more addressed to the reader than *spectator*, to whom this Address rather would apply as an *epilogue*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Speaker of the Prologue.

Citizen.

Ralph, *his apprentice*, the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

Merchant, *father of Luce*.

Jasper, *his apprentice*.

Master Humphrey, *a foolish suitor to Luce*.

Old Merrythought, *father of Jasper and Michael*.

Michael, *favourite son of Mrs. Merrythought*.

Tim, *acting as squire* } *to Ralph*.

George, *acting as dwarf* }

Hoft.

Barber.

Tapster.

*Three supposed Knights*.

Sergeant.

Soldiers.

Boy.

W O M E N.

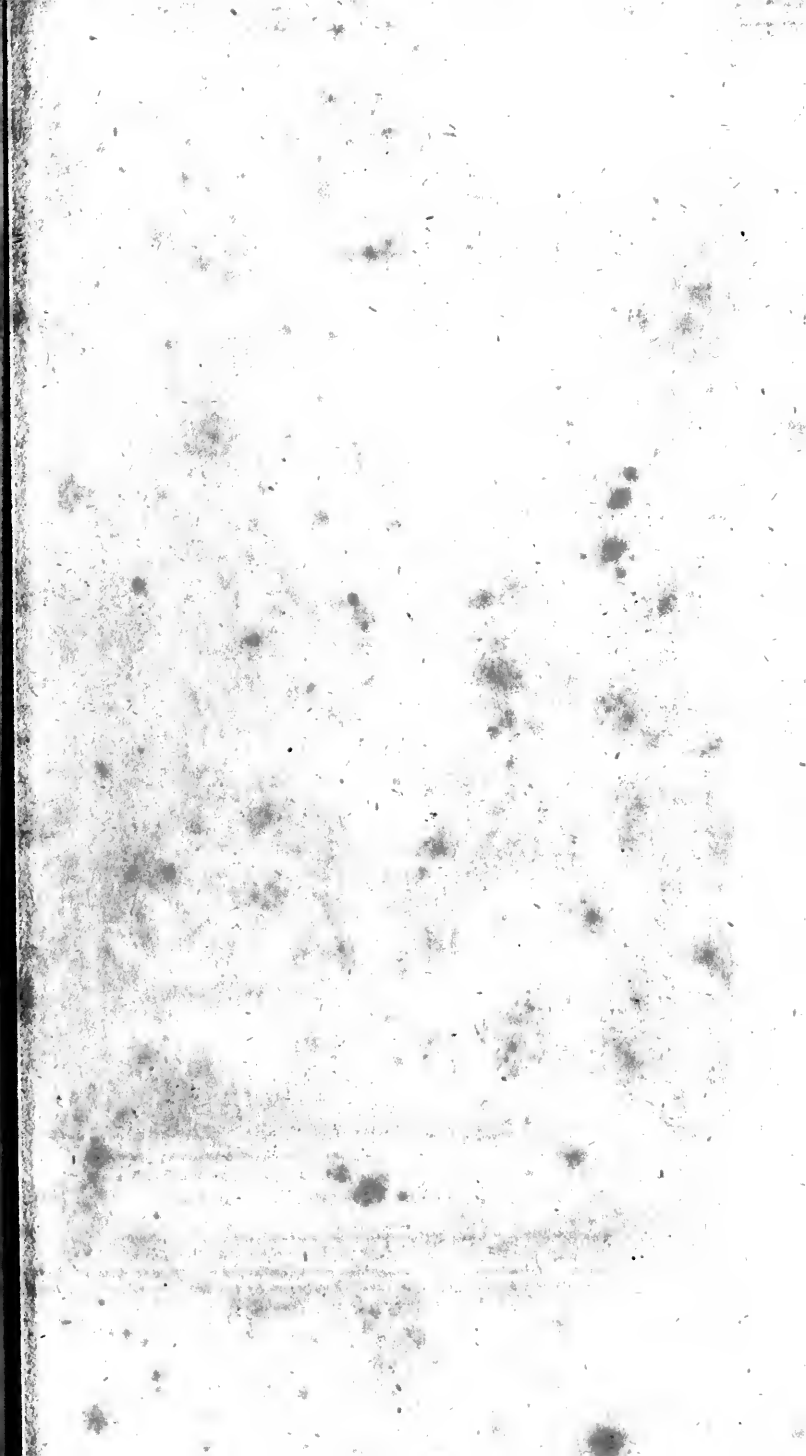
*Wife to the Citizen*.

Luce, *beloved of and loving Jasper*.

Mrs. Merrythought.

*Woman captive*.





THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.



Ralph. *Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been us'd,  
That I may give him condign punishment.*  
I Knight. *I am a Knight* — *Act III.*

# THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

*Enter Speaker of the Prologue.*

*Prologue.* FROM all that's near the court, from  
all that's great  
Within the compass of the city-walls,  
We now have brought our scene——

*Enter Citizen.*

*Cit.* Hold your peace, goodman boy!

*Prol.* What do you mean, Sir?

*Cit.* That you have no good meaning: This seven years there hath been plays at this house, I have observ'd it, you have still girds at citizens; and now you call your play, 'The London Merchant.' Down with your title, boy, down with your title!

*Prol.* Are you a member of the noble city?

*Cit.* I am.

*Prol.* And a freeman?

*Cit.* Yea, and a grocer.

*Prol.* So, grocer; then, by your sweet favour, we intend no abuse to the city.

*Cit.* No, Sir? yes, Sir; if you were not resolv'd to play the Jacks, what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse your betters? Why could not you be contented, as well as others, with the legend  
of

of Whittington, or the Life and Death of Sir Thomas Gresham? with the building of the Royal Exchange? or the story of Queen Eleanor, with the rearing of London-Bridge upon wool-sacks?

*Prol.* You seem to be an understanding man; what would you have us do, Sir?

*Cit.* Why, present something notably in honour of the commons of the city.

*Prol.* Why, what do you say to the Life and Death of fat Drake, or the Repairing of Fleet Privies?

*Cit.* I do not like that; but I will have a citizen, and he shall be of my own trade.

*Prol.* Oh, you should have told us your mind a month since; our play is ready to begin now.

*Cit.* 'Tis all one for that; I will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things.

*Prol.* What will you have him do?

*Cit.* Marry, I will have him——

*Wife* [*below*]. Husband, husband!

*Ralph* [*below*]. Peace, mistress!

*Wife.* Hold thy peace, Ralph; I know what I do, I warrant you. Husband, husband!

*Cit.* What say'st thou, cony?

*Wife.* Let him kill a lion with a Pestle, husband; let him kill a lion with a Pestle!

*Cit.* So he shall; I'll have him kill a lion with a Pestle.

*Wife.* Husband! shall I come up, husband?

*Cit.* Ay, cony. Ralph, help your mistress this way. Pray, gentlemen, make her a little room; I pray you, Sir, lend me your hand to help up my wife: I thank you, Sir; so!

*Wife.* By your leave, gentlemen all! I'm something troublesome; I'm a stranger here; I was ne'er at one of these plays, as they say, before; but I should have seen Jane Shore<sup>2</sup> once; and my husband hath promised

<sup>2</sup> *Jane Shore*.] Probably, 'The First and Second Parts of King Edward the Fourth, containing his merry pastime with the Tanner of Tamworth, as also his love to fair mistress *Shore*, her great promotion, fall and miserie, and lastly the lamentable death of  
' both

ne any time this twelvemonth, to carry me to the Bold Beauchams, but in truth he did not. I pray you bear with me.

*Cit.* Boy, let my wife and I have a couple of stools, and then begin; and let the grocer do rare things.

*Prol.* But, Sir, we have never a boy to play him: Every one hath a part already.

*Wife.* Husband, husband, for God's sake, let Ralph play him: Beshrew me, if I do not think he will go beyond them all.

*Cit.* Well remember'd, wife. Come up, Ralph! I'll tell you, gentlemen; let them but lend him a suit of reparable, and necessaries, and, by gad, if any of them all blow wind in the tail on him, I'll be hang'd.

*Wife.* I pray you, youth, let him have a suit of reparable! I'll be sworn, gentlemen, my husband tells you true: He will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on him; he will fetch you up a couraging part so in the garret, that we are all as fear'd I warrant you, that we quake again. We'll fear our children with him; if they be never so unruly, do but cry, 'Ralph comes, Ralph comes,' to them, and they'll be as quiet as lambs. Hold up thy head, Ralph; shew the gentlemen what thou canst do; speak a huffing part; I warrant you the gentlemen will accept of it.

*Cit.* Do, Ralph, do.

*Ralph.* By Heaven, methinks<sup>3</sup>, it were an easy leap  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,  
Or dive into the bottom of the sea,  
Where never fathom-line touch'd any ground,  
And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of hell.

*Cit.* How say you, gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

*Wife.* Nay, gentlemen, he hath play'd before, my

---

both her and her husband, &c. as it hath divers times been publickly played by the right honourable the earle of Derby his servants.

3. L. quarto.

R.

<sup>3</sup> *By Heaven, methinks, &c.]* This speech (with very little variation) is taken from Shakespeare's First Part of Henry IV.

husband says, Musidorus<sup>4</sup>, before the wardens of our company.

*Cit.* Ay, and he should have plaid Jeronimo<sup>5</sup> with a shoemaker for a wager.

*Prol.* He shall have a suit of apparel, if he will go in.

*Cit.* In, Ralph, in, Ralph! and set out the grocery in their kind, if thou lov'it me.

*Wife.* I warrant our Ralph will look finely when he's dres'd.

*Prol.* But what will you have it call'd?

*Cit.* 'The Grocers' Honour.'

*Prol.* Methinks 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle' were better.

*Wife.* I'll be sworn, husband, that's as good a name as can be.

*Cit.* Let it be so; begin, begin; my wife and I will fit down.

*Prol.* I pray you do.

*Cit.* What stately musick have you? you have shaums<sup>6</sup>?

*Prol.* Shaums? No.

*Cit.* No? I'm a thief if my mind did not give me so. Ralph plays a stately part, and he must needs have shaums: I'll be at the charge of them myself, rather than we'll be without them.

*Prol.* So you are like to be.

*Cit.* Why, and so I will be: There's two shillings;

<sup>4</sup> *Musidorus.*] This Play was printed in the year 1598, and afterwards in 1610, 1615, 1629, and 1668. The title to the edition of 1629 is the following: 'A most pleasant Comedy of *Mucedorus*, the King's Sonne of Valentia, and Amadine the King's Daughter of Aragon; with the merry conceits of Mause Amplified, with new additions, as it was acted before the King's Majesty at White-hall, on Shrove-Sunday night, by his Highnesse Servants usually playing at the Globe.' In a volume now in the possession of Mr. Garrick, and which formerly belonged to King Charles, this Play is ascribed to Shakespeare.

<sup>5</sup> *Feronimo.*] See note 36 on the Chances.

<sup>6</sup> *Schaums.*] Musical instruments mentioned in scripture, probably from *psaeume*, French for *psalms*, to which they were accompaniments. Some editions read, *shawnes*.

let's have the waits of Southwark! they are as rare fellows as any are in England, and that will fetch them all o'er the water, with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

*Prol.* You shall have them. Will you sit down then?

*Cit. Ay.* Come, wife.

*Wife.* Sit you merry all, gentlemen; I'm bold to sit amongst you for my ease.

*Prol.* From all that's near the court, from all that's great

Within the compass of the city-walls,  
We now have brought our scene: Fly far from hence  
All private taxes, all immodest phrases<sup>7</sup>,  
Whatever may but shew like vicious!

For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,  
But honest minds are pleas'd with honest things.—

Thus much for that we do; but, for Ralph's part,  
you must answer for yourself<sup>8</sup>.

*Cit.* Take you no care for Ralph; he'll discharge himself, I warrant you.

*Wife.* I'faith, gentlemen, I'll give my word for Ralph.

<sup>7</sup> *All private taxes, immodest phrases,*

Whate'er may but shew—] The variations were prescribed by an anonymous correspondent of Mr. Symphon.

<sup>8</sup> For *Ralph's part you must answer for yourself.*] I once thought that this latter *for* was to be struck out as redundant; but upon examination we shall find it not a redundancy, but a deficiency, and should read thus, *answer for't yourself.* Symphon.

The old reading is easy, and correct enough for common conversation.

## A C T I.

*Enter Merchant and Jasper.*

*Merch.* **S**IRRAH, I'll make you know you are  
 my 'prentice,  
 And whom my charitable love redeem'd  
 Even from the fall of fortune; gave thee heat  
 And growth, to be what now thou art, new cast thee;  
 Adding the trust of all I have, at home,  
 In foreign staples, or upon the sea,  
 To thy direction; tied the good opinions  
 Both of myself and friends to thy endeavours;  
 So fair were thy beginnings: But with these,  
 As I remember, you had never charge  
 To love your master's daughter; and even then  
 When I had found a wealthy husband for her;  
 I take it, Sir, you had not: But, however,  
 I'll break the neck of that commission,  
 And make you know you're but a merchant's factor.

*Jasp.* Sir, I do liberally confess I'm yours,  
 Bound both by love and duty to your service,  
 In which my labour hath been all my profit;  
 I have not lost in bargain, nor delighted  
 To wear your honest gains upon my back;  
 Nor have I given a pension to my blood,  
 Or lavishly in play consum'd your stock:  
 These, and the miseries that do attend them,  
 I dare with innocence proclaim are strangers  
 To all my temperate actions. For your daughter,  
 If there be any love to my deservings  
 Borne by her virtuous self, I cannot stop it;  
 Nor am I able to refrain her wishes:  
 She's private to herself, and best of knowledge  
 Whom she will make so happy as to sigh for.

Besides,



Besides, I cannot think you mean to match her  
Unto a fellow of so lame a presence,  
One that hath little left of nature in him.

*Merch.* 'Tis very well, Sir; I can tell your wisdom  
How all this shall be cur'd.

*Jasp.* Your care becomes you.

*Merch.* And thus it shall be, Sir: I here discharge  
you

My house and service; take your liberty;  
And when I want a son I'll send for you. [*Exit.*

*Jasp.* These be the fair rewards of them that love.  
Oh, you that live in freedom never prove  
The travel of a mind led by desire!

*Enter Luce.*

*Luce.* Why, how now, friend? struck with my  
father's thunder?

*Jasp.* Struck, and struck dead, unless the remedy  
Be full of speed and virtue; I am now,  
What I expected long, no more your father's.

*Luce.* But mine?

*Jasp.* But yours, and only yours I am;  
That's all I have to keep me from the statute.  
You dare be constant still?

*Luce.* Oh, fear me not!

In this I dare be better than a woman.  
Nor shall his anger nor his offers move me,  
Were they both equal to a prince's power.

*Jasp.* You know my rival?

*Luce.* Yes, and love him dearly;  
E'en as I love an ague, or foul weather:  
I prithee, Jasper, fear him not!

*Jasp.* Oh, no;  
I do not mean to do him so much kindness.  
But to our own desires<sup>10</sup>: You know the plot.  
We both agreed on?

*Luce.* Yes, and will perform  
My part exactly.

<sup>10</sup> But to our own desires.] Probably designs.

*Jasp.*

*Jasp.* I desire no more.

Farewell, and keep my heart; 'tis yours.

*Luce.* I take it;

He must do miracles, make me forsake it. [*Exeunt.*]

*Cit.* Fy upon 'em, little infidels! what a matter's here now? Well, I'll be hang'd for a halfpenny, if there be not some abomination knavery in this play. Well; let 'em look to't; Ralph must come, and if there be any tricks a-brewing——

*Wife.* Let 'em brew and bake too, husband, a God's name; Ralph will find all out, I warrant you, an they were older than they are. I pray, my pretty youth, is Ralph ready?

*Boy.* He will be presently.

*Wife.* Now I pray you make my commendations unto him, and withal, carry him this stick of licorice; tell him his mistress sent it him; and bid him bite a piece; 'twill open his pipes the better, fay.

*Enter Merchant and Master Humphrey.*

*Merch.* Come, Sir, she's yours; upon my faith, she's yours;

You have my hand: For other idle letts,  
Between your hopes and her, thus with a wind  
They're scatter'd, and no more. My wanton 'prentice,  
That like a bladder blew himself with love,  
I have let out, and sent him to discover  
New masters yet unknown.

*Hum.* I thank you, Sir,  
Indeed I thank you, Sir; and ere I stir,  
It shall be known, however you do deem,  
I am of gentle blood, and gentle seem.

*Merch.* Oh, Sir, I know it certain.

*Hum.* Sir, my friend,  
Altho', as writers' say, all things have end,  
And that we call a pudding hath his two,  
Oh, let it not seem strange, I pray to you,  
If in this bloody simile I put  
My love, more endless than frail things or gut.

*Wife.*

*Wife.* Husband, I prithee, sweet lamb, tell me one thing; but tell me truly.—Stay, youths, I beseech you, till I question my husband.

*Cit.* What is it, mouse?

*Wife.* Sirrah, didst thou ever see a prettier child? how it behaves itself, I warrant ye! and speaks and looks, and perts up the head! I pray you, brother, with your favour, were you never none of Mr. Moncaster's scholars?

*Cit.* Chicken, I prithee heartily contain thyself; the childer are pretty childer; but when Ralph comes, lamb——

*Wife.* Ay, when Ralph comes, cony! Well, my youth, you may proceed.

*Merch.* Well, Sir; you know my love, and rest, I hope,

Affur'd of my consent; get but my daughter's, And wed her when you please. You must be bold, And clap in close unto her; come, I know You've language good enough to win a wench.

*Wife.* A whoreson tyrant! hath been an old stringer in his days, I warrant him!

*Hum.* I take your gentle offer, and withal Yield love again for love reciprocal.

*Merch.* What, Luce! within there!

*Enter. Luce.*

*Luce.* Call'd you, Sir?

*Merch.* I did;

Give entertainment to this gentleman; And see you be not froward. To her, Sir! My presence will but be an eye-sore to you. [*Exit.*

*Hum.* Fair mistress Luce, how do you? are you well? Give me your hand, and then I pray you tell How doth your little sister, and your brother? And whether you love me or any other?

*Luce.* Sir, these are quickly answer'd.

*Hum.* So they are, Where women are not cruel. But how far

Is it now distant from the place we are-in,  
Unto that blessed place, your father's warren.

*Luce.* What makes you think of that, Sir?

*Hum.* E'en that face;

For stealing rabbits whilome in that place,  
God Cupid, or the keeper, I know not whether,  
Unto my cost and charges brought you thither,  
And there began——

*Luce.* Your game, Sir?

*Hum.* Let no game,

Or any thing that tendeth to the same,  
Be ever more remember'd, thou fair killer,  
For whom I fate me down and brake my tiller<sup>11</sup>.

*Wife.* There's a kind gentleman, I warrant you;  
when will you do as much for me, George?

*Luce.* Beshrew me, Sir, I'm sorry for you losses;  
But, as the proverb says, 'I cannot cry';  
I would you had not seen me!

*Hum.* So would I,

Unless you had more maw to do me good.

*Luce.* Why, cannot this strange passion<sup>12</sup> be with-  
stood?

Send for a constable, and raise the town.

*Hum.* Oh, no, my valiant love will batter down  
Millions of constables, and put to flight  
E'en that great watch of Midsummer, day at night<sup>13</sup>.

<sup>11</sup> *Tiller.*] See note 14 on Philaster.

<sup>12</sup> *This strange passion.*] Sympson says, 'To send for a *constable* and raise a town, to withstand a *STRANGE passion*, borders seemingly near upon nonsense;' he would therefore read, *STRONG passion*: But we see no reason why she may not go from one metaphor to another.

<sup>13</sup> *That great watch of Midsummer day at night.*] What is alluded to here is probably the following custom: On the vigil of St. John the Baptist, it was formerly usual, after sun-setting, for the principal citizens to make bonfires before their doors, and also to set out tables furnished with meat and drink, of which they invited their neighbours and passengers to partake. At the same time a marching watch, consisting of about 2000 men, furnished with lights, perambulated from St. Paul's Gate to Aldgate, and back again, when they broke up. Part of this watch was provided at the expence of the city of London, and other part of the several parishes. The custom continued

*Luce.* Beshrew me, Sir, 'twere good I yielded then;  
Weak women cannot hope, where valiant men  
Have no resistance.

*Hum.* Yield then; I am full  
Of pity, tho' I say it, and can pull  
Out of my pocket thus a pair of gloves.  
Look, Lucy, look; the dog's tooth, nor the doves,  
Are not so white as these; and sweet they be,  
And whipt about with silk, as you may see.  
If you desire the price, shoot from your eye  
A beam to this place, and you shall espy  
F S, which is to say, my sweetest honey,  
They cost me three and two-pence, or no money.

*Luce.* Well, Sir, I take them kindly, and I thank you:  
What would you more?

*Hum.* Nothing.

*Luce.* Why then, farewell!

*Hum.* Nor so, nor so; for, lady, I must tell,  
Before we part, for what we met together;  
God grant me time, and patience, and fair weather!

*Luce.* Speak and declare your mind in terms so brief.

*Hum.* I shall; then first and foremost, for relief  
I call to you, if that you can afford it;  
I care not at what price, for on my word, it  
Shall be repaid again, altho' it cost me  
More than I'll speak of now; for love hast tofs'd me  
In furious blanket like a tennis-ball,  
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.

*Luce.* Alas, good gentleman, alas the day!

*Hum.* I thank you heartily; and, as I say,  
Thus do I still continue without rest,  
I' th' morning like a man, at night a beast,  
Roaring and bellowing mine own disquiet,  
That much I fear, forsaking of my diet,  
Will bring me presently to that quandary;

nued until the time of Henry VIII. when it was prohibited by him. In 1548 it was again revived; but being found to be the means of collecting disorderly people together, and occasioning great riots, it was in the year 1569 laid aside, and has ever since been discontinued. See Stow's Survey.

I shall bid all adieu.

*Luce.* Now, by St. Mary,  
That were great pity!

*Hum.* So it were, beshrew me;  
Then ease me, lusty Luce, and pity shew me.

*Luce.* Why, Sir, you know my will is nothing worth  
Without my father's grant; get his consent,  
And then you may with full assurance try me<sup>14</sup>.

*Hum.* The worshipful your fire will not deny me;  
For I have ask'd him, and he hath replied,  
'Sweet master Humphrey, Luce shall be thy bride.'

*Luce.* Sweet master Humphrey, then I am content.

*Hum.* And so am I, in truth.

*Luce.* Yet take me with you;  
There is another clause must be annex'd,  
And this it is: I swore, and will perform it,  
No man shall ever 'joy me as his wife,  
But he that stole me hence: If you dare venture,  
I'm yours (you need not fear; my father loves you)  
If not, farewell for ever!

*Hum.* Stay, nymph, stay;  
I have a double gelding, colour'd bay,  
Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind,  
Another for myself, tho' somewhat blind,  
Yet true as trusty tree.

*Luce.* I'm satisfied;  
And so I give my hand. Our course must lie  
Thro' Waltham-Forest, where I have a friend  
Will entertain us. So farewell, Sir Humphrey,  
And think upon your business! [*Exit Luce.*]

*Hum.* Tho' I die,  
I am resolv'd to venture life and limb,  
For one so young, so fair, so kind, so trim. [*Exit Hum.*]

*Wife.* By my faith and troth, George, and as I am  
virtuous, it is e'en the kindest young man that ever  
trod on shoe-leather. Well, go thy ways; if thou  
hast her not, 'tis not thy fault, i'faith.

<sup>14</sup> You may with assurance try me.] The measure assisted by  
Symphon.

*Cit.* I prithee, moufe, be patient! a fhall have her, or I'll make fome of 'em fmoke for't.

*Wife.* That's my good lamb George. Fy! this ftinking tobacco<sup>15</sup> kills men<sup>16</sup>! 'would there were none in England! Now I pray, gentlemen, what good does this ftinking tobacco do you? nothing, I warrant you; make chimnies a your faces!—Oh, husband, husband, now, now! there's Ralph, there's Ralph!

*Enter Ralph, 'like a grocer in his fhop, with two apprentices, reading Palmerin of England.*

*Cit.* Peace, fool! let Ralph alone. Hark you, Ralph; do not ftrain yourfelf too much at the firft. Peace! Begin Ralph.

*Ralph.* 'Then Palmerin and Trineus<sup>17</sup>, fnatching  
' their lances from their dwarfs, and clafping their  
' helmets, gallop'd amain after the giant; and Pal-  
' merin having gotten a fight of him, came pofting  
' amain, faying, ' Stay, traiterous thief! for thou  
' mayft not fo carry away her, that is worth the  
' greateft lord in the world;' and with thefe words  
' gave him a blow on the fhoulder, that he ftruck him  
' befides his elephant. And Trineus coming to the  
' knight that had Agricola behind him, fet him foon  
' befides his horfe, with his neck broken in the fall;  
' fo that the princefs getting out of the throng,  
' between joy and grief faid, ' All happy knight,  
' the mirror of all fuch as follow arms, now may I  
' be well affured of the love thou beareft me.' I

<sup>15</sup> *Tobacco.*] At the time our Authors wrote (we learn from Prynne, in his *Hiftoriomatrix*, p. 322) *tobacco*, wine, and beer, were the ufual accommodations in the theatre, as the two latter are ftill at Sadler's Wells. See alfo Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. R.

<sup>16</sup> *Kills men.*] Sympfon reads, *kills ME*.

<sup>17</sup> *Then Palmerin and Trineus, &c.*] This paffage is taken, with fome flight variations, from 'Palmerin D'Oлива, the Mirrour of Nobilitie, Mapped of Honor, Anotomie of Rare Fortunes, Heroycall President of Love, Wonder of Chivalrie, and moft accomplished Knight in all Perfections.' 4to. 1588. B. L. p. 131. R.

wonder why the kings do not raise an army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men, as big as the army that the prince of Portigo brought against Rosicler, and destroy these giants; they do much hurt to wandering damsels, that go in quest of their knights.

*Wife.* Faith, husband, and Ralph says true; for they say the king of Portugal cannot sit at his meat, but the giants and the ettins<sup>18</sup> will come and snatch it from him.

*Cit.* Hold thy tongue. On, Ralph!

*Ralph.* And certainly those knights are much to be commended, who, neglecting their possessions, wander with a squire and a dwarf through the desarts, to relieve poor ladies.

*Wife.* Ay, by my faith are they, Ralph; let 'em say what they will, they are indeed. Our knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.

*Ralph.* There are no such courteous and fair well-spoken knights in this age: They will call one the *son of a whore*, that Palmerin of England would have called *fair Sir*; and one that Rosicler would have called *right beauteous damsel*, they will call *damn'd bitch*.

*Wife.* I'll be sworn will they, Ralph; they have called me so an hundred times, about a scurvy pipe of tobacco.

*Ralph.* But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop, with a flapet of wood, and a blue apron before him, selling Methridatam and dragons' water to visited houses, that might pursue feats of arms, and, through his noble achievements, procure such a famous history to be written of his heroick prowess?

*Cit.* Well said, Ralph; some more of those words, Ralph!

<sup>18</sup> *Ettins.*] The good woman is here a little tautological, as at other times she is nonsensical, (unless I mistake her meaning in this place) for giants and *ettins*, or *etins*, are giants and giants, *eten* in Saxon signifying so.

*Sympson.*  
*Ettins*, quasi *beathens*; it is not probable she thought of *Saxon*.



*Wife.* They go finely, by my troth.

*Ralph.* Why should I not then pursue this course, both for the credit of myself and our company? for amongst all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I yet read of a Grocer-Errant: I will be the said Knight.—Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarf? My elder 'prentice Tim shall be my trusty squire, and little George my dwarf. Hence, my blue apron! Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be pourtrayed a Burning Pestle; and I will be called the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

*Wife.* Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old trade; thou wert ever meek.

*Ralph.* Tim!

*Tim.* Anon.

*Ralph.* My beloved squire, and George my dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name, but the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle*; and that you never call any female by the name of a woman or wench, but *fair lady*, if she have her desires; if not, *distressed damsel*; that you call all forests and heaths *desarts*, and all horses, *palfries*!

*Wife.* This is very fine!—Faith, do the gentlemen like Ralph, think you, husband?

*Cit.* Ay, I warrant thee; the players would give all the shoes in their shop for him:

*Ralph.* My beloved squire Tim, stand out: Admit this were a desart, and over it a knight-errant pricking<sup>19</sup>, and I should bid you enquire of his intents, what would you say?

*Tim.* 'Sir, my master sent me to know whither you are riding?'

*Ralph.* No! thus; 'Fair Sir! the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle* commanded me to enquire upon what adventure you are bound;

<sup>19</sup> Pricking.] i. e. Riding. A gentle knight was pricking on the plain, is the first line of Spenser's Fairy Queen.

‘ whether to relieve some distressed damfels, or other-  
‘ wife.’

*Cit.* Whoreson blockhead cannot remember !

*Wife.* I’faith, and Ralph told him on’t before ; all the gentlemen heard him ; did he not, gentlemen ? did not Ralph tell him on’t ?

*George.* *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle,* here is a distressed damfel, to have a halfpenny-worth of pepper.

*Wife.* That’s a good boy ! see, the little boy can hit it ; by my troth, it’s a fine child.

*Ralph.* Relieve her, with all courteous language, Now shut up shop ; no more my ’prentice, but my trusty Squire and Dwarf. I must bespeak my shield, and arming Pestle.

*Cit.* Go thy ways, Ralph ! As I am a true man, thou art the best on ’em all.

*Wife.* Ralph, Ralph !

*Ralph.* What say you, mistress ?

*Wife.* I prithee come again quickly, sweet Ralph.

*Ralph.* Bye-and-bye. [*Exit.*

*Enter Jasper and Mrs. Merrythought.*

*Mrs. Mer.* Give thee my blessing ? No, I’ll never give thee my blessing ; I’ll see thee hang’d first ; it shall ne’er be said I gave thee my blessing : Thou art thy father’s own son, of the blood of the Merrythoughts ; I may curse the time that e’er I knew thy father ; he hath spent all his own, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and sings, and cries ‘ A merry heart lives long-a.’ And thou art a waste-thrift, and art run away from thy master, that loved thee well, and art come to me ; and I have laid up a little for my younger son Michael, and thou thinkest to bezzle that, but thou shalt never be able to do it. Come hither, Michael ; come, Michael ; down on thy knees : Thou shalt have my blessing.

*Enter*

*Enter Michael.*

*Mich.* I pray you, mother, pray to God to bless me!

*Mrs. Mer.* God bless thee! but Jasper shall never have my blessing; he shall be hang'd first, shall he not, Michael? how sayst thou?

*Mich.* Yes, forsooth, mother, and grace of God.

*Mrs. Mer.* That's a good boy!

*Wife.* I'faith, it's a fine-spoken child!

*Jasp.* Mother, tho' you forget a parent's love, I must preserve the duty of a child.

I ran not from my master, nor return

To have your stock maintain my idleness.

*Wife.* Ungracious child, I warrant him! hark, how he chops logic with his mother: Thou hadst best tell her she lies; do, tell her she lies.

*Cit.* If he were my son, I would hang him up by the heels, and flea him, and salt him, whoreson halter-sack!

*Jasp.* My coming only is to beg your love, Which I must ever, tho' I never gain it; And, howsoever you esteem of me, There is no drop of blood hid in these veins, But I remember well belongs to you, That brought me forth, and would be glad for you To rip them all again, and let it out.

*Mrs. Mer.* I'faith, I had sorrow enough for thee (God knows); but I'll hamper thee well enough. Get thee in, thou vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy brother Michael.

*Mer.* [*within.*] Nose, nose, jolly red nose,  
And who gave thee this jolly red nose?

*Mrs. Mer.* Hark, my husband! he's singing and hoiting; and I'm fain to cark and care, and all little enough. Husband! Charles! Charles Merrythought!

*Enter Old Merrythought.*

*Mer.* Nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon, and cloves;  
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Mer.* If you would consider your estate, you would have little left to sing, I wis.

*Mer.* It should never be consider'd, while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoil my singing.

*Mrs. Mer.* But how wilt thou do, Charles? thou art an old man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good drink, and laughest.

*Mer.* And will do.

*Mrs. Mer.* But how wilt thou come by it, Charles?

*Mer.* How? Why, how have I done hitherto these forty years? I never came into my dining-room, but, at eleven and six o'clock, I found excellent meat and drink o' th' table; my cloaths were never worn out, but next morning a taylor brought me a new suit; and without question it will be so ever! Use makes perfectness; if all should fail, it is but a little straining myself extraordinary, and laugh myself to death.

*Wife.* It's a foolish old man this; is not he; George?

*Cit.* Yes, cony.

*Wife.* Give me a penny i'th' purse while I live, George.

*Cit.* Ay, by'r lady, cony, hold thee there!

*Mrs. Mer.* Well, Charles; you promis'd to provide for Jasper, and I have laid up for Michael: I pray you pay Jasper his portion; he's come home, and he shall not consume Michael's stock; he says his master turned him away, but I promise you truly I think he ran away.

*Wife.* No, indeed, mistress Merrythought, tho' he be a notable gallows, yet I'll assure you his master did turn him away, even in this place; 'twas, i'faith, within this half-hour, about his daughter; my husband was by.

*Cit.* Hang him, rogue! he serv'd him well enough: Love his master's daughter? By my troth, cony, if there were a thousand boys, thou wouldst spoil them all, with taking their parts; let his mother alone with him.

*Wife.*

*Wife.* Ay, George, but yet truth is truth.

*Mer.* Where is Jasper? he's welcome, however. Call him in; he shall have his portion. Is he merry?

*Mrs. Mer.* Ay, foul chive him, he is too merry. Jasper! Michael!

*Enter Jasper and Michael.*

*Mer.* Welcome, Jasper! tho' thou run'st away, welcome! God bless thee! 'Tis thy mother's mind thou shouldst receive thy portion; thou hast been abroad, and I hope hast learn'd experience enough to govern it; thou art of sufficient years; hold thy hand: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, there is ten shillings for thee; thrust thyself into the world with that, and take some settled course: If Fortune cross thee, thou hast a retiring place; come home to me; I have twenty shillings left. Be a good husband; that is, wear ordinary cloaths, eat the best meat, and drink the best drink; be merry, and give to the poor, and, believe me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

*Jasp.* Long may you live free from all thought of ill, And long have cause to be thus merry still!  
But, father——

*Mer.* No more words, Jasper; get thee gone! Thou hast my blessing; thy father's spirit upon thee! Farewell, Jasper!

But yet, or ere you part (oh, cruel!)

Kiss me, kiss me, sweeting,  
Mine own dear jewel!

So; now begone; no words! [Exit Jasper.

*Mrs. Mer.* So, Michael; now get thee gone too.

*Mich.* Yes forsooth, mother; but I'll have my father's blessing first.

*Mrs. Mer.* No, Michael; 'tis no matter for his blessing; thou hast my blessing; be gone. I'll fetch my money and jewels, and follow thee: I'll stay no longer with him, I warrant thee. Truly, Charles, I'll be gone too.

*Mer.*

*Mer.* What! you will not?

*Mrs. Mer.* Yes indeed will I.

*Mer.* Hey-ho, farewell, Nan!

I'll never trust wench more again, if I can.

*Mrs. Mer.* You shall not think (when all your own is gone) to spend that I have been scraping up for Michael.

*Mer.* Farewell, good wife! I expect it not; all I have to do in this world, is to be merry; which I shall, if the ground be not taken from me; and if it be,

When earth and seas from me are rest,

The skies aloft for me are left. [Exeunt.]

[*Boy danceth. Musick.*]

FINIS ACTUS PRIMI.

*Wife.* I'll be sworn he's a merry old gentleman, for all that. Hark, hark, husband, hark! fiddles, fiddles! now surely they go finely. They say 'tis present death for these fiddlers to tune their rebecks<sup>20</sup> before the great Turk's grace; is't not, George? But look, look! here's a youth dances! now, good youth, do a turn o' th' toe. Sweetheart, i'faith I'll have Ralph come and do some of his gambols; he'll ride the wild-mare, gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to see him. I thank you, kind youth; pray bid Ralph come.

*Cit.* Peace, cony! Sirrah, you scurvy boy, bid the players send Ralph; or, by God's wounds, an they do not, I'll tear some of their perriwigs beside their heads; this is all riff-raff.

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<sup>20</sup> *Rebecks.*] A *rebeck* was an instrument with three strings, resembling a modern fiddle. R.

It is mentioned in Milton's *Allegro*.

## A C T II.

*Enter Merchant and Master Humphrey.*

*Merch.* **A**ND how, faith, how goes it now, son Humphrey?

*Hum.* Right worshipful, and my beloved friend And father dear, this matter's at an end.

*Merch.* 'Tis well; it should be so: I'm glad the girl Is found so tractable.

*Hum.* Nay, she must whirl From hence, (and you must wink; for so, I say, The story tells) tomorrow before day.

*Wife.* George, dost thou think in thy conscience now 'twill be a match? tell me but what thou think'st, sweet rogue: Thou seest the poor gentleman (dear heart!) how it labours and throbs, I warrant you, to be at rest: I'll go move the father for't.

*Cit.* No, no; I prithee sit still, honeyfuckle; thou'lt spoil all: If he deny him, I'll bring half-a-dozen good fellows myself, and in the shutting of an evening knock it up, and there's an end.

*Wife.* I'll buss thee for that, i'faith, boy! Well, George, well, you have been a wag in your days, I warrant you; but God forgive you, and I do with all my heart.

*Merch.* How was it, son? you told me that tomorrow Before day-break, you must convey her hence.

*Hum.* I must, I must; and thus it is agreed: Your daughter rides upon a brown-bay steed, I on a sorrel, which I bought of Brian, The honest host of the red roaring Lion, In Waltham situate: Then if you may, Consent in seemly sort; lest by delay, The fatal sisters come, and do the office, And then you'll sing another song.

*Merch.* Alas,  
Why should you be thus full of grief to me,

That

That do as willing as yourself agree  
 To any thing, so it be good and fair?  
 Then steal her when you will, if such a pleasure  
 Content you both; I'll sleep and never see it,  
 To make your joys more full. But tell me why  
 You may not here perform your marriage?

*Wife.* God's blessing o' thy soul, old man! i'faith  
 thou art loath to part true hearts. I see a has her,  
 George; and I'm as glad on't! Well, go thy ways,  
 Humphrey, for a fair-spoken man; I believe thou hast  
 not thy fellow within the walls of London; an I  
 should say the suburbs too, I should not lie. Why  
 dost not thou rejoice with me, George?

*Cit.* If I could but see Ralph again, I were as  
 merry as mine host, i'faith.

*Hum.* The cause you seem to ask, I thus declare:  
 (Help me, oh, muses nine!) Your daughter sware  
 A foolish oath, the more it was the pity;  
 Yet no one but myself<sup>21</sup> within this city  
 Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance  
 Shall meet him, were he of the noble science.  
 And yet she sware, and yet why did she swear?  
 Truly I cannot tell, unless it were  
 For her own ease; for sure sometimes an oath,  
 Being sworn thereafter, is like cordial broth:  
 And this it was she swore, never to marry,  
 But such a one whose mighty arm could carry  
 (As meaning me, for I am such a one)  
 Her bodily away, thro' stick and stone,  
 'Till both of us arrive, at her request,  
 Some ten miles off, in the wild Waltham-Forêt.

*Merch.* If this be all, you shall not need to fear  
 Any denial in your love; proceed;  
 I'll neither follow, nor repent the deed.

*Hum.* Good night, twenty good nights, and twenty  
 more,  
 And twenty more good nights, that makes threescore!

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>21</sup> Yet none but myself.] The reading in the text is Theobald's.  
 Symphon's anonymous correspondent proposes, *None but I myself.*

*Enter*



*Enter Mrs. Merrythought and Michael.*

*Mrs. Mer.* Come, Michael; art thou not weary, boy?

*Mich.* No forsooth, mother, not I.

*Mrs. Mer.* Where be we now, child?

*Mich.* Indeed forsooth, mother, I cannot tell, unless we be at Mile-End: Is not all the world Mile-End, mother?

*Mrs. Mer.* No, Michael, not all the world, boy; but I can assure thee, Michael, Mile-End is a goodly matter: There has been a pitchfield, my child, between the naughty Spaniels and the Englishmen; and the Spaniels ran away, Michael, and the Englishmen followed. My neighbour Coxstone was there, boy, and kill'd them all with a birding-piece.

*Mich.* Mother, forsooth!

*Mrs. Mer.* What says my white boy?

*Mich.* Shall not my father go with us too?

*Mrs. Mer.* No, Michael, let thy father go snick-up; he shall never come between a pair of sheets with me again, while he lives; let him stay at home and sing for his supper, boy. Come, child, sit down, and I'll shew my boy fine knacks, indeed: Look here, Michael; here's a ring, and here's a brooch, and here's a bracelet, and here's two rings more, and here's money and gold by th' eye, my boy!

*Mich.* Shall I have all this, mother?

*Mrs. Mer.* Ay, Michael, thou shalt have all, Michael.

*Cit.* How lik'st thou this, wench?

*Wife.* I cannot tell; I would have Ralph, George; I'll see no more else, indeed-la; and I pray you let the youths understand so much by word of mouth; for I will tell you truly, I'm afraid o' my boy. Come, come, George, let's be merry and wise; the child's a fatherless child, and say they should put him into a strait pair of gaskins, 'twere worse than knot-grafs<sup>23</sup>, he would never grow after it.

<sup>23</sup> *Knot-grafs.*]—' Get you gone, you dwarf,

' You Minimus, of hindring *knot-grafs* made.'

Midsummer-Night's Dream, act iii. scene ii.

Upon which passage the last editor observes, ' It appears that

' *knot-*

*Enter Ralph, Tim, and George.*

*Cit.* Here's Ralph, here's Ralph!

*Wife.* How do you, Ralph? you are welcome, Ralph, as I may say; it's a good boy! hold up thy head, and be not afraid; we are thy friends, Ralph. The gentlemen will praise thee, Ralph, if thou play'st thy part with audacity. Begin, Ralph, a God's name!

*Ralph.* My trusty Squire, unlace my helm; give me my hat.

Where are we, or what defart might this be?

*George.* Mirror of knighthood, this is, as I take it, The perilous Waltham-Down; in whose bottom stands The enchanted valley.

*Mrs. Mer.* Oh, Michael, we are betray'd, we are betray'd! here be giants! Fly, boy, fly, boy, fly!

*[Exit with Michael, leaving a casket.]*

*Ralph.* Lace on my helm again! What noise is this? A gentle lady, flying the embrace Of some uncourteous knight? I will relieve her. Go, Squire, and say, the Knight that wears this Pestle

In honour of all ladies, swears revenge Upon that recreant coward that pursues her; Go comfort her, and that same gentle squire That bears her company.

*Tim.* I go, brave Knight.

*Ralph.* My trusty Dwarf and friend, reach me my shield; And hold it while I swear, first, by my knighthood; Then by the soul of Amadis de Gaul (My famous ancestor); then by my sword The beauteous Brionella girt about me; By this bright burning Pestle, of mine honour The living trophy; and by all respect Due to distressed damsels; here I vow

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\* *knot grass* was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child; and produces this passage, and the following from the Coxcomb, in proof of his observation: 'We want a boy extremely for this function, kept under for a year with milk and *'knot-grass.'*

R.

Never

Never to end the quest of this fair lady,  
 And that forsaken squire, 'till by my valour  
 I gain their liberty! [Exit.

*George.* Heav'n bless the Knight  
 That thus relieves poor errant gentlewomen! [Exit.

*Wife.* Ay marry, Ralph, this has some favour in't;  
 I would see the proudest of them all offer to carry his  
 books after him. But, George, I will not have him  
 go away so soon; I shall be sick if he go away, that  
 I shall; call Ralph again, George, call Ralph again;  
 I prithee, sweetheart, let him come fight before me,  
 and let's ha' some drums, and trumpets, and let him  
 kill all that comes near him, an thou lov'st me, George!

*Cit.* Peace a little, bird! he shall kill them all, an  
 they were twenty more on 'em than there are.

*Enter Jasper.*

*Jasp.* Now, Fortune, (if thou be'st not only ill)  
 Shew me thy better face, and bring about  
 Thy desperate wheel, that I may climb at length,  
 And stand; this is our place of meeting,  
 If love have any constancy. Oh, age,  
 Where only wealthy men are counted happy!  
 How shall I please thee, how deserve thy smiles,  
 When I am only rich in misery?  
 My father's blessing, and this little coin,  
 Is my inheritance; a strong revenue!  
 From earth thou art, and unto earth I give thee:  
 There grow and multiply, whilst fresher air  
 Breeds me a fresher fortune.—How! illusion!

[Spies the casket.

What, hath the devil coin'd himself before me?  
 'Tis metal good; it rings well; I am waking,  
 And taking too, I hope. Now God's dear blessing  
 Upon his heart that left it here! 'tis mine;  
 These pearls, I take it, were not left for swine. [Exit.

*Wife.* I do not like that this unthrifty youth should  
 embezzle away the money; the poor gentlewoman his  
 mother will have a heavy heart for it, God knows.

*Cit.* And reason good, sweetheart.

*Wife.* But let him go; I'll tell Ralph a tale in's ear, shall fetch him again with a wanion, I warrant him, if he be above ground; and besides, George, here be a number of sufficient gentlemen can witness, and myself, and yourself, and the musicians, if we be call'd in question. But here comes Ralph; George, thou shalt hear him speak, as he were an emperal.

*Enter Ralph and George.*

*Ralph.* Comes not Sir Squire again?

*George.* Right courteous Knight,  
Your Squire doth come, and with him comes the lady.

*Enter Mrs. Merrythought, Michael, and Tim.*

*Ralph.* Fair! and the Squire of Damsels<sup>24</sup>, as I take it!

Madam, if any service or devoir  
Of a poor errant Knight may right your wrongs,  
Command it; I am prest<sup>25</sup> to give you succour;  
For to that holy end I bear my armour.

*Mrs. Mer.* Alas, Sir, I am a poor gentlewoman,  
and I have lost my money in this forest.

*Ralph.* Defart, you would say, lady; and not lost  
Whilit I have sword and lance. Dry up your tears,  
Which ill besit the beauty of that face,

<sup>24</sup> *Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady.*

*Enter Mrs. Merrythought, &c.*

*For and the squire of damsels as I take it.*

*Ralph. Madam, &c.]* Sympson omits the period at the end of the first line, and alters *for* to *fair*; we think him right in the alteration of the word; but we must go further before this passage is cleared of corruption, since, by giving the *first* and *third* lines to one speaker, the *third* appears a bald and needless repetition of the sense of the *first*, which is complete in itself. We have therefore made *Ralph's* speech begin at the third line instead of the fourth; and apprehend that he first addresses himself both to Mrs. Merrythought and Michael: Her he calls *Fair!* and him *Squire of Damsels!* as he names him afterwards, *this gentle Squire.* This is quite in his character, and the only reading that gives spirit, or even tolerable sense, to the third line; after which he proceeds to comfort them separately.

<sup>25</sup> *Prest.]* i. e. *Ready.* See note 46 on the Wild-Goose Chase.

And

And tell the story, if I may request it,  
Of your disastrous fortune.

*Mrs. Mer.* Out, alas! I left a thousand pound, a thousand pound, e'en all the money I had laid up for this youth, upon the sight of your mastership, you look'd so grim, and, as I may say it, saving your presence, more like a giant than a mortal man.

*Ralph.* I am as you are, lady; so are they,  
All mortal. But why weeps this gentle squire?

*Mrs. Mer.* Has he not cause to weep, do you think,  
when he has lost his inheritance?

*Ralph.* Young hope of valour, weep not; I am here  
That will confound thy foe, and pay it dear  
Upon his coward head, that dare deny  
Distressed squires and ladies equity.

I have but one horse<sup>26</sup>, upon which shall ride  
This lady fair behind me, and before  
This courteous squire: Fortune will give us more  
Upon our next adventure. Fairly speed  
Beside us, Squire and Dwarf, to do us need! [*Exeunt.*]

*Cit.* Did not I tell you, Nell, what your man would  
do? by the faith of my body, wench, for clean action  
and good delivery, they may all cast their caps at him.

*Wife.* And so they may, i'faith; for I dare speak it  
boldly, the twelve companies of London cannot match  
him, timber for timber. Well, George, an he be not  
inveigled by some of these paltry players, I ha' much  
marvel; but, George, we ha' done our parts, if the  
boy have any grace to be thankful.

*Cit.* Yes, I warrant you, duckling.

*Enter Master Humphrey and Luce.*

*Hum.* Good mistress Luce, however I in fault am  
For your lame horse, you're welcome unto Waltham;  
But which way now to go, or what to say,  
I know not truly, 'till it be broad day.

*Luce.* Oh, fear not, master Humphrey; I am guide  
For this place good enough,

<sup>26</sup> I have but one horse, on which.] The variation is Symphon's.

*Hum.* Then up and ride;  
 Or, if it please you, walk for your repose;  
 Or sit, or, if you will, go pluck a rose:  
 Either of which shall be indifferent,  
 To your good friend and Humphrey, whose consent  
 Is so entangled ever to your will,  
 As the poor harmless horse is to the mill.

*Luce.* Faith, an you say the word, we'll e'en sit down,  
 And take a nap.

*Hum.* 'Tis better in the town,  
 Where we may nap together; for, believe me,  
 To sleep without a snatch would mickle grieve me.

*Luce.* You're merry, master Humphrey.

*Hum.* So I am,  
 And have been ever merry from my dam.

*Luce.* Your nurse had the less labour.

*Hum.* Faith, it may be,  
 Unless it were by chance I did bewray me.

*Enter Jasper.*

*Jasp.* Luce! dear friend Luce!

*Luce.* Here, Jasper.

*Jasp.* You are mine.

*Hum.* If it be so, my friend, you use me fine:  
 What do you think I am?

*Jasp.* An arrant noddy.

*Hum.* A word of obloquy! Now, by God's body,  
 I'll tell thy master; for I know thee well.

*Jasp.* Nay, an you be so forward for to tell,  
 Take that, and that; and tell him, Sir, I gave it:  
 And say I paid you well. [*Beats him.*]

*Hum.* Oh, Sir, I have it,  
 And do confess the payment. Pray, be quiet!

*Jasp.* Go, get you to your night-cap and the diet,  
 To cure your beaten bones.

*Luce.* Alas, poor Humphrey!  
 Get thee some wholesome broth, with sage and cumfry;  
 A little oil of roses, and a feather  
 To 'noint thy back withal.

*Hum.*

*Hum.* When I came hither,  
'Would I had gone to Paris with John Dory <sup>27</sup>!

*Luce.* Farewell, my pretty Nump! I'm very sorry  
I cannot bear thee company.

*Hum.* Farewell!  
The devil's dam was ne'er so bang'd in hell. [*Exeunt.*]

*Manet Humphrey.*

*Wife.* This young Jasper will prove me another  
things, a my conscience, an he may be suffered. George,  
dost not see, George, how a swaggers, and flies at the  
very heads a folks, as he were a dragon? Well, if I do  
not do his lesson for wronging the poor gentleman I am  
no true woman. His friends that brought him up  
might have been better occupied, I wis, than have  
taught him these fegaries: He's e'en in the high way  
to the gallows, God bless him!

*Cit.* You're too bitter, cony; the young man may  
do well enough for all this.

*Wife.* Come hither, master Humphrey; has he hurt  
you? now beshrew his fingers for't! Here, sweet-  
heart, here's some green ginger for thee. Now beshrew  
my heart, but a has pepper-nel in's head, as big as a  
pullet's egg! Alas, sweet lamb, how thy temples beat!  
Take the peace on him, sweetheart, take the peace on  
him.

*Enter Boy.*

*Cit.* No, no; you talk like a foolish woman! I'll

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<sup>27</sup> *John Dory.*] Sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music, says,  
'The song of *John Dory*, with the tune to it, is printed in the  
'Deuteromelia, or the second part of Musick's Melodie, 1609.  
'The legend of this person is, that being a sea-captain, or perhaps  
'a pirate, he engaged to the king of France to bring the crew of an  
'English ship bound as captives to Paris, and that accordingly he at-  
'tempted to make prize of an English vessel, but was himself taken  
'prisoner. The song of *John Dory*, and the tune to it, were a long  
'time popular in England: In the comedy of the Chances, written  
'by Beaumont and Fletcher, Antonio, a humorous old man, receives  
'a wound, which he will not suffer to be dressed but upon condition  
'that the song of *John Dory* be sung the while.'—The Song is  
also printed in Sir John's Appendix, No. 27.

ha' Ralph fight with him, and swinge him up well-favour'dly. Sirrah, Boy; come hither: Let Ralph come in and fight with Jasper.

*Wife.* Ay, and beat him well; he's an unhappy boy.

*Boy.* Sir, you must pardon us; the plot of our play lies contrary; and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our play.

*Cit.* Plot me no plots! I'll ha' Ralph come out; I'll make your house too hot for you else.

*Boy.* Why, Sir, he shall; but if any thing fall out of order, the gentlemen must pardon us.

*Cit.* Go your ways, goodman Boy! I'll hold him a penny, he shall have his belly full of fighting now. Ho! here comes Ralph! no more!

*Enter Ralph, Mrs. Merrythought, Michael, Tim and George.*

*Ralph.* What knight is that, Squire? ask him if he keep  
The passage, bound by love of lady fair,  
Or else but prickant.

*Hum.* Sir, I am no knight,  
But a poor gentleman, that this same night  
Had stolen from me, upon yonder green,  
My lovely wife, and suffer'd (to be seen  
Yet extant on my shoulders) such a greeting,  
That whilst I live, I shall think of that meeting.

*Wife.* Ay, Ralph, he beat him unmercifully, Ralph;  
an thou spar'ft him, Ralph, I would thou wert hang'd.

*Cit.* No more, Wife, no more!

*Ralph.* Where is the caitiff wretch hath done this  
deed?

Lady, your pardon! that I may proceed  
Upon the quest of this injurious knight.  
And thou, fair Squire, repute me not the worse,  
In leaving the great venture of the purse,

*Enter Jasper and Luce.*

And the rich casket, 'till some better leisure.

*Hum.* Here comes the broker hath purloin'd my  
treasure.

*Ralph.*



*Ralph.* Go, Squire, and tell him I am here,  
An errant Knight at arms, to crave delivery  
Of that fair lady to her own knight's arms.  
If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,  
And so defy him.

*Tim.* From the Knight that bears  
The Golden Pestle, I defy thee, Knight;  
Unless thou make fair restitution  
Of that bright lady.

*Jasp.* Tell the Knight that sent thee  
He is an ass; and I will keep the wench,  
And knock his head-piece.

*Ralph.* Knight, thou art but dead,  
If thou recall not thy uncourteous terms.

*Wife.* Break his pate, Ralph; break his pate, Ralph,  
foundly!

*Jasp.* Come, Knight; I'm ready for you.—Now your  
Pestle [Snatches away his Pestle.  
Shall try what temper, Sir, your mortar's of.

With that he stood upright in his stirrups, and gave  
the knight of the calves-skin such a knock, that he  
forsook his horse, and down he fell; and then he  
leaped upon him, and plucking off his helmet—

*Hum.* Nay, an my noble Knight be down so soon,  
Tho' I can scarcely go, I needs must run.

[*Exeunt Humphrey and Ralph.*

*Wife.* Run, Ralph, run, Ralph; run for thy life,  
boy; Jasper comes, Jasper comes!

*Jasp.* Come, Luce, we must have other arms for you;  
Humphrey, and Golden Pestle, both adieu! [*Exeunt.*

*Wife.* Sure the devil, God bless us, is in this  
springald! Why, George, didst ever see such a fire-  
drake? I am afraid my boy's miscarried; if he be,  
though he were master Merrythought's son a thousand  
times, if there be any law in England, I'll make some  
of them smart for't.

*Cit.* No, no; I have found out the matter, sweet-  
heart; Jasper is enchanted; as sure as we are here, he  
is enchanted: He could no more have stood in Ralph's

hands, than I can stand in my lord-mayor's. I'll have a ring to discover all enchantments, and Ralph shall beat him yet: Be no more vex'd, for it shall be so.

*Enter Ralph, Tim, George, Mrs. Merrythought, and Michael.*

*Wife.* Oh, husband, here's Ralph again! Stay, Ralph; let me speak with thee: How dost thou, Ralph? Art thou not shrewdly hurt? the foul great lungies laid unmercifully on thee; there's some sugarcandy for thee. Proceed; thou shalt have another bout with him.

*Cit.* If Ralph had him at the fencing-school, if he did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and down the school, he should ne'er come in my shop more.

*Mrs. Mer.* Truly, master Knight of the Burning Pestle, I am weary.

*Mich.* Indeed-la, mother, and I'm very hungry.

*Ralph.* Take comfort, gentle dame, and your fair Squire!

For in this desert there must needs be plac'd  
Many strong castles, held by courteous knights;  
And 'till I bring you safe to one of those  
I swear by this my order ne'er to leave you.

*Wife.* Well said, Ralph! George, Ralph was ever comfortable, was he not?

*Cit.* Yes, duck.

*Wife.* I shall ne'er forget him: When we had lost our child, (you know it was stray'd almost, alone, to Puddle-Wharf, and the criers were abroad for it, and there it had drown'd itself but for a sculler) Ralph was the most comfortablest to me! Peace, mistress, says he, let it go! I'll get you another as good. Did he not, George? did he not say so?

*Cit.* Yes, indeed did he, mouse.

*George.* I would we had a mess of pottage, and a pot of drink, Squire, and were going to-bed.

*Tim.* Why, we are at Waltham-town's end, and that's the Bell Inn.

*George.*

*George.* Take courage, valiant Knight, damsel, and Squire!

I have discover'd, not a stone's cast off,  
 An antient castle held by the old knight  
 Of the most holy order of the Bell,  
 Who gives to all knights-errant entertain:  
 There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd  
 By the white hands of his own lady dear.  
 He hath three squires that welcome all his guests:  
 The first, hight Chamberlino<sup>28</sup>; who will see  
 Our beds prepar'd, and bring us snowy sheets,  
 Where never footman stretch'd his butter'd hams.  
 The second, hight Tapstero; who will see  
 Our pots full filled, and no froth therein.  
 The third, a gentle squire, Ostlero hight,  
 Who will our palfries slick with whisps of straw,  
 And in the manger put them oats enough,  
 And never greafe their teeth with candle-snuff.

*Wife.* That same Dwarf's a pretty boy, but the Squire's a grout-nold.

*Ralph.* Knock at the gates, my Squire, with stately lance!

*Enter Tapster.*

*Tap.* Who's there? You're welcome, gentlemen! will you see a room?

*George.* Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, this is the squire Tapstero.

*Ralph.* Fair squire Tapstero! I, a wandering Knight, Hight of the Burning Pestle, in the quest

<sup>28</sup> *The first high Chamberlain*

— *hight Tapstro*

— *squire Ostlero height.*] The correction of *hight* for

*bigb*, is from Mr. Theobald's conjecture, but he did not go to the bottom of the grievance, for Chamberlain is not quantity, and so can't stand in the verse. *Chamberlino* is from the said quarto of 1613. *Tapstro*, octavo, *Tastero*, quarto, I have alter'd to *Tapstero*. *Ostlero bigb* is from the first quarto too.

*Sympson.*

*Hight* is no amendment, being in old book; as is also *Chamberlino*. The substituting *Tapstero* for *Tastero* (if to be called an amendment) is the only one.

Of this fair lady's casket and wrought purse,  
 Losing myself in this vast wilderness,  
 Am to this castle well by fortune brought;  
 Where hearing of the goodly entertain  
 Your knight of holy order of the Bell,  
 Gives to all damsels, and all errant knights,  
 I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

*Tap.* An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

*Wife.* George, I would have something done, and I cannot tell what it is.

*Cit.* What is it, Nell?

*Wife.* Why, George, shall Ralph beat nobody again? Prithee, sweetheart, let him!

*Cit.* So he shall, Nell; and if I join with him, we'll knock them all.

*Enter Master Humphrey and Merchant.*

*Wife.* Oh, George, here's master Humphrey again now, that lost mistress Luce; and mistress Luce's father. Master Humphrey will do somebody's errand, I warrant him.

*Hum.* Father, it's true in arms I ne'er shall clasp her; For she is stol'n away by your man Jasper.

*Wife.* I thought he would tell him.

*Merch.* Unhappy that I am, to lose my child! Now I begin to think on Jasper's words, Who oft hath urg'd to me thy foolishness: Why didst thou let her go? thou lov'st her not, That wouldst bring home thy life, and not bring her.

*Hum.* Father, forgive me; I shall tell you true; Look on my shoulders, they are black and blue: Whilst to and fro fair Luce and I were winding, He came and baited me with a hedge-binding.

*Merch.* Get men and horses straight! we will be there Within this hour. You know the place again?

*Hum.* I know the place where he my loins did swaddle;  
 I'll get six horses, and to each a saddle.

*Merch.*

*Merch.* Mean time, I will go talk with Jasper's father.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Wife.* George, what wilt thou lay with me now, that master Humphrey has not mistress Luce yet? speak, George, what wilt thou lay with me?

*Cit.* No, Nell; I warrant thee, Jasper is at Puckeridge with her by this.

*Wife.* Nay, George, you must consider mistress Luce's feet are tender; and besides, 'tis dark; and I promise you truly, I do not see how he should get out of Waltham-Forest with her yet.

*Cit.* Nay, cony, what wilt thou lay with me that Ralph has her not yet?

*Wife.* I will not lay against Ralph, honey, because I have not spoken with him. But look, George; peace! here comes the merry old gentleman again.

*Enter Old Merrythought.*

*Mer.* When it was grown to dark midnight,  
And all were fast asleep,  
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet <sup>29</sup>.

I have money, and meat, and drink, before-hand, till tomorrow at noon; why should I be sad? Methinks I have half-a-dozen jovial spirits within me; 'I am 'three merry men'<sup>30</sup>, and three merry men!'—To what end should any man be sad in this world? Give me a man that when he goes to hanging cries, 'Troul 'the black bowl to me!' and a woman that will sing a catch in her travel! I have seen a man come by my door with a serious face, in a black cloak, without a hatband, carrying his head as if he look'd for pins in the street: I have look'd out of my window half-a-year after, and have spied that man's head upon London-Bridge: 'Tis vile; never trust a taylor that does not sing at his work! his mind is on nothing but filching.

<sup>29</sup> *When it was grown, &c.*] This stanza is printed in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 120.

<sup>30</sup> *Three merry men, &c.*] See vol. v. p. 137, 138, of this Work.

*Wife.*

*Wife.* Mark this, George! 'tis worth noting: Godfrey, my taylor, you know, never sings, and he had fourteen yards to make this gown; and I'll be sworn, mistress Penistone the draper's wife had one made with twelve.

*Mer.* 'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,  
More than wine, or sleep, or food;  
Let each man keep his heart at ease,  
No man dies of that disease.  
He that would his body keep  
From diseases, must not weep;  
But whoever laughs and sings,  
Never he his body brings  
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,  
Or lingringly his lungs consumes;  
Or meets with achés in the bone,  
Or catarrhs, or griping stone:  
But contented lives for aye;  
The more he laughs, the more may.

*Wife.* Look, George; how sayst thou by this, George? Is't not a fine old man? Now God's blessing a thy sweet lips! when wilt thou be so merry, George? Faith, thou art the frowningst little thing, when thou art angry, in a country.

*Enter Merchant.*

*Cit.* Peace, cony! thou shalt see him took down too, I warrant thee. Here's Luce's father come now.

*Mer.* As you came from Walsingham,  
From the Holy Land,  
There met you not with my true love  
By the way as you came<sup>31</sup>?

*Merch.* Oh, master Merrythought, my daughter's gone!  
This mirth becomes you not; my daughter's gone!

*Mer.* Why, an if she be, what care I?  
Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

<sup>31</sup> *As you came, &c.]* From a ballad printed in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. ii. p. 94.

*Merch.* Mock not my misery ; it is your son  
(Whom I have made my own, when all forfook him)  
Has stol'n my only joy, my child, away.

*Mer.* He set her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself upon a grey ;  
He never turn'd his face again,  
But he bore her quite away.

*Merch.* Unworthy of the kindness I have shewn  
To thee, and thine ; too late, I well perceive,  
Thou art consenting to my daughter's loss.

*Mer.* Your daughter ? what a stir's here wi' your  
daughter ? Let her go, think no more on her, but  
sing loud. If both my sons were on the gallows, I  
would sing,

Down, down, down ; they fall  
Down, and arise they never shall,

*Merch.* Oh, might I behold her once again,  
And she once more embrace her aged fire !

*Mer.* Fy, how scurvily this goes !  
' And she once more embrace her aged fire ?'  
You'll make a dog on her, will ye ? she cares much  
for her aged fire, I warrant you.

She cares not for her daddy, nor  
She cares not for her mammy, for  
She is, she is, she is  
My lord of Lowgave's lassie.

*Merch.* For this thy scorn I will pursue that son  
Of thine to death.

*Mer.* Do ; and when you ha' kill'd him,  
Give him flowers enow, Palmer, give him flowers  
enow !  
Give him red and white, and blue, green, and yellow.

*Merch.* I'll fetch my daughter——

*Mer.* I'll hear no more o' your daughter ; it spoils  
my mirth.

*Merch.* I say, I'll fetch my daughter.

*Mer.*

*Mer.* Was never man for lady's sake<sup>32</sup>,  
 Down, down,  
 Tormented as I Sir Guy,  
 De derry down,  
 For Lucy's sake, that lady bright,  
 Down, down,  
 As ever men beheld with eye!  
 De derry down.

*Merch.* I'll be reveng'd, by Heaven! [Exeunt.

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI. [Music.

*Wife.* How dost thou like this, George?

*Cit.* Why, this is well, cony; but if Ralph were hot once, thou shouldst see more.

*Wife.* The fiddlers go again, husband.

*Cit.* Ay, Nell; but this is scurvy musick. I gave the whoreson gallows money, and I think he has not got me the waits of Southwark: If I hear 'em not anon<sup>33</sup>, I'll twinge him by the ears. You musicians, play Baloo<sup>34</sup>!

*Wife.* No, good George, let's ha' Lachrymæ!

*Cit.* Why this is it, cony.

*Wife.* It's all the better, George. Now, sweet lamb, what story is that painted upon the cloth? the confutation of St. Paul?

*Cit.* No, lamb; that's Ralph and Lucrece.

*Wife.* Ralph and Lucrece? which Ralph? our Ralph?

*Cit.* No, mouse; that was a Tartarian.

*Wife.* A Tartarian? Well, I would the fiddlers had done, that we might see our Ralph again!

<sup>32</sup> *Was never man, &c.*] From the Legend of Sir Guy. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. iii, p. 102.

<sup>33</sup> *If I hear him not.*] Amended by Symphon.

<sup>34</sup> *Baloo.*] See Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. ii, p. 196. Lady Anne Bothwell's Lamentation; in which the concluding lines of each stanza are these:

' Balow, my babe, lie still and sleipe!

' It grieves me fair to see thee weepe.'



## A C T III.

*Enter Jasper and Luce.*

*Jasp.* **C**OME, my dear dear! tho' we have lost  
our way,  
We have not lost ourselves. Are you not weary  
With this night's wandring, broken from your rest?  
And frightened with the terror that attends  
The darkness of this wild unpeopled place?

*Luce.* No, my best friend; I cannot either fear,  
Or entertain a weary thought, whilst you  
(The end of all my full desires) stand by me:  
Let them that lose their hopes; and live to languish  
Amongst the number of forsaken lovers,  
Tell the long weary steps, and number time,  
Start at a shadow, and shrink up their blood,  
Whilst I (possess'd with all content and quiet)  
Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him.

*Jasp.* You've caught me, Luce, so fast, that whilst  
I live

I shall become your faithful prisoner,  
And wear these chains for ever. Come, sit down,  
And rest your body, too, too delicate  
For these disturbances. So! will you sleep?  
Come, do not be more able than you are;  
I know you are not skilful in these watches,  
For women are no soldiers: Be not nice,  
But take it; sleep, I say.

*Luce.* I cannot sleep;  
Indeed I cannot, friend.

*Jasp.* Why then we'll sing,  
And try how that will work upon our senses.

*Luce.* I'll sing, or say, or any thing but sleep.

*Jasp.* Come, little mermaid, rob me of my heart  
With that enchanting voice.

*Luce.* You mock me, Jasper.

S O N G.

## S O N G.

*Jasp.* Tell me, dearest, what is love<sup>35</sup>?

*Luce.* 'Tis a lightning from above ;  
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,  
'Tis a boy they call Desire.  
'Tis a smile  
Doth beguile

*Jasp.* The poor hearts of men that prove.

Tell me more, are women true?

*Luce.* Some love change, and so do you.

*Jasp.* Are they fair, and never kind?

*Luce.* Yes, when men turn with the wind.

*Jasp.* Are they froward?

*Luce.* Ever toward

Those that love, to love anew.

*Jasp.* Dissemble it no more ; I see the god  
Of heavy sleep lay on his heavy mace  
Upon your eye-lids.

*Luce.* I am very heavy.

*Jasp.* Sleep, sleep ; and quiet rest crown thy sweet  
thoughts !

Keep from her fair blood all distempers<sup>36</sup>, startings,  
Horrors and fearful shapes ! let all her dreams  
Be joys, and chaste delights, embraces, wishes,  
And such new pleasures as the ravish'd soul  
Gives to the senses ! So ; my charms have took.  
Keep her, ye powers divine, whilst I contemplate  
Upon the wealth and beauty of her mind !  
She's only fair, and constant, only kind,  
And only to thee, Jasper. Oh, my joys !  
Whither will you transport me ? let not fullness  
Of my poor buried hopes come up together,  
And over-charge my spirits ; I am weak !  
Some say (however ill) the sea and women  
Are govern'd by the moon ; both ebb and flow,

<sup>35</sup> *Tell me, dearest, what is love.*] This song, with a little variation, is also in the Captain.

<sup>36</sup> *Keep from her fair blood distempers, startings.*] Sympfon, to assist the measure, added the word ALL.

Both full of changes; yet to them that know,  
 And truly judge, these but opinions are,  
 And heresies, to bring on pleasing war  
 Between our tempers, that without these were  
 Both void of after-love, and present fear;  
 Which are the best of Cupid. Oh, thou child  
 Bred from despair, I dare not entertain thee,  
 Having a love without the faults of women,  
 And greater in her perfect goods than men;  
 Which to make good, and please myself the stronger,  
 Tho' certainly I'm certain of her love,  
 I'll try her, that the world and memory  
 May sing to after-times her constancy.  
 Luce! Luce! awake!

*Luce.* Why do you fright me, friend,  
 With those distemper'd looks? what makes your sword  
 Drawn in your hand? who hath offended you?—  
 I prithee, Jasper, sleep; thou'rt wild with watching.

*Jasp.* Come, make your way to Heaven, and bid  
 the world,  
 With all the villainies that stick upon it,  
 Farewell; you're for another life.

*Luce.* Oh, Jasper,  
 How have my tender years committed evil,  
 Especially against the man I love,  
 Thus to be cropp'd untimely?

*Jasp.* Foolish girl,  
 Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter  
 That flung me from my fortune into nothing?  
 Discharged me his service, shut the doors  
 Upon my poverty, and scorn'd my prayers,  
 Sending me, like a boat without a mast,  
 To sink or swim? Come; by this hand, you die!  
 I must have life and blood, to satisfy  
 Your father's wrongs.

*Wife.* Away, George, away! raise the watch at  
 Ludgate, and bring a mittimus from the justice for  
 this desperate villain! Now I charge you, gentlemen,  
 see the king's peace kept! Oh, my heart, what a  
 VOL. VI. D d varlet's

varlet's this, to offer manslaughter upon the harmless gentlewoman!

*Cit.* I warrant thee, sweetheart, we'll have him hampered.

*Luce.* Oh, Jasper, be not cruel!  
If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly,  
And let not many deaths appear before me!  
I am a woman made of fear and love,  
A weak, weak woman; kill not with thy eyes!  
They shoot me thro' and thro'. Strike! I am ready;  
And dying still I love thee.

*Enter Merchant, Master Humphrey, and men.*

*Merch.* Whereabouts?

*Jasp.* No more of this; now to myself again.

*Hum.* There, there he stands, with sword, like martial knight,  
Drawn in his hand; therefore beware the fight,  
You that are wise; for, were I good Sir Bevis,  
I would not stay his coming. By your leaves<sup>37</sup>.

*Merch.* Sirrah, restore my daughter!

*Jasp.* Sirrah, no.

*Merch.* Upon him then!

*Wife.* So; down with him, down with him, down with him!  
cut him i'the leg, boys, cut him i'the leg!

*Merch.* Come your ways, minion! I'll provide a cage for you, you're grown so tame. Horse her away!

*Hum.* Truly, I'm glad your forces have the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Manet Jasper.*

*Jasp.* They're gone, and I am hurt; my love is lost,  
Never to get again. Oh, me unhappy!  
Bleed, bleed and die.—I cannot. Oh, my folly,  
Thou hast betray'd me! Hope, where art thou fled?  
Tell me, if thou be'st any where remaining,

<sup>37</sup> *By your leaves.*] This must be pronounced as two syllables; 'tis in the taste of Chaucer and our old English Poets: 'Tis a license however our Poets seldom take, and I don't remember above three or four instances of it throughout the edition.

Shall I but see my love again? Oh, no!  
 She will not deign to look upon her butcher,  
 Nor is it fit she should; yet I must venture.  
 Oh, Chance, or Fortune, or whate'er thou art,  
 That men adore for powerful, hear my cry,  
 And let me loving live, or losing die! [Exit.

*Wife.* Is a gone, George?

*Cit.* Ay, cony.

*Wife.* Marry, and let him go, sweetheart! By the faith a my body, a has put me into such a fright, that I tremble (as they say) as 'twere an aspen-leaf: Look a my little finger, George, how it shakes! Now in truth every member of my body is the worse for't.

*Cit.* Come, hug in mine arms, sweet mouse; he shall not fright thee any more. Alas, mine own dear heart, how it quivers!

*Enter Mrs. Merrythought, Ralph, Michael, Tim, George, Host, and a Tapster.*

*Wife.* Oh, Ralph! how dost thou Ralph? How hast thou slept to-night? has the knight us'd thee well?

*Cit.* Peace, Nell; let Ralph alone!

*Tap.* Master, the reckoning is not paid.

*Ralph.* Right courteous Knight, who, for the order's sake

Which thou hast ta'en, hang'st out the holy Bell,  
 As I this flaming Pestle bear about,  
 We render thanks to your puissant self,  
 Your beauteous lady, and your gentle squires,  
 For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs,  
 Stiffen'd with hard atchievements in wild defart.

*Tap.* Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.

*Ralph.* Thou merry squire Tapstero, thanks to thee  
 For comforting our souls with double jug!  
 And if adventurous Fortune prick thee forth,  
 Thou jovial squire, to follow feats of arms,  
 Take heed thou tender every lady's cause,  
 Ev'ry true knight, and ev'ry damsel fair!  
 But spill the blood of treacherous Saracens,

And false enchanters, that with magick spells  
Have done to death full many a noble knight.

*Hof.* Thou valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle,  
give ear to me; there is twelve shillings to pay, and,  
as I am a true Knight, I will not bate a penny.

*Wife.* George, I prithee tell me, must Ralph pay  
twelve shillings now?

*Cit.* No, Nell, no; nothing but the old Knight is  
merry with Ralph.

*Wife.* Oh, is't nothing else? Ralph will be as  
merry as he.

*Ralph.* Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you  
well;

But, to requite this liberal courtesy,  
If any of your squires will follow arms,  
He shall receive from my heroick hand,  
A knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle.

*Hof.* Fair Knight, I thank you for your noble offer;  
Therefore, gentle Knight,  
Twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap you.

*Wife.* Look, George! did not I tell thee as much?  
the Knight of the Bell is in earnest. Ralph shall not  
be beholding to him: Give him his money, George,  
and let him go snick-up.

*Cit.* Cap Ralph? No; hold your hand, Sir Knight  
of the Bell! There's your money; have you any thing  
to say to Ralph now? Cap Ralph?

*Wife.* I would you should know it, Ralph has  
friends that will not suffer him to be capt for ten times  
so much, and ten times to the end of that. Now take  
thy course, Ralph!

*Mrs. Mer.* Come, Michael; thou and I will go  
home to thy father; he hath enough left to keep us  
a day or two, and we'll set fellows abroad to cry our  
purse and casket: Shall we, Michael?

*Mich.* Ay, I pray, mother; in truth my feet are  
full of chilblains with travelling.

*Wife.* Faith, and those chilblains are a foul trouble.  
Mistress Merrythought, when your youth comes home,  
let

let him rub all the soles of his feet, and his heels, and his ancles, with a mouse-skin; or, if none of you can catch a mouse, when he goes to-bed, let him roll his feet in the warm embers, and I warrant you he shall be well; and you may make him put his fingers between his toes, and smell to them; it's very sovereign for his head, if he be costive.

*Mrs. Mer.* Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, my son Michael and I bid you farewell: I thank your worship heartily for your kindness.

*Ralph.* Farewell, fair lady, and your tender squire! If pricking thro' these desarts, I do hear  
Of any trait'rous knight, who thro' his guile  
Hath lit upon your casket and your purse,  
I will despoil him of them and restore them.

*Mrs. Mer.* I thank your worship.

[*Exit with Michael.*]

*Ralph.* Dwarf, bear my shield; Squire, elevate my lance;  
And now, farewell, you Knight of holy Bell!

*Cit.* Ay, ay, Ralph, all is paid.

*Ralph.* But yet, before I go, speak, worthy knight, If aught you do of sad adventures know,  
Where errant-knight may thro' his prowess win  
Eternal fame, and free some gentle souls  
From endless bonds of steel and ling'ring pain.

*Host.* Sirrah, go to Nick the barber, and bid him prepare himself, as I told you before, quickly.

*Tap.* I am gone, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Host.* Sir Knight, this wilderness affordeth none  
But the great venture, where full many a knight  
Hath tried his prowess, and come off with shame;  
And where I would not have you lose your life,  
Against no man, but furious fiend of hell.

*Ralph.* Speak on, Sir Knight; tell what he is, and where:

For here I vow upon my blazing badge,  
Never to blaze a day in quietness;  
But bread and water will I only eat,

And the green herb and rock shall be my couch,  
 'Till I have quell'd that man, or beast, or fiend,  
 That works such damage to all errant-knights.

*Host.* Not far from hence, near to a craggy cliff,  
 At the north end of this distressed town,  
 There doth stand a lowly house,  
 Ruggedly builded, and in it a cave  
 In which an ugly giant now doth won<sup>38</sup>,  
 Ycleped Barbaroso; in his hand  
 He shakes a naked lance of purest steel,  
 With sleeves turn'd up; and him before he wears  
 A motly garment, to preserve his cloaths  
 From blood of those knights which he massacres,  
 And ladies gent; without his door doth hang  
 A copper basin, on a prickant spear;  
 At which no sooner gentle knights can knock  
 But the shrill sound fierce Barbaroso hears,  
 And rushing forth, brings in the errant-knight,  
 And sets him down in an enchanted chair:  
 Then with an engine, which he hath prepar'd,  
 With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown,  
 Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin  
 He plants a brazen piece of mighty bore<sup>40</sup>,  
 And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks;  
 Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument  
 With which he snaps his hair off, he doth fill  
 The wretch's ears with a most hideous noise.  
 Thus every knight-adventurer he doth trim,  
 And now no creature dares encounter him.

*Ralph.* In God's name, I will fight with him:  
 Kind Sir,

<sup>38</sup> *Won.*] Old word for *dwell*.

*Sympson.*

<sup>40</sup> *A brazen piece of mighty board.*] So the octavo; the first quarto, of *mighty bord*. Both of which are foreign to the places they occupy. I conjecture the Poets intended to say *bore*; so the cavity of a gun, cannon, &c. is commonly called: And though the anachronism of making ordnance, contemporary with knight-errantry may be allowed, yet nonsense has, or can have no claim to the like privilege.

*Sympson.*



Go but before me to this dismal cave  
 Where this huge giant Barbaroso dwells,  
 And, by that virtue that brave Rosicler  
 That damned brood of ugly giants slew,  
 And Palmerin Frannarco overthrew,  
 I doubt not but to curb this traitor foul,  
 And to the devil send his guilty soul.

*Hof.* Brave-sprighted Knight, thus far I will perform  
 This your request; I'll bring you within sight  
 Of this most loathsome place, inhabited  
 By a more loathsome man; but dare not stay,  
 For his main force swoops all he sees away.

*Ralph.* Saint George! Set on; before march, Squire  
 and Page! [*Exeunt.*

*Wife.* George, dost think Ralph will confound the  
 giant?

*Cit.* I hold my cap to a farthing he does: Why,  
 Nell, I saw him wrestle with the great Dutchman, and  
 hurl him.

*Wife.* Faith, and that Dutchman was a goodly man,  
 if all things were answerable to his bignets. And yet  
 they say there was a Scottishman higher than he, and  
 that they two on a night met<sup>41</sup>, and saw one another  
 for nothing. But of all the fights that ever were in  
 London, since I was married, methinks the little child  
 that was so fair grown about the members was the  
 prettiest; that and the hermaphrodite.

*Cit.* Nay, by your leave, Nell, Ninivie was better.

*Wife.* Ninivie? Oh, that was the story of Joan and  
 the wall<sup>42</sup>, was it not, George?

*Cit.* Yes, lamb.

<sup>41</sup> *That they two and a Knight met.*] The correction in the present edition I hope will be allowed by every candid and judicious reader: *Night* being the time when these *men-monsters* remove from place to place, thereby to prevent spoiling their ma ket, by exposing to common view, what they would have the world pay dearly for the sight of.

*Sympos*

<sup>42</sup> *Story of Joan and the wall.*] Affected blunder for *Jonah* and the *whale*.

*Theobald*

*Enter Mrs. Merrythought.*

*Wife.* Look, George; here comes mistress Merrythought again! and I would have Ralph come and fight with the giant; I tell you true, I long to see't.

*Cit.* Good mistress Merrythought, be gone, I pray you, for my sake! I pray you forbear a little; you shall have audience presently; I have a little business.

*Wife.* Mistress Merrythought, if it please you to refrain your passion a little, till Ralph have dispatch'd the giant out of the way, we shall think ourselves much bound to thank you: I thank you, good mistress Merrythought. [*Exit Mrs. Merrythought.*]

*Enter a Boy.*

*Cit.* Boy, come hither; send away Ralph and this whoreson giant quickly.

*Boy.* In good faith, Sir, we cannot; you'll utterly spoil our play, and make it to be his'd; and it cost money; you will not suffer us to go on with our plots. I pray, gentlemen, rule him!

*Cit.* Let him come now and dispatch this, and I'll trouble you no more.

*Boy.* Will you give me your hand of that?

*Wife.* Give him thy hand, George, do; and I'll kiss him. I warrant thee the youth means plainly.

*Boy.* I'll send him to you presently. [*Exit Boy.*]

*Wife.* I thank you, little youth. Feth, the child hath a sweet breath, George; but I think it be troubled with the worms; Carduus Benedictus and mare's milk were the only thing in the world for't. Oh, Ralph's here, George! God send thee good luck, Ralph!

*Enter Ralph, Host, Tim, and George.*

*Host.* Puissant knight, yonder his mansion is. Lo, where the spear and copper bason are! Behold the string on which hangs many a tooth, Drawn from the gentle jaw of wandring knights! I dare not stay to sound; he will appear. [*Exit.*]

*Ralph.*

*Ralph.* Oh, faint not, heart! Susan, my lady dear,  
The cobler's maid in Milk-Street, for whose sake  
I take these arms, oh, let the thought of thee  
Carry thy knight thro' all th' adventurous deeds;  
And, in the honour of thy beauteous self,  
May I destroy this monster Barbaroso!  
Knock, Squire, upon the bason, 'till it break  
With the shrill strokes, or 'till the giant speak.

*Enter Barber.*

*Wife.* Oh, George, the giant, the giant! Now,  
Ralph, for thy life!

*Bar.* What fond unknowing wight is this, that dares  
So rudely knock at Barbaroso's cell,  
Where no man comes, but leaves his fleece behind?

*Ralph.* I, traiterous caitiff, who am sent by Fate  
To punish all the sad enormities  
Thou hast committed against ladies gent,  
And errant-knights, traitor to God and men!  
Prepare thyself; this is the dismal hour  
Appointed for thee to give strict account  
Of all thy beastly treacherous villainies.

*Bar.* Fool-hardy knight, full soon thou shalt aby  
This fond reproach: Thy body will I bang;

*[He takes down his pole.*

And lo! upon that string thy teeth shall hang.  
Prepare thyself, for dead soon shalt thou be.

*Ralph.* Saint George for me! *[They fight.*

*Bar.* Gargantua for me!

*Wife.* To him, Ralph, to him! hold up the giant;  
set out thy leg before, Ralph!

*Cit.* Falsify a blow, Ralph, falsify a blow! the  
giant lies open on the left side.

*Wife.* Bear't off, bear't off still: There, boy. Oh,  
Ralph's almost down, Ralph's almost down!

*Ralph.* Susan, inspire me! now have up again.

*Wife.* Up, up, up, up! so, Ralph! down  
with him, down with him, Ralph!

*Cit.* Fetch him over the hip, boy!

*Wife.*

*Wife.* There, boy ! kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, Ralph !

*Cit.* No, Ralph ; get all out of him first.

*Ralph.* Presumptuous man ! see to what desperate end  
Thy treachery hath brought thee : The just gods,  
Who never prosper those that do despise them,  
For all the villainies which thou hast done  
To knights and ladies, now have paid thee home,  
By my stiff arm, a knight adventurous.  
But say, vile wretch, before I send thy soul  
To sad Avernus, (whither it must go)  
What captives holdst thou in thy fable cave ?

*Bar.* Go in, and free them all ; thou hast the day.

*Ralph.* Go, Squire and Dwarf, search in this dreadful  
cave,  
And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds.

[*Exeunt Tim and George.*

*Bar.* I crave for mercy, as thou art a Knight,  
And scorn'st to spill the blood of those that beg.

*Ralph.* Thou shew'st no mercy, nor shalt thou have  
any ;  
Prepare thyself, for thou shalt surely die.

*Enter Tim leading one winking, with a basin under  
his chin.*

*Tim.* Behold, brave Knight, here is one prisoner,  
Whom this vile man hath used as you see<sup>43</sup>.

*Wife.* This is the wisest word I heard the squire speak.

<sup>43</sup> *Whom this wild man.*] Though all the copies agree in this reading, 'tis yet highly probable that a corruption has taken place here. Inhumanity and barbarity are the characteristics this giant is distinguished by, and as such I would have what I take to be the right lection restored, and make the line run thus,

*Whom this vilde man, &c.*

*Vilde* for *vile* is the common lection both in Shakespear and Spencer, and I am surprized that the great Oxford editor of Shakespear should so frequently (I believe universally) alter this reading in his fine edition of that poet, into the modern *vile*.  
*Sympson.*

We cannot conceive why Mr. Sympson should be surprized at this : Himself confesses that it is only modernizing the orthography ; and if that is not allowable in this word, why is it in any other ?

*Ralph.*

*Ralph.* Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been us'd,

That I may give him condign punishment.

*1 Knight.* I am a Knight that took my journey post Northward from London; and, in courteous wise, This giant train'd me to his loathsome den, Under pretence of killing of the itch; And all my body with a powder strew'd, That smarts and stings; and cut away my beard, And my curl'd locks, wherein were ribands tied; And with a water wash'd my tender eyes, Whilst up and down about me still he skipt) Whose virtue is, that 'till my eyes be wip'd With a dry cloth, for this my foul disgrace, I shall not dare to look a dog i' th' face.

*Wife.* Alas, poor Knight! Relieve him, Ralph; relieve poor knights, whilst you live.

*Ralph.* My trusty Squire, convey him to the town, Where he may find relief. Adieu, fair Knight!

[*Exit Knight.*]

*Enter George, leading one with a patch over his nose.*

*George.* Puissant Knight, o' th' Burning Pestle hight, See here another wretch, whom this foul beast Hath scotch'd <sup>44</sup> and scor'd in this inhuman wise.

*Ralph.* Speak me thy name, and eke thy place of birth,

And what hath been thy usage in this cave.

*2 Knight.* I am a Knight, Sir Pockhole is my name, And by my birth I am a Londoner, Free by my copy, but my ancestors Were Frenchmen all; and riding hard this way, Upon a trotting horse, my bones did ache; And I, faint Knight, to ease my weary limbs, Lit at this cave; when straight this furious fiend,

<sup>44</sup> Scorch'd and scor'd.] The account that the Knight, here handed out by the Dwarf, gives of himself a little after, makes much against the reading of *scorch'd*, but naturally agrees with the alteration Mr. Theobald and myself have advanced.

*Symfon.*

With

With sharpest instrument of purest steel,  
 Did cut the gristle of my nose away,  
 And in the place this velvet plaister stands :  
 Relieve me, gentle Knight, out of his hands !

*Wife.* Good Ralph, relieve Sir Pockhole, and send him away ; for in truth his breath stinks.

*Ralph.* Convey him straight after the other Knight.  
 Sir Pockhole, fare you well !

*2 Knight.* Kind Sir, good night ! [Exit.]

*Man [within].* Deliver us ! [Cries within.]

*Woman [within].* Deliver us !

*Wife.* Hark, George, what a woful cry there is !  
 I think some woman lies-in there.

*Man.* Deliver us !

*Woman.* Deliver us !

*Ralph.* What ghastly noise is this ? speak, Barbaroso ;  
 Or, by this blazing steel, thy head goes off !

*Bar.* Prisoners of mine, whom I in diet keep.  
 Send lower down into the cave,  
 And in a tub that's heated smoaking hot,  
 There may they find them, and deliver them.

*Ralph.* Run, Squire and Dwarf ; deliver them with  
 speed. [Exeunt Tim and George.]

*Wife.* But will not Ralph kill this giant ? Surely I  
 am afraid, if he let him go he will do as much hurt as  
 ever he did.

*Cit.* Not so, mouse, neither, if he could convert him.

*Wife.* Ay, George, if he could convert him ; but a  
 giant is not so soon converted as one of us ordinary  
 people. There's a pretty tale of a witch, that had the  
 devil's mark about her, God blefs us ! that had a  
 giant to her son, that was call'd Lob-lie-by-the-fire ;  
 didst never hear it, George ?

*Enter Tim leading Third Knight, with a glass of lotion in  
 his hand, and George leading a Woman, with diet-  
 bread and drink.*

*Cit.* Peace, Nell ; here comes the prisoners.

*George.* Here be these pined wretches, manful Knight,  
 That

That for this six weeks have not seen a wight.

*Ralph.* Deliver what you are, and how you came  
To this sad cave, and what your usage was?

*3 Knight.* I am an errant-Knight<sup>45</sup> that follow'd arms,  
With spear and shield; and in my tender years  
I stricken was with Cupid's fiery shaft,  
And fell in love with this my lady dear,  
And stole her from her friends in Turnball-street<sup>46</sup>,  
And bore her up and down from town to town,  
Where we did eat and drink, and musick hear;  
'Till at the length at this unhappy town  
We did arrive, and coming to this cave,  
This beast us caught, and put us in a tub,  
Where we this two months sweat, and should have done  
Another month, if you had not reliev'd us.

*Woman.* This bread and water hath our diet been,  
Together with a rib cut from a neck  
Of burned mutton; hard hath been our fare!  
Release us from this ugly giant's snare!

*3 Knight.* This hath been all the food we have  
receiv'd;  
But only twice a-day, for novelty, [*Pulls out a siringe.*  
He gave a spoonful of this hearty broth  
To each of us, thro' this same slender quill.

*Ralph.* From this infernal monster you shall go,  
That useth-knights and gentle ladies so.  
Convey them hence. [*Exeunt Third Knight and Woman.*

*Cit.* Cony, I can tell thee the gentlemen like *Ralph.*  
*Wife.* Ay, George, I see it well enough. Gentlemen,  
I thank you all heartily for gracing my man *Ralph*;  
and I promise you, you shall see him oftener.

*Bar.* Mercy, great Knight! I do recant my ill,  
And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.

*Ralph.* I give thee mercy; but yet thou shalt swear  
Upon my Burning Pestle, to perform

<sup>45</sup> *Man.* *I am an errant Knight.*] Surely then this character should be called *THIRD Knight*, as well as the others *FIRST* and *SECOND Knights*. *M. R.*

<sup>46</sup> *Turnball-Street*] See note 46 on the *Scornful Lady*.

Thy promise utter'd.

*Bar.* I swear and kiss.

*Ralph.* Depart then, and amend!

Come, Squire and Dwarf; the sun grows towards his  
set,

And we have many more adventures yet. [Exeunt.]

*Cit.* Now Ralph is in this humour, I know he would  
ha' beaten all the boys in the house, if they had been  
set on him.

*Wife.* Ay, George, but it is well as it is: I warrant  
you the gentlemen do consider what it is to overthrow  
a giant. But look, George; here comes mistress Merry-  
thought, and her son Michael: Now you are welcome,  
mistress Merrythought; now Ralph has done, you may  
go on.

*Enter Mrs. Merrythought and Michael.*

*Mrs. Mer.* Micke, my boy?

*Mich.* Ay, forsooth, mother!

*Mrs. Mer.* Be merry, Micke; we are at home now;  
where I warrant you, you shall find the house flung out  
of the windows. Hark! hey dogs, hey! this is the  
old world 'faith with my husband: I get in among  
them, I'll play them such a lesson, that they shall have  
little list to come scraping hither again!—Why,  
master Merrythought! husband! Charles Merry-  
thought!

*Mer.* [within.] If you will sing, and dance, and laugh,  
And hollow, and laugh again!

And then cry, there boys, there; why then,  
One, two, three, and four,  
We shall be merry within this hour.

*Mrs. Mer.* Why, Charles! do you not know your  
own natural wife? I say, open the door, and turn me  
out these mangy companions; 'tis more than time that  
they were fellow-like with you: You are a gentleman,  
Charles, and an old man, and father of two children;  
and I myself, (though I say it) by my mother's side,  
niece



niece to a worshipful gentleman, and a conductor; he has been three times in his majesty's service at Chester; and is now the fourth time, God bless him, and his charge, upon his journey.

*Mer.* Go from my window, love, go;  
Go from my window, my dear:  
The wind and the rain  
Will drive you back again,  
You cannot be lodged here.

Hark you, mistress Merrythought, you that walk upon adventures, and forsake your husband, because he sings with never a penny in his purse; what, shall I think myself the worse? Faith no, I'll be merry.

You come not here, here's none but lads of mettle,  
Lives of a hundred years, and upwards,  
Care never drunk their bloods, nor want made them  
warble.

Hey-ho, my heart is heavy.

*Mrs. Mer.* Why, master Merrythought, what am I, that you should laugh me to scorn thus abruptly? am I not your fellow-feeler, as we may say, in all our miseries? your comforter in health and sickness? have I not brought you children? are they not like you, Charles? Look upon thine own image, hard-heated man! and yet for all this——

*Mer.* Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy,  
Begone, my love, my dear!  
The weather is warm,  
'Twill do thee no harm;  
Thou canst not be lodged here.

Be merry, boys! some light musick, and more wine!

*Wife.* He's not in earnest, I hope, George; is he?

*Cit.* What if he be, sweetheart?

*Wife.* Marry if he be, George, I'll make bold to tell him he's an ingrant old man<sup>47</sup>, to use his bedfellow so scurvily.

<sup>47</sup> *Ingrant*] Is the reading of all the copies but that of 1711, which exhibits *ignorant*; of which word it may be a vitiation, as  
*ingrum*

*Cit.* What! how does he use her, honey?

*Wife.* Marry come up, Sir Saucebox! I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord, how hot are you grown! you are a fine man, an you had a fine dog; it becomes you sweetly!

*Cit.* Nay, prithee, Nell, chide not; for as I am an honest man, and a true Christian grocer, I do not like his doings.

*Wife.* I cry you mercy then, George! you know we are all frail, and full of infirmities.—D'ye hear, master Merrythought? may I crave a word with you?

*Mer.* Strike up, lively lads!

*Wife.* I had not thought in truth, master Merrythought, that a man of your age and discretion, as I may say, being a gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions, could have used so little respect to the weakness of his wife: For your wife is your own flesh, the staff of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whose help you draw through the mire of this transitory world; nay, she's your own rib. And again——

*Mer.* I come not hither for thee to teach,  
I have no pulpit for thee to preach,  
I would thou hadst kiss'd me under the breech,  
As thou art a lady gay.

*Wife.* Marry, with a vengeance, I am heartily sorry for the poor gentlewoman! but if I were thy wife, i'faith, greybeard, i'faith——

*Cit.* I prithee, sweet honeysuckle, be content!

*Wife.* Give me such words, that am a gentlewoman born? hang him, hoary rascal! Get me some drink, George; I am almost molten with fretting: Now beshrew his knave's heart for it!

*Mer.* Play me a light lavalto. Come, be frolick; fill the good fellows wine!

*Mrs. Mer.* Why, master Merrythought, are you

---

*ingrum* is in Wit without Money (see note 77 on that play): *Ingrant* here seems to stand for *ingrateful*.

disposed

disposed to make me wait here? You'll open, I hope; I'll fetch them that shall open else.

*Mer.* Good woman, if you will sing, I'll give you you something; if not——

You are no love for me, Margret;  
I am no love for you<sup>47</sup>.

Come aloft, boys, aloft<sup>48</sup>!

*Mrs. Mer.* Now a churl's fart in your teeth, Sir! Come, Micke, we'll not trouble him; a shall not ding us i' th' teeth with his bread and his broth, that he shall not. Come, boy; I'll provide for thee; I warrant thee: We'll go to master Venterwels, the merchant; I'll get his letter to mine host of the Bell in Waltham; there I'll place thee with the tapster; will not that do well for thee, Micke? and let me alone for that old cuckoldly knave your father! I'll use him in his kind, I warrant you!

FINIS ACTUS TERTII:

*Wife.* Come, George; where's the beer?

*Cit.* Here, love!

*Wife.* This old fornicating fellow will not out of my mind yet. Gentlemen, I'll begin to you all; and I desire more of your acquaintance, with all my heart. Fill the gentlemen some beer, George. [*Boy danceth.*] Look, George, the little Boy's come again! methinks he looks something like the prince of Orange in his long stocking, if he had a little harness about his neck. George, I will have him dance Fading; Fading is a fine jig<sup>49</sup>, I'll assure you, gentlemen. Begin, brother; now a capers, sweet heart! now a turn a th' toe, and then tumble! Cannot you tumble, youth?

<sup>47</sup> *You are no love, &c.*] These lines are to be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. iii. p: 120.

<sup>48</sup> *Come aloft, boys, aloft.*] This line has hitherto been printed as part of the *song*; to which we cannot think it belongs.

<sup>49</sup> *Fading; fading is a fine jig.*] This dance is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in the *Irish Masque at Court*: 'Daunsh a *fading* at te vedding;' and again, 'Show tee how teye can foot te *fading* and te fadow.'

*Boy.* No indeed, forsooth.

*Wife.* Nor eat fire?

*Boy.* Neither.

*Wife.* Why then, I thank you heartily; there's twopence to buy you points withal.

A C T IV<sup>50</sup>.

*Enter Jasper and Boy.*

*Jasp.* **T**HERE, boy; deliver this: But do it well.

Hast thou provided me four lusty fellows,  
Able to carry me? and art thou perfect  
In all thy business?

*Boy.* Sir, you need not fear;  
I have my lesson here, and cannot miss it:  
The men are ready for you, and what else  
Pertains to this employment.

*Jasp.* There, my boy;  
Take it, but buy no land.

*Boy.* Faith, Sir, 'twere rare  
To see so young a purchaser. I fly,  
And on my wings carry your destiny. [Exit.]

*Jasp.* Go, and be happy! Now, my latest hope,  
Forsake me not, but fling thy anchor out,  
And let it hold! Stand, fix'd, thou rolling stone,  
'Till I enjoy my dearest! Hear me, all  
You powers, that rule in men, celestial! [Exit.]

*Wife.* Go thy ways; thou art as crooked a sprig as  
ever grew in London! I warrant him, he'll come to  
some naughty end or other; for his looks say no less:  
Besides, his father (you know, George) is none of the  
best; you heard him take me up like a Gill-flirt, and

<sup>50</sup> *AE IV.]* All the copies concur in making this *act* begin with the *Boy's dancing*; but as the *dance* was certainly introduced by way of interlude, here as well as at the end of the first act, we have made this *act* begin with a part of the real play, as all the others do.

sing bawdy songs upon me; but i'faith, if I live,  
George——

*Cit.* Let me alone, sweetheart! I have a trick in my head shall lodge him in the Arches for one year, and make him sing *peccavi*, ere I leave him; and yet he shall never know who hurt him neither.

*Wife.* Do, my good George, do!

*Cit.* What shall we have Ralph do now, Boy?

*Boy.* You shall have what you will, Sir.

*Cit.* Why, so, Sir; go and fetch me him then, and let the sophy of Persia come and christen him a child.

*Boy.* Believe me, Sir, that will not do so well; 'tis stale; it has been had before at the Red Bull<sup>51</sup>.

*Wife.* George, let Ralph travel over great hills, and let him be weary, and come to the king of Cracovia's house, covered with black velvet<sup>52</sup>, and there let the king's daughter stand in her window all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a comb of ivory; and let her spy Ralph, and fall in love with him, and come down to him, and carry him into her father's house, and then let Ralph talk with her!

*Cit.* Well said, Nell; it shall be so: Boy, let's ha't done quickly.

*Boy.* Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall hear them talk together; but we cannot present a house covered with black velvet, and a lady in beaten gold.

*Cit.* Sir Boy, let's ha't as you can then.

*Boy.* Besides, it will shew ill-favouredly to have a grocer's prentice to court a king's daughter.

*Cit.* Will it so, Sir? You are well read in histories!

<sup>51</sup> *The Red Bull.*] *The Red Bull* was one of the playhouses in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. It was situated in St. John's Street.  
R.

<sup>52</sup> *Cracovia's house covered with velvet.*] I have inserted the colour of the velvet, which was here wanting, from what the Boy says the second speech below, as to the impossibility of their complying with this request of the Citizen's Wife,

*But we can't present an house covered with black velvet.*

*Symphon.*

I pray you, what was Sir Dagonet<sup>53</sup>? Was not he prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of the Four Prentices of London<sup>54</sup>, where they tofs their pikes fo. I pray you fetch him in, Sir, fetch him in!

<sup>53</sup> *Sir Dagonet.*] In the Second Part of Shakespeare's Henry IV. act iii. scene iv. this character is mentioned by Justice Shallow: 'I remember at Mile-End Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn, I was *Sir Dagonet* in Arthur's Show;' upon which Mr. Warton remarks, 'Arthur's Snow seems to have been a theatrical representation made out of the old romance of Morte Arthure, the most popular one of our Author's age. *Sir Dagonet* is king Arthur's squire.'

<sup>54</sup> *The Four Prentices of London.*] The commentators on Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle have not observed that the design of that play is founded upon a comedy called, 'The Four Prentices of London, with the Conquest of Jerusalem; as it hath been diverse times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queen's Majesty's Servants. Written by Tho. Heywood, 1612.' For as in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, a grocer in the Strand turns knight-errant, making his apprentice his squire, &c. so in Heywood's play four apprentices accoutre themselves as knights, and go to Jerusalem in quest of adventures. One of them, the most important character, is a goldsmith, another a grocer, another a mercer, and a fourth an haberdasher. But Beaumont and Fletcher's Play, though founded upon it, contains many satyrical strokes against Heywood's comedy; the force of which is entirely lost to those who have not seen that comedy.

Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's Prologue, or first scene, a Citizen is introduced declaring that, in the play; he 'will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things.'

Again, act i. scene i. Ralph says, 'Amongst all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I have yet read of a grocer-errant: I will be the said knight. Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarf? My elder prentice Tim shall be my trusty squire, and George my dwarf.'

In the following passage the allusion to Heywood's comedy is demonstrably manifest, act iv. scene i.

'*Boy.* It will shew ill-favouredly to have a grocer's prentice court a king's daughter.

'*Cit.* Will it so, Sir? You are well read in histories; I pray you who was Sir Dagonet? Was he not prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of *The Four Prentices*, where they tofs their pikes fo.'

In Heywood's comedy, Euface the grocer's prentice is introduced courting the daughter of the king of France; and in the frontispiece the Four Prentices are represented in armour tilting with javelins. Immediately before the last-quoted speeches we have the following instances of allusion.

'*Cit.* Let the Sophy of Persia come, and christen him a child.

'*Boy.* Believe me, Sir, that will not do so well; 'tis flat; it has been before at the Red Bull.'

A circumstance

*Boy.* It shall be done.—It is not our fault, gentlemen.

[*Exit.*]

*Wife.* Now we shall see fine doings, I warrant thee, George. Oh, here they come! How prettily the king of Cracovia's daughter is dressed.

*Enter Ralph, Lady, Tim, and George.*

*Cit.* Ay, Nell, it is the fashion of that country, I warrant thee.

*Lady.* Welcome, Sir Knight, unto my father's court,

King of Moldavia; unto me, Pompiona,  
His daughter dear! But sure you do not like  
Your entertainment, that will stay with us  
No longer but a night.

*Ralph.* Damsel right fair,  
I am on many sad adventures bound,  
That call me forth into the wilderness:  
Besides, my horse's back is something gall'd,  
Which will enforce me ride a sober pace.  
But many thanks, fair lady, be to you,  
For using errant-Knight with courtely!

*Lady.* But say, brave Knight, what is your name  
and birth?

*Ralph.* My name is Ralph, I am an Englishman,  
(As true as steel, a hearty Englishman)  
And 'prentice to a grocer in the Strand,  
By deed indent, of which I have one part:  
But Fortune calling me to follow arms,  
On me this holy order I did take  
Of Burning Pestle, which in all mens' eyes  
I bear, confounding ladies' enemies.

*Lady.* Oft have I heard of your brave countrymen,  
And fertile soil; and store of wholesome food;  
My father oft will tell me of a drink

---

A circumstance in Heywood's comedy; which, as has been already specified, was acted at the Red Bull. Beaumont and Fletcher's play is pure burlesque. Heywood's is a mixture of the droll and serious, and was evidently intended to ridicule the reigning fashion of reading romances.

Warton.

In England found, and Nipitato call'd,  
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.

*Ralph.* Lady, 'tis true; you need not lay your lips  
To better Nipitato than there is.

*Lady.* And of a wild-fowl he will often speak,  
Which powder'd beef and mustard called is:  
For there have been great wars 'twixt us and you;  
But truly, Ralph, it was not long of me.  
Tell me then, Ralph, could you contented be  
To wear a lady's favour in your shield?

*Ralph.* I am a knight of a religious order,  
And will not wear a favour of a lady  
That trusts in Antichrist, and false traditions.

*Cit.* Well said, Ralph! convert her, if thou canst.

*Ralph.* Besides, I have a lady of my own  
In merry England; for whose virtuous sake  
I took these arms; and Susan is her name,  
A cobler's maid in Milk-Street; whom I vow  
Ne'er to forsake, whilst life and Pestle last.

*Lady.* Happy that cobling dame, whoe'er she be,  
That for her own, dear Ralph, hath gotten thee!  
Unhappy I, that ne'er shall see the day  
To see thee more, that bear'st my heart away!

*Ralph.* Lady, farewell! I needs must take my leave.

*Lady.* Hard-hearted Ralph, that ladies dost deceive!

*Cit.* Hark thee, Ralph! there's money for thee:  
Give something in the king of Cracovia's house; be  
not beholding to him.

*Ralph.* Lady, before I go, I must remember  
Your father's officers, who, truth to tell,  
Have been about me very diligent:  
Hold up thy snowy hand, thou princely maid!  
There's twelve-pence for your father's chamberlain;  
And there's another shilling for his cook,  
For, by my troth, the goose was roasted well;  
And twelve-pence for your father's horse-keeper,  
For 'nointing my horse-back, and for his butter  
There is another shilling; to the maid  
That wash'd my boot-hose, there's an English groat;

And



And two-pence to the boy that wip'd my boots !  
 And, last, fair lady, there is for yourself  
 Three-pence, to buy you pins at Bumbo-fair !

*Lady.* Full many thanks ; and I will keep them safe  
 'Till all the heads be off, for thy sake, Ralph.

*Ralph.* Advance, my Squire and Dwarf ! I cannot stay.

*Lady.* Thou kill'st my heart in parting thus away.  
 [Exeunt.]

*Wife.* I commend Ralph yet, that he will not stoop  
 to a Cracovian ; there's properer women in London  
 than any are there, I wis. But here comes master  
 Humphrey and his love again ; now, George !

*Cit.* Ay, cony, peace !

*Enter Merchant, Master Humphrey, Luce, and Boy.*

*Merch.* Go, get you up ! I will not be entreated.  
 And, gossip mine, I'll keep you sure hereafter  
 From gadding out again, with boys and unthrifits :  
 Come, they are womens' tears ; I know your fashion.  
 Go, firrah, lock her in, and keep the key

[Exeunt Luce and Boy.]

Safe, as you love your life<sup>55</sup>. Now, my son Humphrey,  
 You may both rest assured of my love  
 In this, and reap your own desire.

*Hum.* I see this love you speak of, thro' your  
 daughter,  
 Altho' the hole be little ; and hereafter  
 Will yield the like in all I may or can,  
 Fitting a Christian and a gentleman.

*Merch.* I do believe you, my good son, and thank  
 you ;

---

<sup>55</sup> *Safe as your life.*] We ought to read here, says the gentleman  
 quoted so often above, thus,

*Safe as you love your life.*

*Sympson.*

The reader will probably be surprized at Sympson's saying, 'quoted  
 'SO OFTEN,' when we have mentioned the gentleman SO SELDOM :  
 The cause is, the gentleman scarcely ever proposed a variation from  
 the old books, but (as in the present case ; for they exhibit the words  
*you love*) recommended *restorations* from them ; which Sympson,  
 from his wonderful inattention to the authorized copies, supposed  
 were *corrections*.

For 'twere an impudence to think you flatter'd.

*Hum.* It were indeed ; but shall I tell you why ?  
I have been beaten twice about the lie.

*Merch.* Well, son, no more of compliment. My  
daughter

Is yours again ; appoint the time and take her :

We'll have no stealing for it ; I myself

And some few of our friends will see you married.

*Hum.* I would you would, i'faith ! for be it known,  
I ever was afraid to lie alone.

*Merch.* Some three days hence then——

*Hum.* Three days ? let me see !

'Tis somewhat of the most ; yet I agree,

Because I mean against the 'pointed day

To visit all my friends in new array.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, there's a gentlewoman without would  
speak with your worship.

*Merch.* What is she ?

*Serv.* Sir, I ask'd her not.

*Merch.* Bid her come in.

*Enter Mrs. Merrythought and Michael.*

*Mrs. Mer.* Peace be to your worship ! I come as a  
poor suitor to you, Sir, in the behalf of this child.

*Merch.* Are you not wife to Merrythought ?

*Mrs. Mer.* Yes, truly : 'Would I had ne'er seen his  
eyes ! he has undone me and himself, and his children ;  
and there he lives at home, and sings and hoits, and  
revels among his drunken companions ! but, I warrant  
you, where to get a penny to put bread in his mouth  
he knows not : And therefore, if it like your wor-  
ship, I would entreat your letter to the honest host of  
the Bell in Waltham, that I may place my child under  
the protection of his tapster, in some settled course  
of life.

*Merch.* I'm glad the Heav'ns have heard my prayers !  
Thy husband,

When

When I was ripe in sorrows, laugh'd at me;  
 Thy son, like an unthankful wretch, I having  
 Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine,  
 To shew his love again, first stole my daughter,  
 Then wrong'd this gentleman; and, last of all,  
 Gave me that grief had almost brought me down  
 Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand,  
 Reliev'd my sorrows: Go, and weep as I did,  
 And be unpitied; for I here profess  
 An everlasting hate to all thy name.

*Mrs. Mer.* Will you so, Sir? how say you by that?  
 Come, Micke; let him keep his wind to cool his  
 pottage! We'll go to thy nurse's, Micke; she knits  
 silk stockings, boy, and we'll knit too, boy, and be  
 beholding to none of them all. [*Exit with Michael.*]

*Enter a Boy with a letter.*

*Boy.* Sir, I take it you are the master of this house.

*Merch.* How then, Boy?

*Boy.* Then to yourself, Sir, comes this letter.

*Merch.* From whom, my pretty Boy?

*Boy.* From him that was your servant; but no more  
 Shall that name ever be, for he is dead!

Grief of your purchas'd anger broke his heart:

I saw him die, and from his hand receiv'd

This paper, with a charge to bring it hither:

Read it, and satisfy yourself in all.

*Merch.* [*reading.*] ' Sir, that I have wronged your  
 ' love I must confess; in which I have purchased to  
 ' myself, besides mine own undoing, the ill opinion  
 ' of my friends. Let not your anger, good Sir, out-  
 ' live me, but suffer me to rest in peace with your  
 ' forgiveness: Let my body (if a dying man may so  
 ' much prevail with you) be brought to your daughter,  
 ' that she may know my hot flames are now buried,  
 ' and withal receive a testimony of the zeal I bore her  
 ' virtue. Farewell for ever, and be ever happy!  
 ' Jasper.'

God's

God's hand is great in this! I do forgive him;  
 Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope  
 He will not bite again. Boy, bring the body,  
 And let him have his will, if that be all.

*Boy.* 'Tis here without, Sir.

*Merch.* So, Sir; if you please,  
 You may conduct it in; I do not fear it!

*Hum.* I'll be your usher, Boy; for, tho' I say it,  
 He ow'd me something once, and well did pay it.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Luce alone.*

*Luce.* If there be any punishment inflicted  
 Upon the miserable, more than yet I feel,  
 Let it together seize me, and at once  
 Press down my soul! I cannot bear the pain  
 Of these delaying tortures!—Thou that art  
 The end of all, and the sweet rest of all,  
 Come, come, oh, Death! bring me to thy peace,  
 And blot out all the memory I nourish  
 Both of my father and my cruel friend!  
 Oh, wretched maid, still living to be wretched,  
 To be a *say*<sup>56</sup> to Fortune in her changes,  
 And grow to number times and woes together!  
 How happy had I been, if, being born,  
 My grave had been my cradle!

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* By your leave,  
 Young mistress! Here's a boy hath brought a coffin;  
 What a would say I know not; but your father  
 Charg'd me to give you notice. Here they come!

*Enter two bearing a coffin, Jasper in it.*

*Luce.* For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.

*Boy.* Fair mistress, let me not add greater grief  
 To that great store you have already. Jasper,

<sup>56</sup> *To be a say.*] *A say* seems corrupt; perhaps we should read, *assay*.

(That

(That whilst he liv'd was yours, now dead,  
 And here enclos'd) commanded me to bring  
 His body hither, and to crave a tear  
 From those fair eyes, (tho' he deserv'd not pity)  
 To deck his funeral, for so he bid me  
 Tell her for whom he died.

*Luce.* He shall have many. [*Exe. coffin-carriers and boy.*  
 Good friends, depart a little, whilst I take  
 My leave of this dead man, that once I lov'd.  
 Hold yet a little, life! and then I give thee  
 To thy first heavenly being. Oh, my friend!  
 Hast thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before me?  
 I shall not long be after. But, believe me,  
 Thou wert too cruel, Jasper, 'gainst thyself,  
 In punishing the fault I could have pardon'd,  
 With so untimely death: Thou didst not wrong me,  
 But ever wert most kind, most true, most loving;  
 And I the most unkind, most false, most cruel!  
 Didst thou but ask a tear? I'll give thee all,  
 Even all my eyes can pour down, all my sighs,  
 And all myself, before thou goest from me:  
 These are but sparing rites; but if thy soul  
 Be yet about this place, and can behold  
 And see what I prepare to deck thee with,  
 It shall go up, borne on the wings of peace,  
 And satisfied: First will I sing thy dirge,  
 Then kiss thy pale lips, and then die myself,  
 And fill one coffin, and one grave together.

Come, you whose loves are dead,  
 And whiles I sing,  
 Weep and ring  
 Every hand, and every head  
 Bind with cypress and sad yew;  
 Ribbons black and candles blue,  
 For him that was of men most true!  
 Come with heavy moaning<sup>57</sup>,  
 And on his grave  
 Let him have  
 Sacrifice of sighs and groaning;

<sup>57</sup> *With heavy mourning.*] Amended in 1750.

Let him have fair flowers enow,  
White and purple, green and yellow,  
For him that was of men most true!

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joys,  
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.

*Jasp.* And thus you meet the living.

*Luce.* Save me, Heaven!

*Jasp.* Nay, do not fly me, fair; I am no spirit:  
Look better on me; do you know me yet?

*Luce.* Oh, thou dear shadow of my friend!

*Jasp.* Dear substance,

I swear I am no shadow; feel my hand!

It is the same it was; I am your Jasper,  
Your Jasper that's yet living, and yet loving!

Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proof

I put in practice of your constancy!

For sooner should my sword have drunk my blood,  
And set my soul at liberty, than drawn  
The least drop from that body; for which boldness  
Doom me to any thing! if death, I take it,  
And willingly.

*Luce.* This death I'll give you for it! [*Kisses him.*]  
So; now I'm satisfied, you are no spirit,  
But my own truest, truest, truest friend!  
Why do you come thus to me?

*Jasp.* First, to see you;  
Then to convey you hence.

*Luce.* It cannot be;  
For I am lock'd up here, and watch'd at all hours,  
That 'tis impossible for me to 'scape.

*Jasp.* Nothing more possible: Within this coffin  
Do you convey yourself; let me alone,  
I have the wits of twenty men about me;  
Only I crave the shelter of your closet  
A little, and then fear me not. Creep in,  
That they may presently convey you hence.  
Fear nothing, dearest love! I'll be your second;  
Lie close; so! all goes well yet. Boy!

*Boy.* At hand, Sir.

*Jasp.* Convey away the coffin, and be wary.

Boy. 'Tis done already.

Jasp. Now must I go conjure.

[Exit.

*Enter Merchant.*

Merch. Boy, Boy!

Boy. Your servant, Sir.

Merch. Do me this kindness, Boy; (hold; here's  
a crown)

Before thou bury the body of this fellow,  
Carry it to his old merry father, and salute him  
From me, and bid him sing; h' hath cause.

Boy. I will, Sir.

Merch. And then bring me word what tune he is in,  
And have another crown; but do it truly.  
I've fitted him a bargain, now, will vex him.

Boy. God bless your worship's health, Sir!

Merch. Farewell, Boy!

[Exeunt.

*Enter Old Merrythought.*

Wife. Ah, old Merrythought, art thou there again?  
Let's hear some of thy songs.

Mer. Who can sing a merrier note  
Than he that cannot change a groat?

Not a denier left, and yet my heart leaps: I do  
wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man will follow a  
trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh, and walk the  
streets. My wife and both my sons are I know not  
where; I have nothing left, nor know I how to come  
by meat to supper; yet am I merry still; for I know  
I shall find it upon the table at six o' clock; therefore,  
hang thought!

I would not be a serving-man

To carry the cloak-bag still,

Nor would I be a falconer

The greedy hawks to fill;

But I would be in a good house,

And have a good master too;

But I would eat and drink of the best,

And no work would I do.

This

This is that keeps life and soul together, mirth! This is the philosopher's stone that they write so much on, that keeps a man ever young!

*Enter a Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, they say they know all your money is gone, and they will trust you for no more drink.

*Mer.* Will they not? let 'em chuse! The best is, I have mirth at home, and need not send abroad for that; let them keep their drink to themselves.

For Jillian of Berry she dwells on a hill,  
And she hath good beer and ale to sell,  
And of good fellows she thinks no ill,  
And thither will we go now, now, now,  
And thither will we go now.

And when you have made a little stay,  
You need not know what is to pay,  
But kiss your hostess, and go your way.  
And thither, &c.

*Enter another Boy.*

*2 Boy.* Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

*Mer.* Hang bread and supper! let's preserve our mirth, and we shall never feel hunger, I'll warrant you. Let's have a catch: Boy, follow me; come, sing this catch.

Ho, ho, nobody at home,  
Meat, nor drink, nor money ha' we none?  
Fill the pot, Eedy,  
Never more need I.

*Mer.* So, boys; enough. Follow me: let's change our place, and we shall laugh afresh. *[Exeunt.]*

*Wife.* Let him go, George; a shall not have any countenance from us; not a good word from any i'th' company, if I may strike stroke in't.

*Cit.* No more a shannot, love. But, Nell, I will have Ralph do a very notable matter now, to the eternal honour and glory of all grocers. Sirrah! you there! Boy! Can none of you hear?

*Boy.*



*Boy.* Sir, your pleasure?

*Cit.* Let Ralph come out on May-day in the morning, and speak upon a conduit, with all his scarfs about him, and his feathers, and his rings, and his knacks.

*Boy.* Why, Sir, you do not think of our plot; what will become of that then?

*Cit.* Why, Sir, I care not what become on't! I'll have him come out, or I'll fetch him out myself; I'll have something done in honour of the city. Besides, he hath been long enough upon adventures: Bring him out quickly; or if I come amongst you——

*Boy.* Well, Sir, he shall come out; but if our play miscarry, Sir, you are like to pay for't. [*Exit.*]

*Cit.* Bring him away then!

*Wife.* This will be brave, i'faith! George, shall not he dance the morris too, for the credit of the Strand?

*Cit.* No, sweetheart, it will be too much for the boy. Oh, there he is, Nell! he's reasonable well in repparel; but he has not rings enough.

*Enter Ralph.*

*Ralph.* London, to thee I do present  
 The merry month of May;  
 Let each true subject be content  
 To hear me what I say:  
 For from the top of Conduit-Head,  
 As plainly may appear,  
 I will both tell my name to you,  
 And wherefore I came here.  
 My name is Ralph, by due descent  
 Tho' not ignoble I,  
 Yet far inferior to the flock  
 Of gracious grocery;  
 And by the common counsel of  
 My fellows in the Strand,  
 With gilded staff, and crossed scarf,  
 The May-lord here I stand.

Rejoice,

Rejoice, oh, English hearts, rejoice,  
 Rejoice, oh, lovers dear;  
 Rejoice, oh, city, town, and country,  
 Rejoice eke every shire!  
 For now the fragrant flowers do spring  
 And sprout in seemly fort,  
 The little birds do sit and sing,  
 The lambs do make fine sport;  
 And now the burchin-tree doth bud,  
 That makes the schoolboy cry,  
 The morrs rings, while hobby-horse  
 Doth foot it featuously;  
 The lords and ladies now abroad,  
 For their disport and play,  
 Do kifs sometimes upon the grafs,  
 And sometimes in the hay.  
 Now butter with a leaf of sage  
 Is good to purge the blood,  
 Fly Venus and phlebotomy,  
 For they are neither good!  
 Now little fish on tender stone  
 Begin to cast their bellies,  
 And sluggish snails, that erst were mew'd<sup>58</sup>,  
 Do creep out of their shellies:  
 The rumbling rivers now do warm,  
 For little boys to paddle;  
 The sturdy steed now goes to grafs,  
 And up they hang his saddle.  
 The heavy hart, the blowing buck<sup>59</sup>,  
 The rascal and the pricket,  
 Are now among the yeoman's pease,  
 And leave the fearful thicket.  
 And be like them, oh, you, I say,  
 Of this same noble town,  
 And lift aloft your velvet heads,  
 And slipping of your gown:

<sup>58</sup> *That erst were mute.*] Corrected by Symphon.

<sup>59</sup> *The blowing buck.*] The first quarto reads *bellowing*. The judicious are left to their choice.

We cannot suppose any of the *judicious* will prefer *bellowing*.

With bells on legs, and napkins clean  
 Unto your shoulders tied,  
 With scarfs and garters as you please,  
 And hey for our town cried.  
 March out and shew your willing minds,  
 By twenty and by twenty,  
 To Hogsdon, or to Newington,  
 Where ale and cakes are plenty!  
 And let it ne'er be said for shame,  
 That we the youths of London,  
 Lay thrumming of our caps at home,  
 And left our custom undone.  
 Up then, I say, both young and old,  
 Both man and maid a-maying,  
 With drums and guns that bounce aloud,  
 And merry tabor playing!  
 Which to prolong, God save our king,  
 And send his country peace,  
 And root out treason from the land!  
 And so, my friends, I cease. [Exit.

FINIS ACTUS QUARTI.

A C T V.

*Enter Merchant solus.*

*Merch.* **I** Will have no great store of company at the wedding; a couple of neighbours and their wives; and we will have a capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good piece of beef, stuck with rosemary<sup>60</sup>.

*Enter Jasper, with his face mealed.*

*Jasp.* Forbear thy pains, fond man! it is too late.

*Merch.* Heav'n bless me! Jasper?

*Jasp.* Ay, I am his ghost,

<sup>60</sup> *Rosemary.*] See note 33 on the Elder Brother.

Whom thou hast injur'd for his constant love.  
 Fond worldly wretch ! who dost not understand  
 In death that true hearts cannot parted be.  
 First know, thy daughter is quite borne away  
 On wings of angels, thro' the liquid air,  
 Too far out of thy reach, and never more  
 Shalt thou behold her face : But she and I  
 Will in another world enjoy our loves ;  
 Where neither father's anger, poverty,  
 Nor any cross that troubles earthly men,  
 Shall make us sever our united hearts.  
 And never shalt thou sit, or be alone  
 In any place, but I will visit thee  
 With ghastly looks, and put into thy mind  
 The great offences which thou didst to me.  
 When thou art at thy table with thy friends,  
 Merry in heart, and fill'd with swelling wine,  
 I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,  
 Invisible to all men but thyself<sup>61</sup>,  
 And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear,  
 Shall make thee let the cup fall from thy hand,  
 And stand as mute and pale as death itself.

*Merch.* Forgive me, Jasper ! Oh, what might I do,  
 Tell me, to satisfy thy troubled ghost ?

*Jasp.* There is no means ; too late thou think'st on  
 this.

*Merch.* But tell me what were best for me to do ?

*Jasp.* Repent thy deed, and satisfy my father,  
 And beat fond Humphrey out of thy doors. [Exit.

*Enter Humphrey.*

*Wife.* Look, George ; his very ghost would have  
 folks beaten.

*Hum.* Father, my bride is gone, fair mistress Luce.  
 My soul's the fount of vengeance, mischief's sluice.

*Merch.* Hence, fool, out of my sight, with thy fond  
 passion !

<sup>61</sup> *Invisible to all men but thyself.*] This seems to be meant as a  
 ridicule on the appearance of Banquo's ghost in Macbeth.

Thou hast undone me.

*Hum.* Hold, my father dear!

For Luce thy daughter's sake, that had no peer.

*Merch.* Thy father, fool? There's some blows  
more; be gone! [*Beats him.*]

Jasper, I hope thy ghost be well pleas'd

To see thy will performed. Now I'll go

To satisfy thy father for thy wrongs. [*Exit.*]

*Hum.* What shall I do? I have been beaten twice,

And mistress Luce is gone? Help me, -Device!

Since my true love is gone, I never more,

Whilst I do live, upon the sky will pore;

But in the dark will wear out my shoe-soles

In passion, in Saint Faith's church under Paul's. [*Exit.*]

*Wife.* George, call Ralph hither; if you love me,

call Ralph hither! I have the bravest thing for him to

do—George! prithee, call him quickly.

*Cit.* Ralph! why, Ralph, boy!

*Enter Ralph.*

*Ralph.* Here, Sir.

*Cit.* Come hither, Ralph; come to thy mistress, boy.

*Wife.* Ralph, I would have thee call all the youths

together in battle-ray, with drums, and guns, and

flags, and march to Mile-End in pompous fashion,

and there exhort your soldiers to be merry and wise,

and to keep their beards from burning, Ralph; and

then skirmish, and let your flags fly, and cry, 'kill,

kill, kill!' My husband shall lend you his jerkin,

Ralph, and there's a scarf; for the rest, the house

shall furnish you, and we'll pay for't. Do it bravely,

Ralph; and think before whom you perform, and

what person you represent.

*Ralph.* I warrant you, mistress; if I do it not, for

the honour of the city, and the credit of my master,

let me never hope for freedom!

*Wife.* 'Tis well spoken, i'faith! Go thy ways; thou

art a spark indeed.

*Cit.* Ralph, Ralph, double your files bravely, Ralph!

*Ralph.* I warrant you, Sir. [Exit.

*Cit.* Let him look narrowly to his service; I shall take him else. I was there myself a pike-man once, in the hottest of the day, wench; had my feather shot sheer away, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a scouring-stick, and yet, I thank God, I am here. [Drums within.

*Wife.* Hark, George, the drums!

*Cit.* Ran, tan, tan, tan, ran, tan! Oh, wench, an thou hadst but seen little Ned of Aldgate, drum Ned, how he made it roar again, and laid on like a tyrant, and then struck softly till the ward came up, and then thundered again, and together we go? fa, fa, fa, bounce, quoth the guns! courage, my hearts, quoth the captains! Saint George, quoth the pike-men! and withal, here they lay, and there they lay! And yet for all this I am here, wench.

*Wife.* Be thankful for it, George; for indeed 'tis wonderful.

*Enter Ralph and his company, with drums and colours.*

*Ralph.* March fair, my hearts<sup>62</sup>! lieutenant, beat the rear up.

Ancient, let your colours fly; but have  
A great care of the butchers' hooks at Whitechapel;  
They have been the death of many a fair ancient.  
Open your files, that I may take a view  
Both of your persons and munition.  
Sergeant, call a muster.

*Serg.* A stand!—William Hamerton, pewterer!

*Ham.* Here, captain.

*Ralph.* A croslet and a Spanish pike! 'tis well:  
Can you shake it with a terror?

*Ham.* I hope so, captain.

*Ralph.* Charge upon me.—'Tis with the weakest:  
Put more strength, William Hamerton, more strength.

<sup>62</sup> *March fair, my hearts, &c.*] As Ralph's part seems intended for metre (though this whole scene has hitherto been printed as prose), we have endeavoured to divide it accordingly, and hope it is settled tolerably right.

As you were again. Proceed, Sergeant,

*Serg.* George Greengoose, poulterer!

*Green.* Here!

*Ralph.* Let me see your piece, neighbour Greengoose;  
When was she shot in?

*Green.* An't like you, master captain, I made a shot  
even now, partly to scour her, and partly for audacity.

*Ralph.* It should seem so  
Certainly; for her breath is yet inflamed.  
Besides, there is a main fault in the touch-hole,  
It runs and stinketh:

And I tell you moreover, and believe it,  
Ten such touch-holes would breed the pox i' th' army.  
Get you a feather, neighbour, get you a feather,  
Sweet oil, and paper, and your piece may do  
Well enough yet. Where's your powder?

*Green.* Here.

*Ralph.* What, in a paper?  
As I'm a soldier and a gentleman,  
It craves a martial court! You ought to die for't.  
Where's your horn? Answer me to that.

*Green.* An't like you, Sir, I was oblivious.

*Ralph.* It likes me not it should be so; 'tis a shame  
For you, and a scandal to all our neighbours,  
Being a man of worth and estimation,  
To leave your horn behind you: I'm afraid  
'Twill breed example. But let me tell you no more on't.  
Stand, till I view you all. What's become  
O' th' nose of your flask?

*1 Sold.* Indeed-la, captain, 'twas blown away with  
powder.

*Ralph.* Put on a new one at the city's charge.  
Where's the stone of this piece?

*2 Sold.* The drummer took it out to light tobacco.

*Ralph.* 'Tis a fault, my friend; put it in again.  
You want a nose, and you a stone; Sergeant, take a  
note on't,

For I mean to stop it in the pay. Remove and march!  
Soft and fair, gentlemen, soft and fair! Double your files;

As you were ! faces about <sup>63</sup> ! Now, you with the foddren  
face,

Keep in there ! Look to your match, firrah,  
It will be in your fellow's flask anon,  
So ; make a crescent now ; advance your pikes ;  
Stand and give ear !—Gentlemen, countrymen,  
Friends, and my fellow-foldiers, I have brought you  
This day from the shops of security,  
And the counters of content, to measure out  
In these furious fields, honour by the ell,  
And prowess by the pound. Let it not,  
Oh, let it not, I say, be told hereafter,  
The noble issue of this city fainted ;  
But bear yourselves in this fair action  
Like men, valiant men, and free men ! Fear not  
The face of the enemy, nor the noise of the guns ;  
For believe me, brethren, the rude rumbling  
Of a brewer's carr is more terrible,  
Of which you have a daily experience :  
Neither let the stink of powder offend you,  
Since a more valiant stink is nightly with you.  
To a resolved mind, his home is every where :  
I speak not this to take away  
The hope of your return ; for you shall see  
(I do not doubt it) and that very shortly,  
Your loving wives again, and your sweet children,  
Whose care doth bear you company in baskets.  
Remember then whose cause you have in hand,  
And, like a sort of true-born scavengers,  
Scour me this famous realm of enemies.

I have no more to say but this :  
Stand to your tacklings, lads, and shew to th' world,  
You can as well brandish a sword

As shake an apron. Saint George, and on, my hearts !

*Ommes.* Saint George, Saint George ! [*Exeunt.*

*Wife.* 'Twas well done, Ralph ! I'll send thee a cold  
capon a-field, and a bottle of March beer ; and, it  
may be, come myself to see thee.

<sup>63</sup> *Faces about* ] See note 63 on the Scornful Lady.



*Cit.* Nell, the boy hath deceiv'd me much! I did not think it had been in him. He has perform'd such a matter, wench, that, if I live, next year I'll have him captain of the gallifoist, or I'll want my will.

*Enter Old Merrythought.*

*Mer.* Yet, I thank God, I break not a wrinkle more than I had. Not a stoop, boys? Care, live with cats; I defy thee! My heart is as found as an oak; and tho' I want drink to wet my whistle, I can sing,

Come no more there, boys, come no more there;  
For we shall never whilst we live come any more there.

*Enter a Boy, with a coffin.*

*Boy.* God save you, Sir!

*Mer.* It's a brave boy. Canst thou sing?

*Boy.* Yes, Sir, I can sing; but 'tis not so necessary at this time.

*Mer.* Sing we, and chaunt it,  
Whilst love doth grant it.

*Boy.* Sir, Sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little list to sing.

*Mer.* Oh, the mimon round,  
Full long I have thee fought,  
And now I have thee found,  
And what hast thou here brought?

*Boy.* A coffin, Sir, and your dead son Jasper in it.

*Mer.* Dead? Why, farewell he!  
Thou wast a bonny boy,  
And I did love thee.

*Enter Jasper.*

*Jasp.* Then I pray you, Sir, do so still.

*Mer.* Jasper's ghost?

Thou art welcome from Stygian-lake so soon;  
Declare to me what wondrous things  
In Pluto's court are done.

*Jasp.* By my troth, Sir, I ne'er came there; 'tis too hot for me, Sir.

*Mer.* A merry ghost, a very merry ghost!

And where is your true love? Oh, where is yours?

*Jasp.* Marry, look you, Sir! [*Heaves up the coffin.*]

*Mer.* Ah, ha! art thou good at that, i'faith?

With hey trickfy terlerie-whisikin,

The world it runs on wheels.

When the young man's —

Up goes the maiden's heels.

*Mrs. Merrythought and Michael within.*

*Mrs. Mer.* What, master Merrythought! will you not let's in? What do you think shall become of us?

*Mer.* What voice is that that calleth at our door?

*Mrs. Mer.* You know me well enough; I am sure I have not been such a stranger to you.

*Mer.* And some they whistled, and some they sung,  
Hey down, down!

And some did loudly say,

Ever as the lord Barnet's horn blew,

Away, Musgrave, away<sup>64</sup>.

*Mrs. Mer.* You will not have us starve here, will you, master Merrythought?

*Jasp.* Nay, good Sir, be persuaded; she's my mother:

If her offences have been great against you,

Let your own love remember she is yours,

And so forgive her.

*Luce.* Good master Merrythought,

Let me entreat you; I will not be denied.

*Mrs. Mer.* Why, master Merrythought, will you be a vex'd thing still?

*Mer.* Woman, I take you to my love again;

But you shall sing before you enter; therefore

<sup>64</sup> *And some they whistled, &c.*] The ballad from which this stanza is taken is printed in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 65.

Dispatch your song, and so come in.

*Mrs. Mer.* Well, you must have your will, when all's done. Micke, what song canst thou sing, boy?

*Mick.* I can sing none forsooth, but A Lady's Daughter of Paris, properly.

*Mick.* [*sings.*] It was a lady's daughter, &c.

*Mer.* Come, you're welcome home again,

If such danger be in playing,

And jest must to earnest turn,

You shall go no more a-maying—

*Merch.* [*within.*] Are you within, Sir? master Merrythought!

*Jasp.* It is my master's voice; good Sir, go hold him in talk whilst we convey ourselves into Some inward room.

*Mer.* What are you? are you merry? You must be very merry, if you enter.

*Merch.* I am, Sir.

*Mer.* Sing then.

*Merch.* Nay, good Sir, open to me.

*Mer.* Sing, I say,

Or, by the merry heart, you come not in!

*Merch.* Well, Sir, I'll sing.

Fortune my foe<sup>65</sup>, &c.

*Mer.* You're welcome, Sir, you're welcome! You see your entertainment; pray you be merry.

*Merch.* Oh, master Merrythought, I'm come to ask you

Forgiveness for the wrongs I offer'd you,  
And your most virtuous son; they're infinite,  
Yet my contrition shall be more than they.  
I do confess my hardness broke his heart,  
For which just Heaven hath giv'n me punishment  
More than my age can carry; his wandring spirit,  
Not yet at rest, pursues me every where,  
Crying, 'I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty.'

<sup>65</sup> *Fortune my foe.*] See note 2 on the Custom of the Country.

My daughter she is gone, I know not how,  
 Taken invisible, and whether living,  
 Or in the grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.  
 Oh, master Merrythought, these are the weights  
 Will sink me to my grave! Forgive me, Sir.

*Mer.* Why, Sir, I do forgive you; and be merry!  
 And if the wag in's life-time play'd the knave,  
 Can you forgive him too?

*Merch.* With all my heart, Sir.

*Mer.* Speak it again, and heartily.

*Merch.* I do, Sir;

Now, by my soul, I do.

*Mer.* With that came out his paramour;  
 She was as white as the lilly flower,  
 Hey troul, trolly, loly!

*Enter Luce and Jasper.*

With that came out her own dear knight,  
 He was as true as ever did fight, &c.

Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their hands  
 Together; there's no more to be said i' th' matter.

*Merch.* I do, I do.

*Cit.* I do not like this: Peace, boys! Hear me, one  
 of you! every body's part is come to an end but  
 Ralph's, and he's left out.

*Boy.* 'Tis long of yourself, Sir; we have nothing  
 to do with his part.

*Cit.* Ralph, come away! Make an end on him<sup>66</sup>, as  
 you have done of the rest, boys; come!

*Wife.* Now, good husband, let him come out and die.

*Cit.* He shall, Nell. Ralph, come away quickly,  
 and die, boy.

*Boy.* 'Twill be very unfit he should die, Sir, upon  
 no occasion; and in a comedy too.

*Cit.* Take you no care for that, Sir Boy; is not his  
 part at an end, think you, when he's dead? Come  
 away, Ralph!

<sup>66</sup> *Make on' bim.*] The two words which we have added seem  
 absolutely necessary to the completion of the sense.

*Enter*

*Enter Ralph, with a forked arrow through his head.*

*Ralph.* When I was mortal<sup>67</sup>, this my costive corps  
 Did lap up figs and raisins in the Strand;  
 Where sitting, I espied a lovely dame,  
 Whose master wrought with lingell<sup>68</sup> and with awl,  
 And underground he vamped many a boot:  
 Straight did her love prick forth me, tender sprig,  
 To follow feats of arms in warlike wise,  
 Thro' Waltham-Defart; where I did perform  
 Many achievements, and did lay on ground  
 Huge Barbaroso, that insulting giant,  
 And all his captives soon set at liberty.  
 Then honour prick'd me from my native soil  
 Into Moldavia, where I gain'd the love  
 Of Pompiona, his beloved daughter;  
 But yet prov'd constant to the black-thumb'd maid  
 Sufan, and scorned Pompiona's love;  
 Yet liberal I was, and gave her pins,  
 And money for her father's officers.  
 I then returned home, and thrust myself  
 In action, and by all men chosen was  
 The lord of May; where I did flourish it,  
 With scarfs and rings, and posy in my hand<sup>69</sup>.  
 After this action I preferred was,  
 And chosen city-captain at Mile-End,  
 With hat and feather, and with leading staff,  
 And train'd my men, and brought them all off clean,  
 Save one man that bewray'd him with the noise.  
 But all these things I Ralph did undertake,  
 Only for my beloved Sufan's sake.  
 Then coming home, and sitting in my shop

<sup>67</sup> *When I was mortal, &c.*] This speech is a parody on that of the Ghost of Andrea, at the beginning of the famous play of Jeronimo:

'When this eternal substance of my soul

'Did live imprison'd in my wonted flesh, &c.'

R.

<sup>68</sup> *Lingell.*] A thread of hemp rubbed with rosin, &c. used by rustics for mending their shoes.

Percy.

<sup>69</sup> *And posie in my hand.*] The orthography varied by Symphon to *posie*.

With apron blue, Death came unto my stall  
 To cheapen *aquavite*; but ere I  
 Could take the bottle down, and fill a taste,  
 Death caught a pound of pepper in his hand,  
 And sprinkled all my face and body o'er,  
 And in an instant vanished away.

*Cit.* 'Tis a pretty fiction, i'faith!

*Ralph.* Then took I up my bow and shaft in hand,  
 And walked in Moorfields to cool myself:  
 But there grim cruel Death met me again,  
 And shot this forked arrow thro' my head;  
 And now I faint; therefore be warn'd by me,  
 My fellows every one, of forked heads!  
 Farewell, all you good boys in merry London!  
 Ne'er shall we more upon Shrove-Tuesday meet,  
 And pluck down houses of iniquity;  
 (My pain encreaseth) I shall never more  
 Hold open, whilst another pumps both legs,  
 Nor daub a fatten gown with rotten eggs;  
 Set up a stake, oh, never more I shall!  
 I die! fly, fly, my soul, to Grocers' Hall! Oh,  
 oh, oh, &c.

*Wife.* Well said, Ralph! do your obeisance to the gentlemen, and go your ways. Well said, Ralph!

[*Exit Ralph.*]

*Mer.* Methinks all we, thus kindly and unexpectedly reconciled, should not part without a song.

*Merch.* A good motion.

*Mer.* Strike up then!

Better musick ne'er was known,  
 Than a quire of hearts in one.  
 Let each other, that hath been  
 Troubled with the gall or spleen,  
 Learn of us to keep his brow  
 Smooth and plain, as ours are now!  
 Sing, tho' before the hour of dying;  
 He shall rise, and then be crying,  
 'Heyho, 'tis nought but mirth  
 'That keeps the body from the earth.'

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUS.

## E P I L O G U S.

*Cit.* Come, Nell, shall we go? the play's done.

*Wife.* Nay, by my faith, George, I have more manners than so; I'll speak to these gentlemen first. I thank you all, gentlemen, for your patience and countenance to Ralph, a poor fatherless child! and if I may see you at my house, it should go hard but I would have a pottle of wine, and a pipe of tobacco for you; for truly I hope you like the youth; but I would be glad to know the truth: I refer it to your own discretions, whether you will applaud him or no; for I will wink, and, whilst, you shall do what you will.—I thank you with all my heart. God give you good night! Come, George.

THE privy mark of irony, which runs through this play, not being understood, was the reason, says Walter Burre, [In his Dedication of the quarto of 1613, to his many ways endeared friend, maister Robert Keyfar] that it was ready to give up the ghost, and ran the danger of being smothered in perpetual oblivion, had not Mr. Keyfar been mov'd to relieve and cherish it. And that the Reader may not think the hint of ridiculing Romance-Writers was taken from Don Quixote, the same Burre assures us, in very strong terms, that our Knight came out into the world above a full year before the Spaniard. If this be so, then the present play was wrote at least in the year 1604, for Cervantes did not publish his first part before *A. D.* 1605.

However, this eight days performance has more gall in it than I could wish; and the Poet, against whom the keenest part of this satire is seemingly levell'd, deserv'd better treatment than we find he has met with: And it might be owing perhaps to Spenser's friends that this piece was suppressed for at least the term of nine years, *i. e.* from 1604, in which it might be wrote, to *A. D.* 1613, when the first quarto copy came out into the world. *Symphon.*

We by no means credit the assertion of Walter Burre, that 'our Knight came into the world' before Don Quixotte: It must be obvious to every attentive reader of both, that our Authors derived many principal hints from that source. But a much stronger proof of this play being of a later date than Burre asserts, is, that it followed Heywood's Four Prentices (the reference to which is fully proved by the very ingenious Mr. Warton, p. 436 of this volume) of which we have no account till the year 1612. It therefore appears probable, that Cervantes began the ridicule on Knight-Errantry; that Heywood followed his track; and that our Authors (even while they laughed at Heywood) burlesqued the same folly, in the succeeding year.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

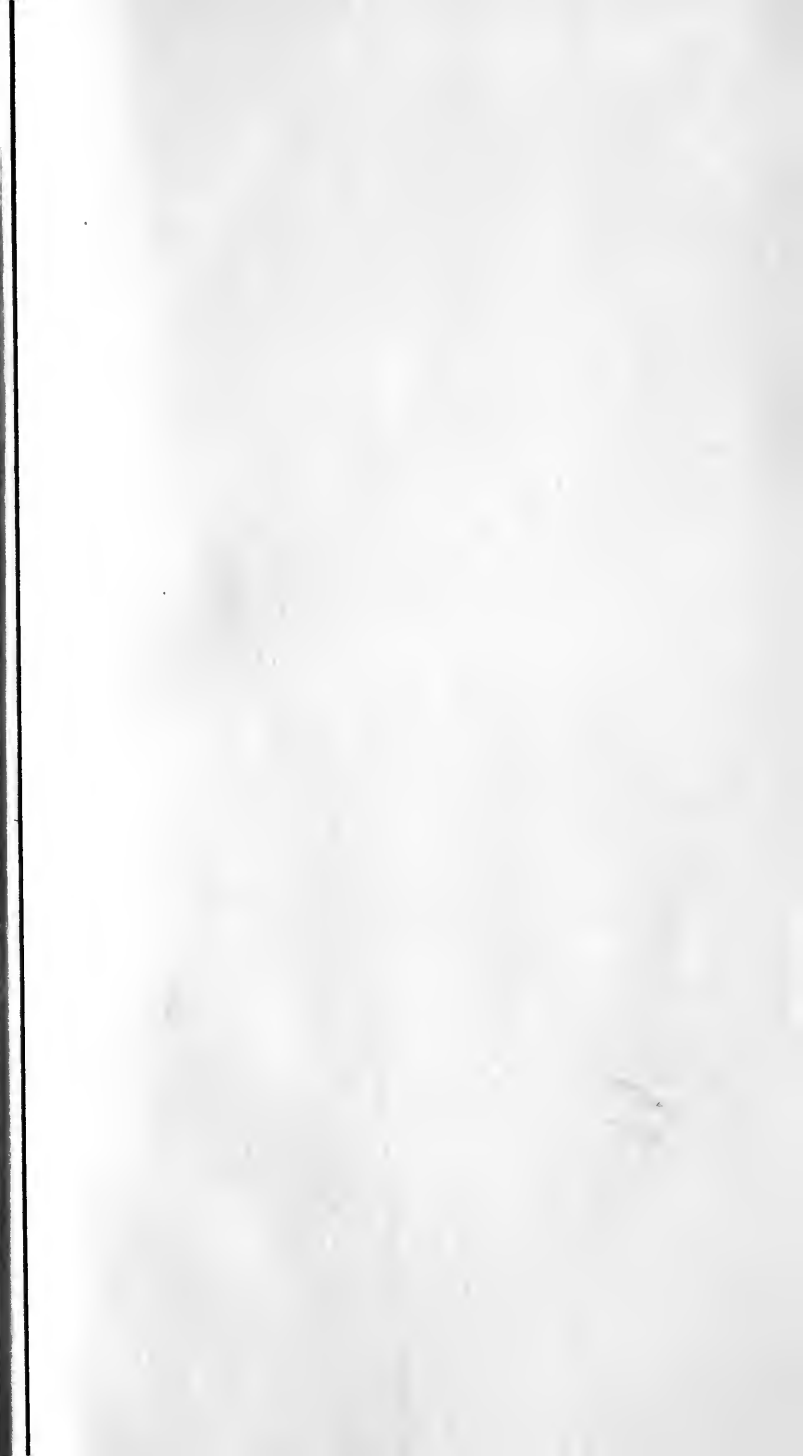
My dear Mr. Pitt, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst.

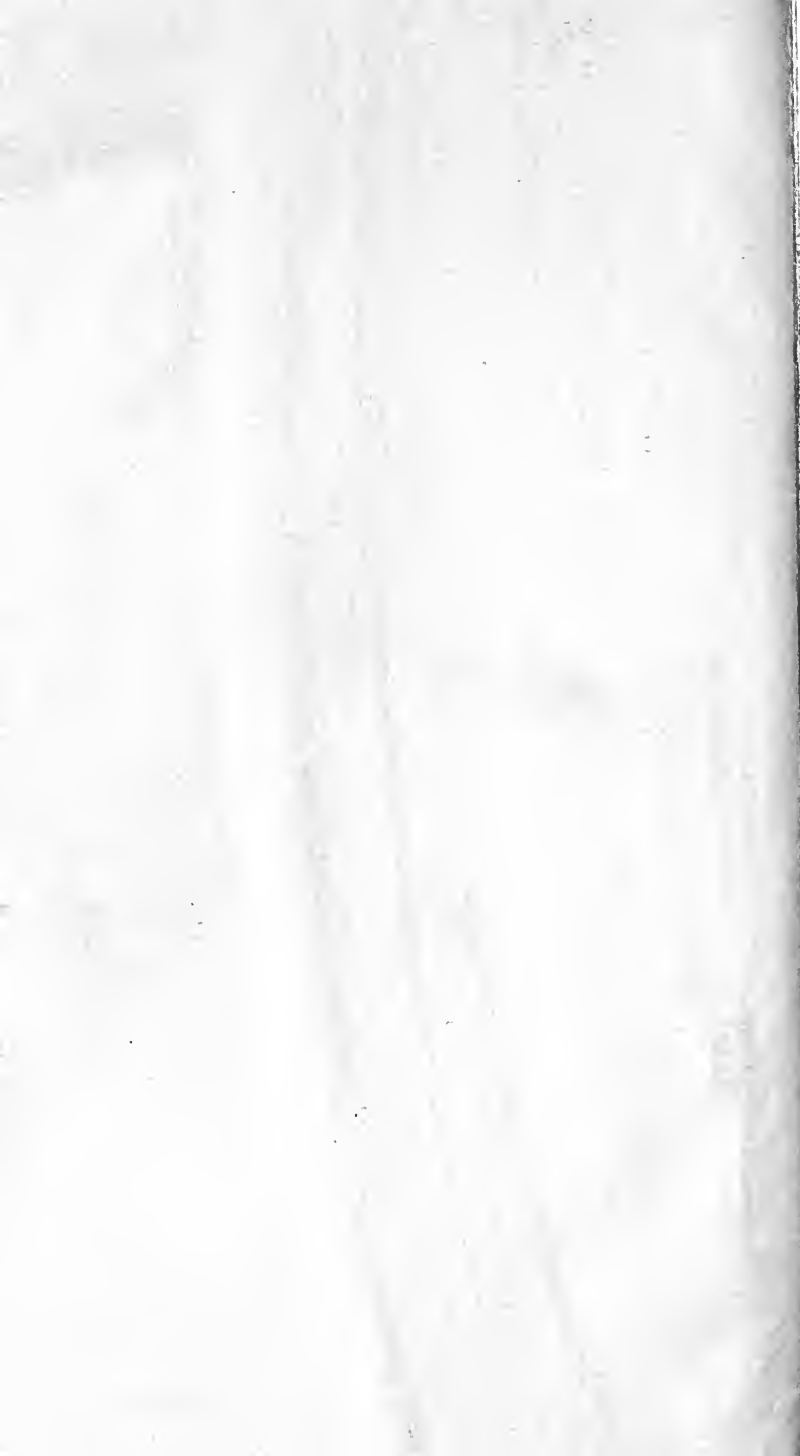
and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
George Pitt

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